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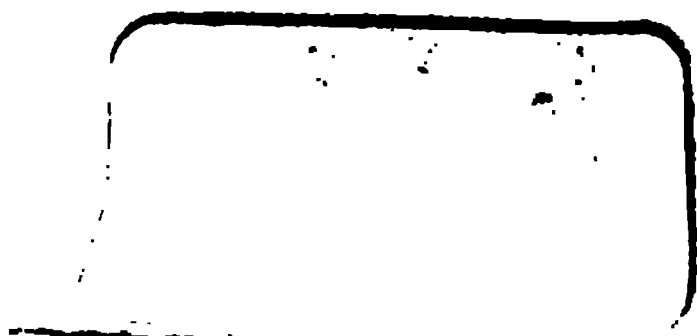
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JEREMIAH JAMES COLMAN













Portrait of J. J. Molenaar

Portrait of J. J. Molenaar

Molenaar





Portrait of Mr. Mole

Henry Mole 1845

Mole



A MEMOIR

BY

THEIR DAUGHTERS

MRS CAROLINE COLMAN



# JEREMIAH JAMES COLMAN

A MEMOIR

BY

ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS

HELEN CAROLINE COLMAN

LONDON

PRIVATELY PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS

1905

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**IN MEMORIAM**  
**JEREMIAH JAMES COLMAN.**

**DEDICATED TO HIS EIGHT GRANDCHILDREN, THE OLDER ONES  
TOO YOUNG TO HAVE MORE THAN A SHADOWY RECOL-  
LECTION OF HIM, AND THE YOUNGER ONES WHO  
NEVER KNEW HIM: VIOLET, GEOFFREY,  
BERYL, ALAN, JOAN, CHRISTOPHER,  
HUMPHREY, AND STUART.**





**This Memoir, written for private circulation, is a gift,  
in memory of their Father, from his  
surviving children.**

## PREFACE

**T**O the many whose help has been invaluable to me in the writing of this Memoir, and above all to those whose reminiscences have supplied the graphic touches to the earlier records which would otherwise have been wholly wanting, I desire to express my grateful thanks. Amongst them I would specially mention my relative, Mr. Samuel C. Colman, my uncle, Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy, and my aunt, Mrs. Willis.

To those whose very close connection makes formal thanks unnecessary, I need merely say how much their help has meant to me.

I am also under obligation to several relations and friends who have kindly supplied me with photographs with which to enrich this volume, and to Mr. Albert E. Coe, Messrs. Elliott and Fry, and the London Stereoscopic Company for kind permission to reproduce photographs taken by them.

In compiling the Genealogical Table, I am indebted to Mr. E. B. Southwell for much of the earlier information on the Colman side, and to my uncle, Mr. Sydney Cozens-Hardy, and my cousin, Mr. W. H. Cozens-Hardy, for that on the Cozens-Hardy side.

Some explanation is needed for the delay in bringing out this Memoir. The large mass of papers which had to be looked through has made the task, not attempted until the spring of 1902, one of considerable length. It has been undertaken mainly with the desire to perpetuate amongst my Father's descendants something of the life-history of himself, and of those who have gone before him, much of which might otherwise rapidly have passed away.

H. C. C.

CARROW HOUSE,  
NORWICH,  
NOVEMBER, 1905.



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## CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF EVENTS

CONNECTED WITH

### JEREMIAH JAMES COLMAN

- 1804. His Great-Uncle, Jeremiah Colman, moved from Bawburgh to Norwich, where he had bought a Flour Mill.
- 1814. His Great-Uncle, Jeremiah Colman, moved from Norwich to Stoke Holy Cross, taking over the Mustard and Flour Business of Edward Ames.
- 1823. His Great-Uncle, Jeremiah Colman, founded the Firm of J. & J. Colman, by taking his Nephew, James Colman, into Partnership.
- 1826. Marriage of his Father, James Colman, with Mary Burlingham.
- 1830. Birth of their Son, JEREMIAH JAMES COLMAN.
- 1838. Birth of their Daughter, Mary Esther Colman.
- 1844. His Uncles, Jeremiah Colman and Edward Colman, admitted Partners in the Firm of J. & J. Colman.
- 1851. Jeremiah James Colman admitted a Partner in the Firm of J. & J. Colman.
- „ Death of his Great-Uncle, Jeremiah Colman.
- 1854. Death of his Father, James Colman.
- „ Removal, with his Mother and Sister, from Stoke Mill House to Town Close Lodge, Ipswich Road, Norwich.
- 1855. Engagement to Caroline Cozens-Hardy.
- 1856. First Mill (for mustard) erected at Carrow Works, Norwich.



- 1856. Marriage with Caroline Cozens-Hardy.
- „ Removal from Town Close Lodge to Carrow House, Norwich.
- 1858. Elected a Governor of the Norwich Grammar School.
- 1859. Elected Chairman of the Committee of Independent Reformers, started that year.
- „ Birth of his first Child.
- „ Elected a member of the Norwich Town Council.
- 1861. Birth of his second Child.
- 1862. The Business of J. & J. Colman finally removed from Stoke Holy Cross to Carrow Works, Norwich.
- 1862-3. Sheriff of Norwich.
- 1863. Birth of his third Child.
- 1864. First Block of new Buildings for Carrow Works' School opened on Carrow Hill.
- 1865. Birth of his fourth Child.
- 1866. Elected a Trustee of the Norwich Municipal Charities (General List).
- 1867. Birth of his fifth Child.
- 1867-8. Mayor of Norwich.
- 1869. Appointed a Magistrate for Norwich.
- „ Birth of his sixth Child.
- „ Purchase of The Clyffe, Corton.
- „ Elected Vice-Chairman of the Trustees of the Norwich Municipal Charities (General List).
- 1871. 1st Election as M.P. for Norwich.
- „ Retired from the Norwich Town Council.
- 1872. Appointed a Magistrate for Norfolk.
- „ Elected Chairman of the Trustees of the Norwich Municipal Charities (General List).
- 1874. 2nd Election as M.P. for Norwich.
- „ Death of his Uncle, and Partner, Edward Colman.
- „ His Cousin, Frederick E. Colman, admitted a Partner in the Firm of J. & J. Colman.

## CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF EVENTS xvii

1878. Flood at Carrow Works.
1880. 3rd Election as M.P. for Norwich.  
„ Elected Vice-Chairman of the Board of Governors  
of the Norwich Grammar School.  
„ Appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for Norfolk.
1881. Fire at Carrow Works.
1883. His Son, Russell James Colman, and his Cousin,  
Jeremiah Colman, admitted Partners in the Firm  
of J. & J. Colman.
1885. Death of his Uncle, and Partner, Jeremiah Colman.  
„ 4th Election as M.P. for Norwich.
1886. Restoration of Carrow Abbey finished.  
„ 5th Election as M.P. for Norwich.
1888. Marriage of his Son, Russell James Colman, with  
Edith Margaret Davies.
1890. Elected Chairman of the Board of Governors of the  
Norwich Grammar School.  
„ Marriage of his Daughter, Laura Elizabeth Colman,  
with James Stuart.  
„ Diamond Wedding of his Wife's Parents, Mr. and  
Mrs. W. H. Cozens-Hardy of Letheringsett.
1891. Death of his Mother-in-law, Mrs. W. H. Cozens-  
Hardy.
1892. Presentation after twenty-one years as M.P. for  
Norwich.  
„ 6th Election as M.P. for Norwich.
- 1892-3. His Son, Russell James Colman, Sheriff of Nor-  
wich.
1893. His Son, Alan Cozens-Hardy Colman, admitted a  
Partner in the Firm of J. & J. Colman.  
„ Honorary Freedom of the City of Norwich con-  
ferred by the Corporation.
1895. Death of his Father-in-law, W. H. Cozens-Hardy.  
„ Death of his Wife.  
„ Close of his Parliamentary life.
1896. Elected an Alderman of the City of Norwich.

1896. The Firm of J. & J. Colman converted into a  
Private Limited Liability Company.
1897. Death of his Son, Alan Cozens-Hardy Colman, in  
Egypt.
1898. Marriage of his Daughter, Florence Esther Colman,  
with Edward Thomas Boardman.
- „ Death of his Mother, Mrs. James Colman.
- „ His Death.

!

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“AND so now and then in our lives, when we learn to love a sweet and noble character, we all feel happier and better for the goodness and charity which is not ours, and yet which seems to belong to us while we are near it. Just as some people and states of mind affect us uncomfortably, so we seem to be true to ourselves with a truthful person, generous-minded with a generous nature; life seems less disappointing and self-seeking when we think of the just and sweet and unselfish spirits, moving untroubled among dinning and distracting influences. These are our friends in the best and noblest sense. We are the happier for their existence,—it is so much gain to us. They may have lived at some distant time, we may never have met face to face, or we may have known them and been blessed by their love; but their light shines from afar, their life is for us and with us in its generous example; their song is for our ears, and we hear it and love it still, though the singer may be lying dead.”—From an Essay on Jane Austen, by Miss Thackeray.

# JEREMIAH JAMES COLMAN

## CHAPTER I

### ANCESTRY

**M**Y Father, who was the only son of James and Mary Colman, was born on June 14th, 1830, at Stoke Holy Cross, about four miles south of Norwich, in which village he spent his life until he moved to the city in 1856. He received the names of Jeremiah James, the latter after his father, and the former after his great-uncle, the name linking him at the same time with numerous ancestors, for it occurs with bewildering frequency in the family records.

His father, when staying in the neighbourhood of Whitby, in 1852, was interested in the history of his Irish namesake, the Bishop of Lindisfarne, off the coast of Northumbria, who attended the Synod held at the Abbey presided over by St. Hilda in 664, and warmly espoused the cause of the Celtic as against the Romish Churches when they were rent in twain over certain practices in the Church. In spite of the support of the Abbess, the decision of the Kings went against Bishop Colman and his brother Monks, and, rather than submit, they gave up everything and retired from Northumbria. It was doubtless this fidelity to their faith which specially appealed to my Grandfather. "Now cannot Jeremiah," he wrote, referring to his son, "trace some connection of our family with this celebrated Bishop?" Any possible connection there might be between his family and that of the Bishop remains, however, untraced.

Coming nearer home, a brass in the Church at Ludham, in Norfolk, dating probably from the middle of the fifteenth

century, records, in a Latin inscription, the burial place of one, John Colman; and in the same century, Joan Colman of Worstead, by her Will, proved in 1439, bequeathed some of her goods to the Lady Julian Lampyt, of Carrow Abbey; while records are said to show there were Colmans in Norfolk in much earlier days.

But research has at present failed to establish any connecting link with these, and the earliest ancestor who has been traced with certainty is<sup>1</sup> Jeremiah Colman of Wymondham, whose wife's name was Rebecca, and whose eldest child of a family of twelve was baptized, according to the Wymondham Church Register, in 1620.

One of his sons, Jeremiah, baptized in 1630, is recorded in the Hethersett Register as having married in 1653: "Barbara Turner in Hayton daughter of Barbra Whitfoot widow," whose husband was elsewhere described as "Michael Whitefoot, gent." There seems little doubt that this son supported the Parliamentary cause in those days, and when the Rector, Philip Tennison, was ejected from the living at Hethersett, Jeremiah Colman was installed in his place. He died in 1658, and his successor, Thomas Moore, junior, published a funeral sermon on him, a copy of which is in the British Museum, entitled :

*Breach upon Breach: or an Acknowledgment of Judicial Breaches made upon us, procured by Sinfull Breaches found amongst us; with Instruction, Admonition, and encouragement yet to turn to him that smites us, as the sum of it was delivered at the Funerall of Mr. Jeremiah Colman (late Preacher of the Gospell at Hethersett in Norfolk) February 18, 1658.*

The preliminary "Epistle to the Reader" describes the deceased as a zealous, good, kind-hearted man who did his duty very thoroughly. The sermon, which would take a quick reader about five hours to deliver, is, one imagines, an elaboration of the original. Though written in 1658 it was

<sup>1</sup> For a genealogical table see end of the book.

not published till July 27, 1659, the author's apology for printing it being that:

at the funeral of our deceased Brother I was earnestly requested once and again by our Sister the Widow of the deceased (who also signified it to be the earnest desire of others). This way to make more publick what I had then delivered.

But it is through an elder brother, Edward, baptized in 1627, that my Father traced descent. He married Ann —, and died in 1668, and was buried at Wymondham. By his Will, dated 1659, £20 a year was to be provided from certain of his estates in Wymondham or elsewhere, for the benefit of scholars at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, the money to be divided amongst any bearing the Founder's name, or in default of such, amongst two scholars from the Free School at Norwich, and two from the one at Wymondham. The Exhibition, thus founded, still continues. From this Edward Colman there sprang three succeeding generations, all bearing the name of Jeremiah.

The son married Rebeka Bubbin and died in 1749, aged ninety-two. The grandson married, first, Deborah Weavers, and secondly, Esther Barnard, and died in 1763. The great-grandson, born in 1717, married Mary Juby, and was my Father's great-great-grandfather. He lived at Wreningham, and afterwards at Spooner Row, in the neighbourhood of Wymondham.

The Church-book of the Firland Congregational Chapel at Wymondham shows, by the following entries, that he and his wife were connected with that Church.

*May 2nd, 1755.* Jeremiah Colman of Wreningham was joined to the Church of Protestant Dissenters here. He gave in a written account of the Lord's work on his soul, for this is left to the option of such as are joined to us either to write or to speak their experiences or otherwise by private conversation confirmed by a walk becoming the Gospel.

*Aug. 10th, 1756.* Last Lord's Day Mrs. Colman, wife to Mr. Colman of Wreningham, Brother of the Church, was proposed to full Communion. Blessed be God.







*Burial Ground at Great Ellingham*



Now Satan comes with dreadful Roar  
And threatens to destroy ;  
He worries whom he can't devour,  
With a malicious joy.

ON "HELL : OR, THE VENGEANCE OF GOD."

1. With holy Fear, and humble Song,  
The dreadful God our Souls adore;  
Rev'ence and Awe becomes the Tongue  
That speaks the Terrors of His Pow'r.
2. Far in the Deep where Darkness dwells,  
The Land of Horror and Despair,  
Justice has built a dismal Hell,  
And laid her Stores of Vengeance there.
3. Eternal Plagues, and heavy Chains,  
Tormenting Racks, and fiery Coals,  
And Darts t'inflct immortal Pains,  
Dy'd in the Blood of damned Souls.
4. There Satan the first Sinner lies,  
And roars, and bites his Iron Bands ;  
In vain the Rebel strives to rise,  
Crush'd with the weight of both thy Hands.
5. There guilty Ghosts of Adam's Race  
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy Rod;  
Once they could scorn a Saviour's Grace,  
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
6. Tremble, my Soul, and kiss the Son ;  
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's Call ;  
Else your Damnation hastens on,  
And Hell gapes wide to wait your Fall.

When my Father was one day looking at some of these  
verses in this hymn-book his eye fell on the lines beginning:

When I survey the wond'rous Cross  
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,

But that," he said, turning to the one who was with him,  
nakes up for them all."

In the little Burial-ground at Great Ellingham, connected with although a mile or so distant from the Baptist Chapel, a stone marks the spot where, away from the high road, amidst fields and guarded by Scotch firs, Jeremiah Colman and Mary, his wife, were laid to rest. My Mother, after attending the funeral of a relative there in 1885, wrote of these ancestors to one of her daughters:

I doubt not they were good Christian people who probably endured loss in many ways for the sake of Nonconformist principles. . . . It seemed to me a very sacred spot, not made so by a Bishop's consecration, which is a senseless form, but by its holding the dust of those who stood up firmly in defence of civil and religious liberty.

They had three children, (1) Jeremiah, who is said to have died (unmarried) at Castle Hedingham, though the Registers there give no evidence of this, (2) Mary, born in 1747, who married James Barnard, and (3) Robert, born in 1749.

Robert (my Father's great-grandfather) married Mary Harmer, daughter of Thomas Harmer of Denton on July 21st, 1774. They lived at Ashwellthorpe, where he farmed the Hall Farm. At first they lived in the Hall itself, that being at the time unoccupied, but later they moved to the house adjoining the east side of the churchyard. After Robert Colman's death the farm was carried on for some years by his son Samuel, but about 1820 he and his mother, and two sisters (Ruth and Hannah) moved to Norwich.

Robert Colman was connected all his life with the same Firland Chapel, and was one of those appointed to read out the hymns, the Church-book bearing the entry

Robert Colman. Began to read . . .

Ceased to read, January 9th, 1807.

this being the day of his death.

His praises are recorded in a poetic outburst by Anthony Rudling, a woolcomber and a Trustee of the Chapel, verses of which the Rev. E. Blomfield wrote that in his "poor opinion they contain lines which neither Pope nor Shenstone need have blushed to acknowledge." Whatever their poetic







*W. Robert Colman née. Mary Harmer  
of Shewellthorpe from a picture*





merits may be, it has occurred to more than one that many of the traits therein described were handed down to his great-grandson, my Father. Of the thirteen stanzas a few only must suffice.

Close on the margin of a lucid stream  
Oppress'd with grief Alexis made his moan  
The waters echo'd to his plaintive theme  
Colman my Friend, the worthy Colman's gone.

His generous mind with early wisdom Fired  
Stranger to Flattery or delusive art  
Prudence and Justice every thought inspired  
His Tongue expressed the Language of the Hart.

Or when by adverse Fortunes cruel sting  
The good and worthy met with grief express'd  
His Bounteous heart impatient took the wing  
To succour patient merit in distress.

His widow, whose sweet, gentle face has been handed down in a portrait now in the possession of Mr. F. W. Harmer, passed away at a ripe old age, leaving behind careful directions for the disposal of her little property amongst her children. The short paper, signed only six months before her death, in letters that tell of age and weakness, declares :

It is my Will, that at my decease, my Daughter, Susan Turner shall have my blue bed, and two old table Spoons that are marked T M; that my daughter Mary Harmer shall have two table Spoons that are marked M H and that my daughter Ruth Colman shall have all the remainder of my Household furniture and plate, and also my Linen, wearing apparel and other household Goods. Any other property which I may leave, I will and direct to be equally divided amongst all my Children. I hereby nominate and appoint Mr. Jeremiah Colman of Stoke, and Mr. Thomas Theobald of Norwich, executors of this my Will. In witness whereof I have herewith set my hand and seal this 16th day of November 1825.

MARY COLMAN.

One is tempted to linger over the all too meagre records of this great-great-grandmother, and breathe in the kindly

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*Front of the House at Ishwellthorpe*

fragrance they seem to give out, and wonder whether any part of the blue bed has escaped the ravages of time, and what has been the history of the spoons—of which, unhappily, all trace seems lost.

The large family of four sons and eight daughters must have lived in peaceful harmony if one may judge from a side-light thrown on the carrying out of the Will—a not infrequent disturber of the peace. Anxious that no injustice should be done, even through inadvertence, the Legatees signed a paper stating :

Aware of the great and deserved respect which Mrs. Mary Colman always entertained for Mr. Wm. Bowles, her son-in-law, particularly on account of his affectionate and exemplary conduct towards her daughter Rebecca, we believe it to have been only through inadvertence that his name was omitted in her will: and for the purpose of doing what we are confident would be agreeable to her wishes at the time she made her will, we agree to consider him as a Legatee.

Thus they rectified the mistake owing to which the son-in-law would have received no benefit, as his wife had died before him. As it was long before the days of the Married Women's Property Act, the other sons-in-law came in, without question, for their share through their wives.

The parents were both buried in the Ashwellthorpe Churchyard, under the shade of a beautiful maple tree, and the tomb bears the inscription :

Sacred  
to the Memory of  
**ROBERT COLMAN**  
who died Janry. 9th 1807.  
Aged 57 years  
As a Husband and a Father  
He in a most exemplary manner  
Endeared himself to his affectionate family.  
As a Christian he was clothed with humility  
And departed this life hoping through Christ  
for a Glorious Resurrection.  
We sorrow not as others which have no hope.





## MARY his Widow

Died May 7th 1826 Aged 76

She was beloved and respected by her  
Family and friends and whilst cherishing  
An affectionate remembrance of her husband  
She enjoyed a consolatory hope of re-union  
In the mansions of blessedness which the  
Lord Jesus Christ hath prepared for them  
Who love honour and obey Him.

One fact must be recorded here. It is from this Robert and Mary Colman of Ashwellthorpe that the connection between my Father's and my Mother's family springs, for both claimed in them great-grandparents, my Father tracing his descent on his father's side through the eldest child Robert, and my Mother on her mother's side through the fifth child Elizabeth.

Space will not allow the history of all the numerous children to be followed in detail. Two of them are recorded by inscriptions on the Ashwellthorpe tomb.

One is Hannah, who, dying in 1821, aged 33, left the record of having been "Patient under long and Painful affliction, weaned from sublunary objects, and fervently desiring admission to the presence of her glorious Redeemer."

The other is John, the youngest of the family, who, attracted it seems by a more roving life than fell to the lot of most of his family, took to the sea, and became an officer on one of the East India Company's ships. Death came to him in early manhood, at the age of twenty-six. Letters, which were treasured amongst my Father's papers, tell of failing strength when he was in London in July 1820, chronicling the fact that "my medical friends strongly recommend me to go into the country and ride much on horseback. I shall take their advice as soon as possible." Perhaps hope buoyed him up against that insidious disease of consumption. Anyhow, it was arranged in the following month for him to go as second officer on the "Farquharson," leaving his native shores at the close of the year for Bombay



and China. The start was not auspicious. From Cowes Roads he wrote they were at anchor after an "ugly cruise," having encountered "a rattling south-wester off St. Alban's Head which obliged us to stand back, and we succeeded in getting in here last night in the least agreeable weather I almost ever experienced." At first his health seemed to improve, but about a month later he became rapidly worse. His last letter, dated off the Cape of Good Hope, March 23rd, 1821, to his brother Samuel, was dictated by him and signed by a hand enfeebled with weakness, only three days before his death, when he knew full well the event was not far distant. It tells that "with regard to that state of Eternity into which I am soon about to launch, my mind feels perfectly at ease, being wholly resigned to the Will of Him who created me." He gives directions about the arrangement of his affairs, and begs his brother "to assuage the tears of an aged Mother, and those two Sisters with whom I have lived from my Infancy. Tell all my dear Brothers and Sisters that I think of them now, with feelings which perhaps no other situation could produce." Exhaustion alone prevented the enumeration of the "many valuable friends of whom I think even now with the liveliest interest." The Doctor, in breaking the news of his death to his brother, wrote that he "never saw one who received the Surgeon's last advice with the same coolness, or met the gradual approach of death with equal fortitude." He passed away, not unmindful of those who merited his thanks, giving instructions that some of his clothes should go to Jacob Jolliffe, who had waited on him during his illness, and his "thick foul weather suit" to Quarter-Master Harris, an old shipmate.

A few souvenirs of John Colman have been carefully treasured, including a gold filagree puzzle ring, brought from India, which, passing to my Grandmother Cozens-Hardy, was given to me after her death, and a miniature of him now belonging to my Brother.

Of the remaining children two merit special reference in connection with this Memoir, one Robert, the eldest, born in 1775 (my Father's grandfather), and the other Jeremiah, born in 1777. The latter adopted his nephew James (his brother Robert's son), and thus stood in the place of a second grandfather to my Father. He was the Founder, and, in conjunction with this nephew, one of the original Partners of the business Firm which has ever since borne their initials in its title of J. & J. Colman.

Robert Colman, who became a farmer at Rockland St. Andrew, married Ann Mills, the daughter of John and Mary Mills of Ditchingham, on Oct. 22nd, 1799. One of their titles to fame rests on the fact that they became the parents of eleven sons who all played cricket, and when the team, known as the "Colman Brothers," played matches they formed an object of almost unique interest. There were, in addition, one son who died in childhood, and three daughters, of whom two lived to grow up, so it is little wonder if it was at times difficult to find the wherewithal with which to feed, clothe, educate and start in life so large a family.

Family tradition has recorded the wonderful tact with which the mother, in her quiet way, managed her tribe of boys, of whom many were high-spirited and capable of unlimited mischief. Order was considered Heaven's first law, and she early strove to inculcate this virtue. At bed-time each child was expected to fold up its clothes and place them neatly on a chair, and any offender was ruthlessly awakened to remedy the forgetfulness. Her boys were not allowed stockings, as it was more than she could do to keep them all supplied. One relative has recorded that she heard her mother say that Mrs. Robert Colman "never had her mending basket empty but once, and then she said, 'Now I will go to London'"—which she did.

A graphic picture of the life at the Pound Farm has been given by Mr. Samuel C. Colman, of Peterborough (the son





Spaulding Farm (Rockland Co.) Andrew

of Samuel Colman, the sixth child of Robert Colman of Ashwellthorpe), a question from me having "stirred up some old memories" which he wrote down in 1903:

With regard to Uncle and Aunt Robert Colman of Rockland, [his narrative says,] I have a little bit of early memory which has always stood out fairly fresh and green, though now exactly seventy years ago. During the winter and spring of 1833 I spent three months in the Rockland home. It happened in this wise. Whilst the family were living at Stoke waiting for the opportunity of getting into the Poringland Mill house my Uncle and Aunt very kindly invited me to Rockland, and so, coming then fresh from my early home at Ware Park Mill into entirely new scenes, I took more particular note of things . . . I have no recollection of my journey there, nor any reception, or first impressions. They have quite faded out, so my narrative will be the general impressions left on my mind during the three months' stay.

The household consisted of "Uncle Robert," fifty eight years old, a genial kind-hearted man, who managed his farm and ruled his house so naturally that I never recollect his in any way asserting his authority, no one having thought or desire for questioning it. I ought to describe his appearance. In figure his son Jeremiah very much resembled him at the same age, but his son Edward grew remarkably like him in feature at the same period.

"Aunt Robert," as she was called amongst the relatives, would be about Uncle's age, but was then very much more feeble; she was of very slight figure, also thin. She used to trot about the house seeing after various little matters, but so far as my memory serves the chief work and management of the house was in the hands of the two daughters, who were most capable.

Mary Ann, twenty-four years old, was a gentle spirited, kind hearted woman, but one whom I very rarely saw after my visit. Sarah, twenty-two, was, my memory says, decidedly the stronger character of the two—the expression "rather masterful" describes the impression she gave me in those days—but the two worked together in the most perfect harmony, and they had to work. There was a dairy of twelve or more cows, and poultry, etc., much of which devolved on them, with only one servant to do the rougher work.

They are said to have been very proud of the quantity and quality of their butter, and another relative has told me Sarah Colman used to rear sixty or seventy turkeys every







From 'Farm 'Arckland', J. Andru





year for the London market, and she said they were as much trouble as infants, as they required such careful and constant feeding and attention.

Barnard, [to return to Mr. S. C. Colman's description,] aged fifteen, was the only son at home during those three months. A child of eight was not much of a companion for him, but he was very kind to me, and I shared his bed. The one servant I have named. The only other member of the household was my Great-Aunt Barnard. She was the only daughter it seems of Jeremiah Colman of Wrenningham and Spooner Row, born in 1747, so was eighty-four when I knew her. She married James Barnard of Great Ellingham, and during the latter part of her widowhood lived with Uncle Robert. . . . This old lady's bonnet was exhibited in Norwich a short time ago. [At the Art Loan Exhibition in 1902, by Mrs. John H. Palmer. It is a black crape bonnet of vast dimensions.] I used to see her occasionally in a bonnet, so most likely have seen that one. She died a month or two after that visit of mine.

I soon (it appears) settled into the life there. My recollections of it are very pleasant. I was allowed to do pretty much as I liked. I soon got to know my way about, became acquainted with the men and boys about the farm, and was interested in the horses, cows, and sheep, and farming operations generally, so my time passed pleasantly. . . . I have no doubt I came in for some scoldings, and which I probably thought I deserved—at any rate they have left no scars to be remembered by. I have no recollection of any exhibition of temper on the part of any member of the family during my stay, and I think we all got as much enjoyment out of life as most do now. . . . I ought perhaps to say that on Sunday mornings we went to Great Ellingham Baptist Chapel about two miles off. Uncle and Aunt drove, and took me with them. The others I suppose walked. I think Uncle Robert must have gone to the Rockland farm when, or very soon after, he left the Ashwellthorpe home, and remained there all his long life. Though the first-born he survived all his brothers and sisters. . . . When I was there all his sons but the youngest had gone out into the world, but one fact that frequently came under my notice in after years was strong evidence that the Rockland farm house had been a fairly happy home to them, namely the fact that whenever circumstances allowed them to meet together in larger or smaller numbers they seemed thoroughly to enjoy it. . . . I have no doubt that in the Rockland home the boys were taught to work,

to be self-reliant, and at the same time helpful to others, and the fruit of this training was seen more or less in the lives of most of them.

The portrait of this "Uncle Robert," now in the possession of Mrs. James Fielding, suggests that a strong determination was one of his characteristics. He died on Jan. 26th, 1867, aged 91, his wife having died before him on June 5th, 1856, aged 80. They are both buried in the Rosary at Norwich.

Of their children three became Partners in the Firm of J. & J. Colman, namely, James, born in 1801, Jeremiah, born in 1807, and Edward, born in 1808.





## CHAPTER II

### HIS GREAT UNCLE JEREMIAH COLMAN

**M**Y Grandfather, James Colman, as already mentioned, was adopted by his uncle, Jeremiah Colman. Of the early life of this uncle there is only meagre information. Beginning work in the flour milling trade, he went to the picturesque little village of Bawburgh, near Norwich. He married when twenty-five, an entry in an old Bible containing records of events in the Theobald family stating:

Ann Theobald daughter of Jno. and Mary Theobald was married by the Rev. Wm. Bowman at St. George's Colegate Church Norwich to Mr. Jerh. Colman of Bauburgh on Monday Nov. 15 1802.

Within two years he moved to Norwich, having bought a mill outside Magdalen Gates, the same Bible recording:

Brother Jerh. Colman bought the Windmill late Jeckall's March 1804 and removed from Bauburgh to Norwich July 1804.

The centenary of his first year of business in Norwich (1804-5), from which his earliest cash-book dates, has recently been celebrated by the Company of J. & J. Colman, all the Employees participating in gifts to mark the event.

In 1814 he moved to Stoke Holy Cross, taking over the flour and mustard business carried on there by Mr. Edward Ames. At one time paper must have been made at this mill, a notice in the "Norwich Mercury," of April 4th, 1767, recording:

On Thursday died Mr. Denny, Proprietor of the Paper Mills at Stoke, near this City.

In corroboration of this, my Father said he remembered hearing that when his great-uncle first went to Stoke it was a question whether he should continue the manufacture of mustard, or resume that of paper, the former eventually carrying the day.

The origin of mustard-making at Stoke has been shrouded in mystery, but recently the following account was given me by the Rev. J. C. Girling, he having gleaned it from his father-in-law, Mr. John Wright of St. Helen's, Norwich, a manufacturer of bombazine, etc., who claimed to have originated the idea, and whose sister had married Edward Ames.

Mr. Girling said he understood that the latter first made flour at Stoke Mills, but the loss of a child by drowning in the river Tas, which runs through Stoke, upset him so much that he closed the mill in consequence. After a time he again opened it, this time for the manufacture of paper, but a visit of inspection by the Revenue Officer, paper being taxed in those days, so annoyed Mr. Ames that he closed the mill once again. The subsequent history I give in Mr. Girling's own words, which he tells me is "substantially what I heard from Mr. Wright in conversation with him one evening."

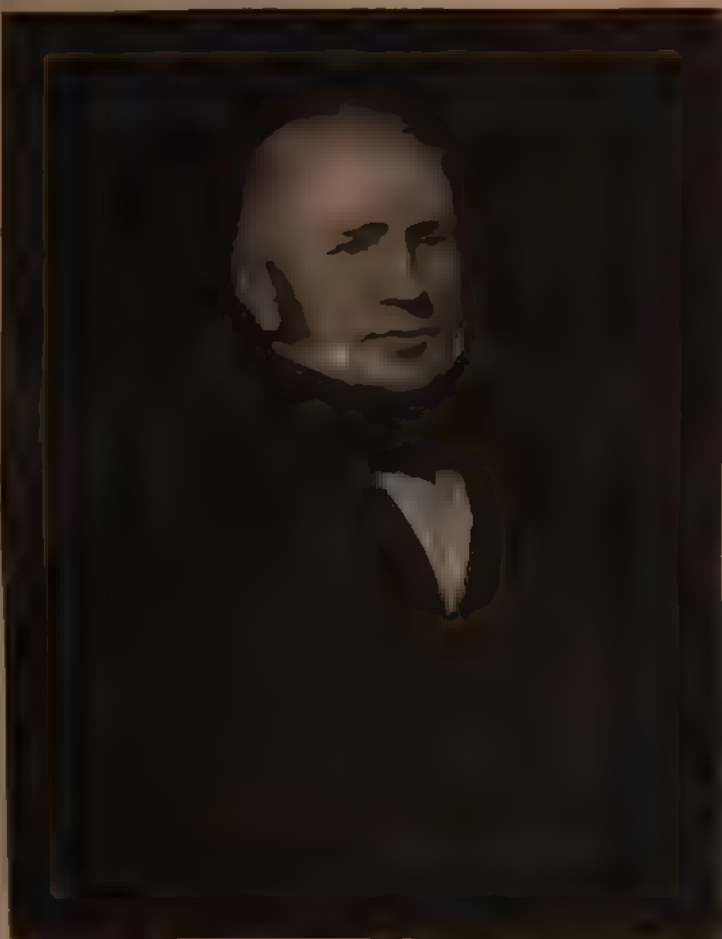
Mr. Wright told his brother-in-law, Mr. Ames, that if he would re-open the Mill he would find him a man who knew how to make Mustard, and he would find him Agents (as he was then going into the North of England on his own business) to sell it. Mr. Wright told me that he had an interview with Mr. Ames the night before he started, and even then he could not get him to look at it seriously, but was rather inclined to treat the matter as a joke. However Mr. Wright carried out his purpose, and Mustard was made at Stoke Mills.

When Jeremiah Colman took over the business from Edward Ames in 1814 an entry in one of his business books, dated 30th April, recorded that £51 2s. was paid to the latter for mustard—doubtless the stock-in-trade. The









*Jeremiah Colman  
of Stoke Newington*



public was informed by the following notice in the "Norfolk Chronicle" of May 7th, 1814, that the business had changed hands.

Stoke Mills, near Norwich.

Jeremiah Colman having taken the stock and trade lately carried on by Mr. Edward Ames, respectfully informs his customers and the public in general that he will continue the manufacturing of mustard, and he takes leave to assure those who may be pleased to favour him with their orders that they shall be supplied in such a manner as cannot fail to secure their approbation.

The special reasons which led Jeremiah Colman to take over the Stoke Mills, I am unable to state authoritatively, but Mr. Girling believes that the Colmans and Ameses were well known to each other, and that at one time one of the former was engaged to a Sarah Ames (a daughter of Edward Ames), though her death prevented the marriage from taking place, but of this I have been unable to obtain any corroboration.

Edward Ames and his two daughters, Ann and Maria, moved from Stoke to Great Yarmouth, where in later years my Father still occasionally visited them, and their names always bring before my eyes a childish recollection of alarming looking personages and rich plum cake. Their commendation of Rob Roy tartan dresses, which they affected, on the ground that they "will last for ever and a day, and then come in for petticoats," is enough to show that passing fashions had little to do with their appearance.

The features of Jeremiah Colman as they were in later life have been preserved in an oil painting by H. Room, painted in 1842, now in my Brother's possession. Those who knew him retain a vivid recollection of his characteristics. Mr. S. C. Colman, his nephew, who knew him well, having been at Stoke in the service of the Firm from 1846-1851, writes:

What were his characteristics? Very varied. First, perhaps stands his sterling integrity, then great kindness of heart and large

heartedness in consideration for others. There was also a certain robustness of character, in some measure perhaps bred of Nonconformity. He knew what he believed, and was prepared in a quiet but determined way to carry it out. An illustration of this was given when he became Mayor of the City. It was the custom for each Mayor when appointed to nominate some Clergyman as his Chaplain for the year. On my Uncle's appointment he was asked to name his Chaplain. In a quiet forcible way he replied: "The Rev. William Brock is my Chaplain." [The Minister of St. Mary's Baptist Chapel at Norwich.] This called forth some remonstrance,—Nonconformist Ministers being hardly recognized by public bodies in those days,—but nothing could be got from Uncle but a re-iteration of the expression: "The Rev. William Brock is my Chaplain."

Jeremiah Colman was closely connected with St. Mary's Chapel. In 1810 when the adjoining premises were purchased for the erection of a new "Meeting," as the older generation loved to call it, he subscribed £50 to the fund, and in 1832 he became one of the Trustees under the New Trust Deed, James Colman his nephew being another.

A tablet on the walls of the Chapel records that:

For forty-five years he was a Member of the Church assembling in this place, and for nineteen years discharged the office of Deacon with punctuality and diligence.

An interesting glimpse of Nonconformity during the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn's Ministry has been given by Mr. S. C. Colman:

From all I have heard, [he writes,] I should think Mr. Kinghorn's ministry was calculated to make stalwart Bible Christians who knew what they believed and why. In his day there were some sturdy Nonconformists in Norwich, united in close fellowship amongst both Baptists and Independents, who held Mr. Kinghorn in high esteem. In Mr. Kinghorn's early ministry, the city was lighted at night by a few comparatively miserable oil lamps, and evening meetings were unheard of. Towards the close of his ministry he commenced a Sunday evening meeting, the first ever

regularly held in Norwich, and probably after gas lighting had been partially introduced. (I can well recollect the oil lamps in minor streets.) At these evening meetings only the ground floor of the Chapel was used, the preacher occupying the box and desk under the pulpit from which for so many years Uncle Cozens [whose second wife was Ruth Colman of Ashwellthorpe] gave out the hymns. Being as I said the only evening meeting, many of the thoughtful ones from other Chapels came to hear the preacher. This will convey a little idea of the intellectual and spiritual dieting Uncle Jeremiah enjoyed up to the time when Mr. William Brock entered on the St. Mary's pastorate in 1832. [After the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn's death that year in the 44th year of his Ministry at St. Mary's Chapel.]

One Relative, who well remembers the gig and "beautiful gray horse" her uncle used to drive, always at a steady pace, says:

On Sundays, when driving to and from St. Mary's, he kept looking to the right and left to see what tired wayfarer might be glad of a lift.

Of Jeremiah Colman's kind-heartedness, joviality, and generosity, there seems a consensus of opinion. "Always with a pleasant smile," a "kind-hearted, generous man of high principle, who was universally respected," is Mr. F. W. Harmer's description.

His kind consideration for his nephews and nieces, [writes Mr. S. C. Colman,] was proverbial both in giving them a helping hand and sound, good advice. . . . One fact will show the wide circle in which he took an interest and amongst whom he was held in affectionate esteem, namely that he was called "Uncle Jeremiah," (or more frequently in those days "Uncle Jerry") by a great many who were not really related to him.

One or two reminiscences from a Relative—then a child—bear out his love for children, and are not the less interesting for giving a glimpse at customs, departing, if not already gone, when Judges arrived in coaches by road, and Saint Valentine, specially dear to the hearts of Norwich

children, was more highly honoured in that city than probably anywhere else.

St. Valentine's Eve used to be the great annual festival of our childhood. All the year round we were preparing for it. Grandparents, Aunts, and Uncles were invited to tea, and hundreds of presents were exchanged. Father Valentine was supposed to bring them all, but he was never seen. As soon as it was dark, the fun began. The front door bell clashed—we rushed out, and on the door-step found a parcel or parcels, often enclosing verses, (how I wish I had preserved them). These were carried indoors, and opened with shouts of delight; and almost before we had time to look at the contents, another loud clang sent us flying to the door. The mystery of it all! No hands were seen to place the parcel, and none of the party would acknowledge having sent it. On one occasion, I remember a louder peal than usual. When we opened the door we found, instead of a parcel, the broad back of dear Uncle Jerry, who was seated on the door-step. How we hauled him in, and how his dear kind face beamed with delight at the joke he had played on us! I think it must have been on that occasion that he sent me a set of pink and white tea-things. Even *only* daughters were not loaded with presents in those days, and I treasured those tea-things for many years. I do not think I ever had any others."

The other reminiscence refers to a civic occasion:

One of the yearly events to which, as children, we looked forward, was the coming of the Judge, to hold the annual Assizes at the Shire Hall. The Judge travelled by road, and spent one night at Wymondham. The Mayor and Sheriff, the High Sheriff and the Recorder went out in their State Coaches to meet the Judge, and escort him into the City. The coaches were gorgeous in their trappings and liveries, and the footmen behind, with their powdered hair and silk stockings, made a fine show. I remember the year when Uncle Jerry was Mayor of Norwich. The railway had lately been opened between Wymondham and Norwich, and instead of the journey by road, the Judge was to arrive by train, at Thorpe Station. I was taken by my Father's old servant, James, to see the show. Whilst waiting for the train, my dear old Uncle, seated in his carriage, in his robes and gold chain of office, spied me in the crowd, and I was lifted up by James to kiss him. A proud and happy child was I that day!

Those of the Carrow Workmen who remember him when boys at Stoke, tell the same tale of kind-heartedness.

He was a very homely man, [said one of them,] wonderfully fond of taking notice of children. He would catch up a child and nurse it, and give it a penny and let it run away again.

This same informant, recently pensioned by J. and J. Colman on leaving the Works, unhappily lost a hand by an accident at the Mill, and he has told how Jeremiah Colman used to visit him once or twice a week afterwards, in the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, and how when able to get to work again my great-great-uncle, and his nephew James, promised to take care of him as long as he lived, as they hoped the Firm would last that time. After the accident, Jeremiah Colman always called him his boy. Indeed "one of my Stoke boys" seems to have been a common appellation for many in the village.

He was evidently popular with those who worked for him,—“a very good old master, and thoughtful to his men,” is one description—and none the less so apparently because he was “very careful, always called out if there was too large a fire, or anything likely to be an extravagance.”

“Old Jeremiah Colman was an early bird,” to quote the graphic description of another, “and I can remember him standing at the gate with his watch in his hand saying to men who came late, ‘What time do you call this?’ He lived in the house adjoining the Mill, and if he was not at the gate he would be on the look out at the bow window. There were not many that came down late but what he saw them.”

“But old Mr. Jeremiah Colman was never hard on a man that came late,” interpolated another. “He used to make a bit of a laugh of it. He had a good deal of fun about him at times, I recollect he had some rare fun with a man one Sunday morning. He fancied there was something wrong, so he stood on the bridge, and watched for Jonathan, who he thought was after the ducks’ eggs. So when Jonathan came up, he said, ‘What! have you been after my eggs?’ ‘No, Sir!’ ‘Oh!’ said Mr. Colman, ‘then you are an honestest man than I thought.’ In saying this, he hit him on the



hat, which was full of eggs, and the stuff ran all over Jonathan's face. The head of the Firm had an eye for business."

This last statement seems in keeping with another little piece of reminiscence.

I recollect once when they were "fying out the water" [clearing out the mud], he went and stood by the side of the river for about an hour; and they did more in that time than they would have done in a day if he had not been there. When he went away he said, "Now I don't care if they don't do any more to-day."

Jeremiah Colman was alive to the advantages of a good education, and as early as 1810 was one of a Committee appointed to establish a Lancastrian School for boys in Norwich on the following grounds:

FIRST: That instruction in reading and writing, with the elements of arithmetic, and especially the knowledge of the holy scriptures, are blessings of inestimable value to all classes of society, and which it is the duty of the rich to offer to the poor.

SECOND: That by a census taken in the course of the last fortnight, with much care and accuracy, it appears that of 1,557 boys between the ages of six and twelve years, residing in this city, and the hamlet of Trowse, Bracondale, and Lakenham, upwards of 1,000 are destitute of the means of education, and for the most part are in a state of idleness.

He was also elected a Guardian for Stoke on the formation of the Henstead Poor Law Union in 1835, the year after the Act was passed amending the Poor Law Administration and appointing Unions for the better carrying out of its provisions. He regularly attended the meetings while remaining a guardian until 1844, and was one of the Building Committee selected for the purpose of erecting a Workhouse at Swainsthorpe, to meet the requirements of the Union.

He was anxious to encourage habits of thrift, and a window erected in Stoke Church "gratefully records the Foundation of the Stoke Holy Cross New Benefit Society

By the Rev. John Bailey, M.A., Vicar of this Parish, and Jeremiah Colman Esquire, A.D. 1842."

In politics Jeremiah Colman is described as "a real old Whig," though he seems to have been rather an advanced one. The old Poll Books show that in earlier days than this the Colmans had strong Whig tendencies. He was a staunch Free Trader, was present at the great meeting in 1846 when Cobden came to Norwich, and seconded the resolution passed then in favour of extending the County Franchise, he being Treasurer for the local society already formed to further this object. Mr. J. D. Copeman relates that at the time of the Free Trade Agitation, Jeremiah Colman was one of a deputation who went to Sir Robert Peel on a question referring to Millers, and on his return, when questioned how he got on, he replied, "He taught me more about milling than ever I knew."

He was one of those who, in conjunction with Mr. J. H. Tillett and Mr. John Copeman had to do with starting the "Norfolk News," and, at a meeting held at his house, seconded the resolution to establish in Norwich "a weekly journal based on civil, religious, and commercial freedom," a resolution which had its outcome a few months later in the first issue of the paper, on January 4th, 1845.

Jeremiah Colman held the office of Sheriff of Norwich from 1845-1846, at the close of which time Sir William Foster said in the Town Council that:

His urbanity of manner, and his upright conduct during a long life amongst us, entitle him to universal respect, and I think I cannot better show the good feeling of the city towards him, or better tender him our thanks for having so faithfully served the office of Sheriff, than by at once proposing Mr. Jeremiah Colman to fill the office of Mayor for the ensuing year.

So, the proposition being carried unanimously, he at once stepped into the mayoral office. Mr. J. D. Copeman says he was "a teetotaller, and always advised me to 'run away from the bottle,'" and at his Civic entertainments I am

told he used to "have a bottle of toast-and-water for himself, and people used to joke him that he would not pass his bottle!" This, it must be remembered, was before the middle of the nineteenth century, when temperance principles had not made much headway.

My great-great-uncle moved to Norwich in 1841. A fall from his gig about two years earlier, possibly caused by a sudden attack of unconsciousness, was probably one reason why it seemed desirable for him to be further away from the rush and excitement of business life. He lived at 41, Newmarket Road. One event there was a burglary committed on a Sunday at mid-day while the family was at Chapel. The silver, including a Presentation Salver, was stolen, causing him to vow he would get no more silver, but only plated goods. He received some communication that if he would pay a lump sum down, and ask no questions, he might get the silver returned, but a transaction of this kind he could not reconcile with his conscience, and the plate was never recovered.

He died after an attack of apoplexy on December 3rd, 1851, aged 74, and was buried at the Rosary. His wife survived him nearly eleven years, dying at the age of 85, on October 23rd, 1862, having continued at the same house, with her sister Dorcas, the widow of William Hey, to whom they had given a home for many years.

She seems to have been kind-hearted and fond of children, "a drawer full of toys" being one of the attractions for juvenile guests, and also cautious, a lover of Nature, and the staunchest of Protestants, if one may judge from extracts from affectionately-worded letters to my Father written during his travels.

I am glad you went to the Catholic Chapel, [she wrote once,] . . . I recollect going to the same Chapel and really feeling [?strongest] regret to behold the dreadful ignorance that pervaded the place, and saw an illustration of the Apostle Paul's words when he, on Mars Hill, said, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive in all things

ye *are too* superstitious!" I remember we saw a poor old man on his knees telling his Beads which were thrown round his neck, and it was grievous to me the absorption of this deluded man's mind. It reminds me of the little hymn of Dr. Watts, thanking God that he was born on British Ground, and not a Heathen or a Jew.

In 1847, when my Father was in the Isle of Wight, there came a note of warning from her:

I hope you will keep clear of *the Needles*, for I saw a view of that part of the Island when last in London, and it looked to me who am not very venturesome a dreadful dangerous place for any to venture on, but some persons do I have understood, who perhaps like to have said on their return they had been on the Needles. . . .

Give Papa a challenge for another walk when you will seek out some other work to amuse and instruct you. As one observes exploring Nature, you may find "Sermons in Stones, tongues in the morning brooks, and God in everything."<sup>1</sup>

The strong religious side of her nature is revealed in manuscript books full of extracts from theological works, passages written in them by missionaries, or epitomes of sermons and addresses which she had heard at Prayer Meetings. After her husband's death she was paralysed on the left side, but it is remembered still "how bravely she used to sit and do fine wool-work with her one free hand, and the work fastened to her chair."

<sup>1</sup> The quotation really runs:

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Shakespeare: *As You Like It*, Act II. Scene i.

## CHAPTER III

### HIS FATHER AND MOTHER

**I**T was in the home of this Jeremiah Colman that my Grandfather was brought up. Fond of children, and having none of his own, he had doubtless felt his brother Robert could easily spare one of his rapidly increasing little tribe. So James, the eldest, was sent to him. If Mr. S. C. Colman is correct in thinking this was in 1806, the child would then be only five years old.

There is a tradition, [writes Mr. S. C. Colman,] that James was such a naughty boy that it was about decided to return him to Rockland, and have one of his brothers, but that Aunt relented and wished to give James another chance. On what trifling incidents important events turn sometimes.

Whatever truth there may be in this tradition the affection between the uncle and nephew grew very close and abiding, continuing so until the end.

An adopted niece, Ann Harmer, also formed one of the household. Little or nothing seems known of James Colman's childhood, and no light has been thrown on his life until the time when he was taking his part in the Business. Doubtless he began this early, for when, in 1823, his uncle took him into partnership, and the firm of J. and J. Colman was thus started, he was only twenty-two. Their interests in the profits began at three-fourths and one-fourth respectively, but by 1831 they were equally divided, the uncle's share subsequently dropping lower still, and in some of the early years, when the margin of profit was very small, he often gave the nephew more than he was really entitled to.

In 1825 James Colman became engaged to Mary, the eldest child of John Burlingham, of Old Buckenham, and of his second wife. She was born on Oct. 24th, 1805. Her mother (whose maiden name was Mary Taylor) died in March 5th, 1807, at the age of twenty-four, a few hours after the birth of her second child, Sarah, who afterwards married William Taylor. In bitter snowy weather, when travelling was a matter of danger, her husband had gone a forced journey to Bury St. Edmund's to attend the market, but had pushed on as far as the Greyhound Inn at Hopton on his way back. There the news reached him, and he had to return to a desolated home. The stone over her grave in the Burial-ground at Great Ellingham bears the inscription, "Of whom the world was not worthy." The little baby, so soon left motherless, placed on record in 1881, when she was an old lady, that:

From all accounts my mother seems to have been a superior woman, of exalted piety, and considering how very little at that time was thought of education, before 1800, she must have been most persevering in endeavouring to improve her mind.

When the child was two and a half years old, and my Grandmother nearly four, the two little sisters were sent to a school at Banham, near by, the account given by the younger, not from remembrance, but hearsay, being that it was "quite a superior school in those days," and they were "greatly pitied as being two little orphans." Afterwards they went to a school at Diss, and to yet another before settling at home. Their father liked to encourage a sense of loyalty, and never allowed them to tell any tales against their schools.

As the two children grew up they developed the deepest and most lasting reverence for him. Reminiscences handed down through daughter to granddaughter help to give some idea of the sturdy qualities of John Burlingham's character.

His parents lived at Shropham, where "they had a farm, a mill, a weaver's shop, and a grocery and a drapery business." John, who was apprenticed at a mill at Sapiston, where somewhere in the Mill it is said he left his name engraved, became a miller and a merchant in small seeds. Life brought its storm and stress to him. Business was uncertain, and on more than one occasion he was unable to meet his creditors, the sudden changes leading him to exclaim, "I may be a man one day, and a mouse the next." Once when going to Norwich Market soon after his failure, very low-spirited, he was tempted to buy, but felt forced to exclaim, "I dare not try it to-day." It is reported that at this point he was greatly cheered by a Mr. Fison from Thetford, who said, "I'll stand by Mr. Burlingham for anything he likes to spend," and went to the Bank, and said he would be surety to any amount. This confidence in the honour of John Burlingham was seemingly not misplaced. For when, after the failure, better times came, he determined to repay his creditors twenty shillings in the pound. The story, said to have received subsequent confirmation, was that he invited them all to dinner at East Harling, when a cheque for the full amount was placed under the plate of each guest. I have heard my Mother express pride that her husband's grandfather should have done a thing "so honourable."

On one occasion there was a sound of wheels outside the picturesque home situated by the Common at Old Buckenham, and Mary Burlingham asked her sister what it was. "Only a trumpery baker's cart," was Sarah's reply. But the answer was not allowed to go unchallenged. "It is by those carts," her father said, gently chiding her, "that we get our bread," or "keep the business going"—the exact words having been forgotten, though the memory of their intent lingered long.

Promiscuous callers were not encouraged, and one day when the door bell rang, and my Great-Grandfather was told,



Old House, Old Orchardham







*Hill House Old Buckenham*



In answer to his question, it was "Mr. So-and-so, who has called to enquire how the Miss Burlinghams are," he replied, "I won't have any young 'How-do-you-do's' calling to enquire how any one is." Indeed it used to be said, "If you want to see the Miss Burlinghams you must go to Great Ellingham Chapel," where I am told my Grandfather did first meet his future bride, for the Colmans of Rockland, who lived only about two miles from the Chapel, attended there too. This was the Baptist Chapel, founded in 1699, though the building has been renovated since my Great-Grandfather's time, where for many years, after a week of pressing business, he used to drive the seven miles from Old Buckenham to service on Sundays, putting up his horse and trap in sheds provided for the purpose on the same plot of ground, as was the custom of those days.

In his business journeys it is said he used to take the Bible, Rippon's Hymn-book, and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," as his companions, and he is described as :

a most energetic, persevering man, and a decided Christian, striving to bring up his six children in the fear of God. The learning of hymns and portions of Scripture, to be repeated in the family gathering on Sunday evening, formed a prominent part of their training; and strict obedience to parental authority was carefully maintained.

This last statement seems borne out by a letter from my Grandmother to my Grandfather, after her engagement, sending a message from her stepmother (for her father had married a third time), that :

Mama intends requesting, or rather wishes me to request you not to play with Eliza [her half-sister] any more as it makes her so extremely forward.

Eliza was then aged thirteen.

On his birthdays I am told my Great-Grandfather always had the hymn sung, "When Thou my Righteous Judge shall come," and when his children celebrated their birthdays, and he gave the toast of the occasion, it was recalled

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*John Burlingham  
of Old Buckenham  
from a drawing by T. A. Sandys*

by my Grandmother that he was accustomed to use the words, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." When in later years his grandchildren were taken one by one to him for the first time, he used to put a shilling into the baby's hand, watching if the little fingers squeezed it tight, or let it fall, for so, he would say, the child revealed its character—whether grasping or liberal.

My Father's sister recalls the time when they were both young, and used to go with their parents from Stoke to spend Christmas Day with their Grandfather Burlingham.

In my young days, [she writes,] we had 2/6 given us on Christmas morning by our Grandfather, and I think Mr. Cozens-Hardy used to give 2/6 to all his children. I can look backward to old-fashioned Christmas Days, when, deep snow or not, we drove 16 miles in our open phaeton to Old Buckenham. No sealskin jackets then, but shawls and rugs and hoods were quite as warm, but not perhaps so stylish. As to work or games on Xmas Day, Grandfather would have thought us wicked indeed. After dinner, in the middle of the day, off roast beef and plum pudding, the elders got rid of us young folks, and gave us fruit to take upstairs to a special room which had a fire, where we cracked nuts and jokes, and roasted chestnuts till called down for tea, and after that, hymns. I suppose now it would be thought dull, but we enjoyed it all greatly, and I like to remember it.

The writer of the above has in her possession a crayon drawing of her grandfather by Frederick Sandys, which shows John Burlingham as a man of striking physiognomy, which seems to have been transmitted to a great-grandchild. For a lady who knew him, seeing a portrait of my brother Alan in the Academy, by the same artist, drawn twenty or more years later, said, "Surely that child must be a descendant of old Mr. Burlingham," so struck was she by the likeness.

John Burlingham died on September 11th, 1853, and was buried in the Old Buckenham Churchyard, leaving behind him, to quote my Father's words, "an example we all shall do well to follow as a man and a Christian."









*John Burlingham  
of Old Buckenham  
from a drawing by 'T. A. Sandys*



"A wiser head than my head you might find, but a warmer heart than my heart you could not," were my Grandfather's words to Mary Burlingham about the time of their engagement. This seems to have been arranged after only a short acquaintance.

"My Aunt High" [her Father's sister], she writes to him, "thinks that you have been too hasty from the very first. . . . I repeat again, what you heard me say at first, and many times since, that I am *much* too young; were I even 25 I should prefer waiting 5 years longer, but I shall leave this subject till a future interview."

This interview must have meant capitulation, for my Grandfather had only to bide his time till she was 20.

Cherished letters which passed between them were found, carefully packed away by my Grandmother in a small mustard tub, and throw some interesting sidelights on the life of those days. They tell of the days when writing paper was an expensive item, when letters were folded and fastened with wafers, when postage was heavy, and letters perforce few and far between. One was crossed diagonally, as well as at right angles, and ended with the pertinent inquiry, "Can you read this?" "I know you will not think it worth 9d., therefore I dare not send it by post" is in another letter, and when my Grandfather adopted a different mode of conveyance it was not without its dangers, for my Grandmother wrote in reply that "the conveyance for it was rather a dangerous one, which I think you will not deny when I inform you that letters not infrequently remain in papa's pocket for several days after they ought to have been answered."

Household duties, teaching her step-brothers, and visiting the villagers seem to have absorbed a good deal of my Grandmother's time. "The discordant sound of our box-irons" suggests a time before steam laundries were dreamt of. Her father is said to have been very particular about his frilled shirts, and liked his daughters to do the ironing. Needlework was an important item, and in one letter after a visit from home she says she must "make amends for lost time at

Stoke with my needle"; for though my Grandmother never worked in the latter part of her life, and infinitely preferred reading, yet samples which she has left show she must have been very skilful with her needle in her youthful days. But these employments had at times to "give place to our Vinegar week, with the exception of the poetry, which I must repeat on Christmas Day." Those were the days when spinning wheels were in vogue in the villages, and about 70 years later, in giving a specimen one to my Father, whose love of curiosities she well knew, for him to keep "amongst the things of the past," my Grandmother wrote that "the first sight of it took me back to childhood, when we used to see it in the Cottages."

We are apt to think of our grandmothers as spending lives in restful, soothing surroundings, far removed from the rush and turmoil of modern life, with all its confusion of engagements. But perhaps their lives were not less busy, although the work was of a different kind. Anyhow, my Grandmother spoke of the "multiplicity of our engagements for this week" in a letter to my Grandfather, enough to lead her to ask him to defer his visit "till next Monday, on which day we hope you will take tea with us at *five*." The letter goes on :

I mention this early hour because we contemplate a walk to the fair after tea. I think it is not very unlikely that two if not three of my Cousin Taylors will spend that day with us, and probably a few other friends. Old Buckenham on Whitsun week is a universal scene of gaiety and confusion. We have music from morning till night ; and sports of all kinds: you will think I am paying you a fine compliment in expecting you to derive much pleasure from scenes of this kind: but I have not time to give you any further description; as I ought now to be engaged ironing. This afternoon we expect to attend a Missionary Meeting at New Buckenham; to-morrow we are invited to tea at Mr. Ellis Palmer's.

My Grandmother's bent of mind, even in her young days, was deeply thoughtful and religious, as was that of

James Colman. She was oppressed lest the greater opportunities—the “care and kindness” with which she was surrounded, and the blessing of “beloved Parents and friends who have watched over and corrected every action”—should only lead to greater condemnation.

But the following remark, [she writes to her future husband,] has often been some encouragement to me, “that feeling sensible of our faults is one step towards amendment.” How earnestly do I wish to know this from experience, but I find it to be exactly what Mr. Leslie describes, “A difficult thing to be a Christian”—

a belief since echoed by one who was assuredly no pessimist.

Her reading was of a serious kind, religious and biographical books attracting her most. I have only heard of her reading three novels, “John Halifax, Gentleman,” which she thought had too many love scenes in it, and “Felix Holt,” and some other book, read when travelling, neither of which met with her approval. She had a great love of sermons. Before her marriage, referring to some by the Rev. Thomas Fulcher (her future brother-in-law), she wrote that she “rose at four and copied half one of them,” which she thought of asking my Grandfather to accept.

My Uncle, Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy, in acknowledging a portrait of her, has lately sketched her character in lines worth handing down to her descendants:

I shall value it as a reminder of one who was always good to me, and whose old fashioned ways had a peculiar charm. There is no one quite like her now. Caryl on “Job” or Bridge’s “One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm,” or Kinghorn’s “Sermons” would not—either together or separately—appeal to her descendants or satisfy their longings. The moral of which is very ancient—that as times change we change with them. But let us beware lest when we reject the shell we lose the kernel.

My Grandmother had much of the Puritan element in her character. She was a staunch Sabbatarian. Cooking on Sundays was reduced to a minimum, and she never would

have bloaters for breakfast on those days, because she said "they didn't smell like a Sunday." She disliked unnecessary show and display. It is she who writes to her future husband—and not he to her—pleading for simplicity in the matter of her own dress, saying that what he calls only "neat" she might think quite the contrary, and that her visits to the "distressed cottagers, and hearing their complaints" make her feel that "every unnecessary expense ought from principle to be avoided." "But perhaps I am going too far," she adds at the end, in deference to his opinion. "Pardon me if it is so." Throughout her life she retained a love of subdued colours, and never changed her feeling that yellow was vulgar, so much so that, fond as she was of flowers, the yellow ones always had to take a subordinate place in her affections.

But in spite of this strain of Puritanism, my Grandmother loved to surround herself with things that were dainty and lovely. Old China always attracted her, and she liked to have all the little household duties carried out in an orderly and attractive way. One tea service, plain coffee-coloured with a gold rim, she specially prized for its historic interest. It had been bought by her father for use at the Peace Rejoicings which followed the battle of Waterloo.

A characteristic that deserves mention was her strong and abiding love of Nature. Those who knew her can recall the intense delight with which she watched the opening of the crocuses which carpeted her garden at Town Close Lodge, or coaxed into bloom a little soldanella carefully transplanted from its mountain home, or listened for the first notes of the nightingale, or watched the little tits come for the dainty morsels spread for them on a table outside her drawing-room window, which a grandson had arranged for the purpose. It speaks volumes for the strength of her Sabbatarian views that even this last had to give way on Sundays, not that she grudged the birds their

food on that day, but she did not think it right to let them distract her thoughts.

Astronomy, too, was a constant interest. Somehow she always managed to find out when anything unusual was going to happen in the stellar world, and to the close of her life would wander round her house, seeking for the best point of observation, at any hour of the night, her relatives never being able to convince her that at those hours bed was the safest place for a nonogenarian.

Meetings between my Grandfather and Grandmother before their marriage were not over frequent, in those days, when a coach afforded the quickest means of transport. He, too, was busily occupied, so much so that he was afraid this might prove a snare to him.

I am engaged extensively with business of the world, [he wrote to her,] and too apt to have my affections fixed upon the vanities of it, therefore I need a double watch.

Perhaps a knowledge of the danger was its own safeguard, for there are constant references in his letters to the solemnity of life, to a future existence, and the necessity of preparation for death.

Their wedding took place at Old Buckenham Church on August 1st, 1826. The invitation from the bride's step-mother to the bridegroom's mother seems worthy of insertion, if only from its contrast to the prosaic invitations of the present day.

The letter is directed in quaint style to

Mr. Robt. Colman,  
Rockland,  
Mrs. C. Attleburgh.

Old Buckenham,  
July 26th, 1826.

Dear Madam,

Parents are necessarily taught by experience to regard an Union for Life as an important step for their children to take;



more especially so, perhaps, when it is the eldest of their offspring who is thus about to advance into Society, and become the master, or the mistress of a family: they are solicitous for their individual respectability and happiness, and they also deem their example of no small importance to the junior part of their family: such, my dear Madam, is the situation in which you and Mr. Colman, with ourselves, are at this time placed; and such, I have no doubt, are our mutual feelings: but we hope and trust that the strict attention which has ever been paid to the moral and religious instruction of the young persons about to be united, will not prove fruitless; and that their attachment for each other, founded, we have reason to believe, on Christian principles, will issue in peace and comfort to themselves, and in general satisfaction to their friends. In soliciting your and Mr. Colman's consent, James has doubtless informed you that the first of August is the day fixed for his union with our daughter, and that it is the wish and hope of Mr. Burlingham, myself and Mary, that you and Mr. Colman will be present at the ceremony; for, you must know that, we *all* intend to *accompany them to Church*. I have written a note to invite Mr. and Mrs. Colman of Stoke to come on the preceding evening, and if you and they will join us, I think we shall form a wedding party of a curious and novel kind; at all events, they will have but little chance of making their escape if they should happen to change their minds as they approach the Altar. We hope you will be here by eight o'clock, as they wish to have the ceremony over before breakfast.

With suitable remembrances to yourself, Mr. Colman and family, in which I am joined by Mr. B., Mary, etc.

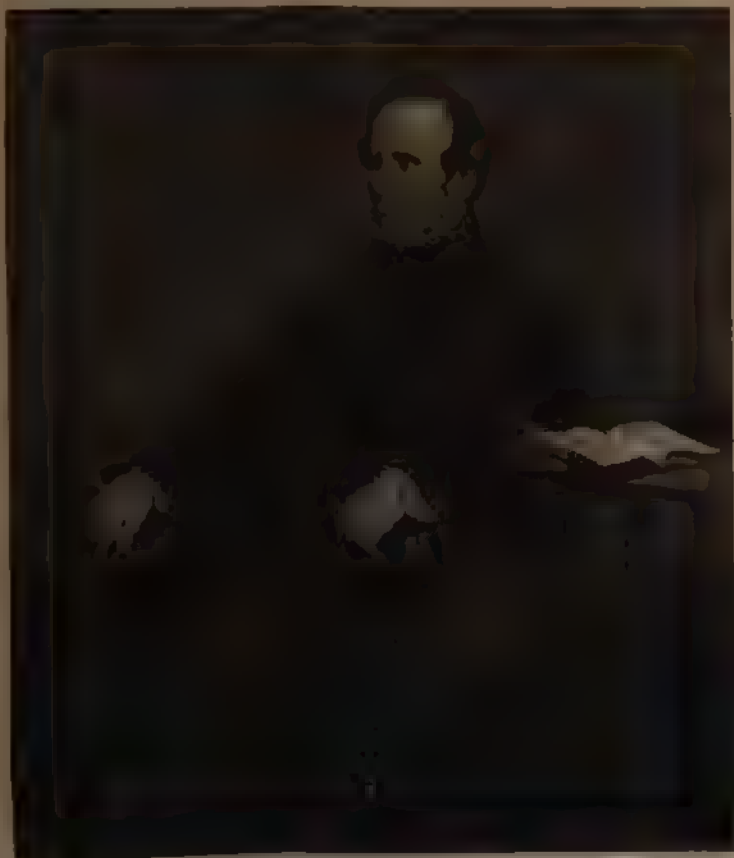
I am, dear Madam, respectfully yours,

E. BURLINGHAM.

My Grandfather and Grandmother started in a gig for the wedding trip, accompanied, as was not unusual in those days, by a sister of the bride, Sarah Burlingham. They visited mustard fields en route, and the stopping places included Lynn and Cromer. They ended up at Old Buckenham, from which place preparations were made for beginning housekeeping in the new home, the wife anxious lest her husband should be alarmed at "the length of the enclosed order for grocery" (including tea then at eight shillings a







*James Colman*  
*Aged 32*



pound) which he had to attend to in Norwich, and hoping he would erase such things as he "would consider superfluities,"—for in those days the question of ways and means was one needing their careful consideration.

Thus they entered on their twenty-eight years of married life, praying that "He who fixes the lot of man may be our Guide and Guard even unto death," their happiness only disturbed by the husband's frequent absence on business, which seemed to the wife "to give a sting to every pleasure."

They settled first at a house on Dunston Common, my Grandfather up to this time having lived with his uncle at the Mill House at Stoke, and as the house was unnecessarily large, part of it was occupied by another couple. Four years later, in 1830, they moved to a much smaller house, known as Stoke Cottage, situated in the village street of Stoke Holy Cross, and now used as a little shop. It was here, in the same year, that my Father's birth took place. His parents remained at Stoke Cottage until the early 'forties, when Jeremiah Colman moved to Norwich, and then they took his place at the Mill House, which my Grandfather enlarged and improved.

It seems best at this point to insert some impressions of my Grandfather, given by those who knew him, although they refer to a later period in his life. The portrait by H. Tidey is said by his daughter to be a good likeness, except that, having been taken during his last illness, it fails to represent his intense vitality and keenness.

Mr. S. C. Colman, who knew him not only as a relative but as an employer, describes him as being:

about the best business man I have ever been associated with. Of medium stature, he had a well knit frame, moved about with a quick decided step, giving the idea of bodily and mental vigour, and quick but by no means restless eyes.

As he passed along the various walks of life, I fancy there was little that escaped the notice of his eyes and ears, but he knew how

to use the knowledge so gained to good and useful purpose. In giving instructions he was clear without going too much into detail, letting you understand you were to use your intelligence in carrying them out.

In elucidation of this point Mr. S. C. Colman has told me that my Grandfather had a great power of selecting those employed in the business. Sometimes when he gave them a piece of work to do the question was asked, "How do you wish it done?" He used to reply, "That I leave to you," but he would at the same time watch them carefully.

In expressing censure, [continues Mr. S. C. Colman,] he was forcible, without being either hasty or harsh. Ordinarily there was a sort of stateliness of mien and character about him which commanded deference, not demanded it—he had no occasion to do that, it was naturally rendered to him. At the same time, he could unbend and be most genial when he thought it was called for. To give one instance, occasionally he invited the Counting-house staff to dine with him. At such times the master was completely sunk and the courteous host only seen.

My indebtedness to him is great. I expect it was his kind thought for me that took me to Stoke, and four years later it was his proposition that I should be started in business at Marlingford Mills.

There is no doubt that my Grandfather had exceptional business capacity, and this, coupled with a passion for work, was all important in developing the manufactory with which he was connected.

He was a thorough business man and very hard working [I am told by one who worked for him at Stoke]. He would peep into the Mill at any time, and as soon as the men twigged him, didn't they go to work. He was a roguish sort of man, but a very good-natured one.

He is said to have been "always in the office at seven o'clock in the morning," the time when the Clerks—few in number then—began their labours.

The description of the Firm, once elicited from a witness

in the box, that "they pay to a penny, but they don't fool their money away" perhaps sums up my Grandfather's position. At least one is glad to feel he was known for his honourable dealings as well as for his business capacity. A description of him by Mr. Jonathan D. Copeman, who worked for the Firm for a time, speaks of his "sound judgment and wise head," and "quiet, calm, everyday perseverance that built up the business," and after saying he was "as a father to all his brothers and sisters," the writer adds, "I never knew anyone for whom I had a greater esteem."

It was customary in those days for my Grandfather to go himself to visit the customers. The graphic description given me by Mr. Copeman—this would apply to the year 1836—conjuges up a picture of scenes connected with this:

I never was so free from anxiety or led a happier life, [he writes,] as far as outwards are concerned, than when I was a "Traveller"—scarcely a railroad—with my horse, trap, and dog, and everything fresh to my young brain. Now to my initiation into the arts and mysteries of the Commercial Traveller's life. Your grandfather used to undertake Yarmouth, up to the time I am going to tell you. He arranged for me to accompany him, and leaving Stoke at 6 a.m., drove over there, *myself driving* to the Angel Hotel, where commercial men usually went. "Now," he said, "you will go and attend to the business. I am going to spend the day with the Misses Ames"—the daughters of the Mr. Ames from whom they took the Stoke Mustard and Flour Mills. Continuing he said, "You will dine with the commercial men and do as others do, at 1.30 p.m." The pint of wine was the rule in those days. I did not take my share, but I took two or three glasses which put much vigour into me, and I was enabled thereby to go and knock off the remaining business by 5 o'clock, and a very good business I did. Your grandfather was in the room, and introduced me to a friend of my Father's. We'll suppose he found me rather sprightly. We then ordered our trap, and he said, "I shall drive to-night." So driving across the marshes to Acle I had a very comfortable snooze, and waking up refreshed we chatted over the business of the day, he winding up with the crucial question, "How did you get on at the Dinner table?"



“Well,” I replied, “I did as others did.” No more was said. The wisdom of that silence had an influence upon my whole life. I neither ran away from the Bottle, nor did it become a snare to me. These little incidents in a man’s life elucidate his character more than his more public acts.







Mr James Coleman nee Mary Burlingham  
from a drawing by 'Sandy' in 1897



## CHAPTER IV

### CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS

1830—1847 : AGED 1—17

“**I** FIND my dear boy quite a comfort during your absence, and I trust he will be increasingly so to both of us,” were my Grandmother’s words to her husband, when my Father was not quite two months old. A comfort he undoubtedly was, but, as is the way with children, something of an anxiety too. “He is more than my companions can manage, and at times almost a match for me, and I am sure we must send him to school,” wrote his mother, when staying at the sea-side, with her sister as one of her companions. The child was then just three and a half. Doubtless my Grandmother’s frail health at that time, continuing during many years of her life at Stoke, and often necessitating her absence at the sea-side, made it more difficult for her to cope with the high spirits of her little son. Mr. S. C. Colman writes :

In my childhood I remember her as a confirmed invalid, always on the sofa whenever I saw her, and then more than sixty years afterwards I knew her much more intimately as a vigorous old lady upwards of ninety years of age.

In those early days any sign of returning health she welcomed “with real delight,” so she wrote to her husband, in thinking “what I shall do for you, and my dear boy, and our poor neighbours.”

An early story about my Father is that one day his Great-Uncle Jeremiah wanted to say good-bye to him. After much hunting he was produced from the coal hole, but his uncle

had to give him the parting kiss on his elbow, that being the cleanest place he could find.

Links with the past always had a special attraction for my Father, and "for old associations' sake" was ever a strong argument. An incident, given as related to me by Mr. S. C. Colman, will show how, towards the close of his life, his thoughts turned backwards to his earliest days of schooling:

One stage of your Father's early education he supplied me with himself. . . . We were chatting together on one occasion when he said: "You would like to know that I have just bought the Porlingland Mill. I saw it was on the market, and I thought I should like to have it for old associations' sake,—it was in that Mill House your Mother gave me my first instruction."

One or two other children were also received as weekly boarders, but the account given by his great-aunt was that my Father was "quite the favourite amongst them," and she hoped his mother would soon "perceive much progress in his education." The arrangement came to an end when my Father was about six, as Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Colman left Porlingland in 1836 for Norwich.

Mr. J. D. Copeman has described him in those days as "a very amiable child and very nice looking"; and adds, "through his life I always saw the same simple truthful expression of his face which characterized it from six to eleven years."

The following letter, the earliest which I have seen from my Father, was written when he was only six. He inscribed it outside "For dear Mama," while the address "Mrs. Colman, Stoke Cottage," is added by another hand. The paper is closed, and fastened with a wafer, and the letter is written in remarkably bold clear writing:

Norwich, November 29th, 1836.

My dear Mama,

Here is my little note, I hope you will like it.—I am quite









Nike Cottage  
the birth place of Foreman James Colman



well and am going to spend next Thursday at Mrs. Pigg's to see the Procession. My very best love to you and Papa—

From your dear  
JEREMIAH.

The Procession here alluded to must have been the one when the Foundation Stone of the Norwich Yarn Company was laid in St. Edmund's, the various grotesque representations on this occasion including one of Bishop Blaize—Patron Saint of wool-combers. The Standard Bearers and Whifflers of the old Corporation formed a link with the past, for until the Municipal Reform Act of 1835, and the first Town Council elected under the new law, it had been customary for a grand procession, including Officials, Mace Bearers, Standard Bearers, Whifflers, and the City Snap<sup>1</sup> to march from the Guildhall to the Cathedral whenever a new Mayor was elected.

A second letter from my Father, written a week later, implies that his conduct at that time was all that could be desired:

Norwich, Dec. 6th, 1836.

My dear Mama,

Miss Thompson says if you wish me to stay till next Thursday week, she will be very happy of my company, because I am such a good boy.—With best love to you, dear Papa, Aunt and Uncle Jerry,

I remain,  
Your affectionate Son,  
J. J. COLMAN.

I am told that this Miss Thompson used to teach my Father recitations, possibly while he was at an "Infant School Establishment" at St. Martin's at Palace, conducted by Mrs. Pigg, where he seems to have been a pupil by 1837. The following letter, in answer to one from my Grandmother, will show something of her anxious care

<sup>1</sup> A representation of a dragon.

about the education of the little son, who for eight years was an only child.

My dear Mrs. Colman,

Although I requested Jeremiah to bring his Catechism on Astronomy, which he said was the only book he had on the subject, it was by no means with the intention of given him lessons out of it to get by rote. I quite agree with you in thinking it wrong to overburden the memory. It may be needful to get a general outline well fixed in the mind, but beyond that, I never designed that it should become the work of memory, for as you justly observe, he has already quite enough of that sort of employment. I have a small book on Botany which would be sufficient at first, but if you know of any book on either subject which is adapted to convey much information in a simple style, and condensed form, Aunt thinks with me it would be desirable he should have the benefit of them. The music lessons shall be attended to,—as also undue exercise.—The almost entire occupation of his time will however alone serve as an effectual preventive. . . . With respects to Mr. C.

I remain yours most respectfully,  
SARAH PIGG.

I think my Father must have gone straight from this establishment to study with Mr. John Doman (whose sister married his uncle, Robert Colman), riding in daily from Stoke to the Tutor's at Norwich. One who had a vivid recollection of often seeing the boy on his pony riding up Brcondale has described him at that time as being "such a handsome boy, with curly hair, and so English looking." I believe my Grandmother was happy in the belief that her boy always rode at a steady trot on these occasions, but the account given me that "he had a nice cob, and when he put it a-going that had to go," seems to suggest some hard riding.

Only one or two other pupils shared the tuition with my Father, amongst them being Edmund Hamilton Sharp and Arthur Pigg. My Father said once, in a speech at the Grammar School Prize-giving, that he did not feel specially

qualified to speak, as he had not had much training in school life, for during the last years his school "consisted of three, two, and then dwindled down to one pupil."

In those days Mr. Doman was, I am told, a "learned man," and a "first class teacher," though in later days he was by no means free from eccentricity. It seems he was not easily satisfied with his teaching results. In a letter to my Grandmother, when my Father was thirteen and a half, he wrote that, though feeling "perfectly satisfied that Jeremiah's real progress is indisputable," he has yet to qualify it by the statement that "with materials such as Jeremiah's (at least respectable) capabilities supply, and no very conscious carelessness (I would hope no unpardonable deficiency of mechanical skill) in working them up, a somewhat better article ought to be produced," and he regrets that, though the boy is not "guilty of any positive dereliction in the presentation of the expected exercises," especially of late, yet he needs to learn that "to 'pass muster' is not promotion, nor is it altogether one and the same thing to escape 'the cat' and win the laurel." Perhaps it is not surprising if the "exercises" failed to come up to the ideal of the Teacher if the following answer to a fishing invitation may be taken as a sample of what was expected.

Bracondale.

Dr. Jeremiah,

That "blindness to the future kindly given" wh. veils men's eyes from coming ill kept mine closed, till long after you left this evening, from the conspiracy in wh. several of my friends have been engaged of realizing the modern fiction of "the school-master abroad" by making me "nolentem volentem" for tomorrow at least exchange the angle mathematical for the angle piscatorial. We will therefore if you please and Papa and Mamma forbid not allow Aëtaeon to wipe his eyes after Diana Ducking, and a little longer retain his humanity. While on your part I suppose the *flowers real* will till Wed. morn'g., take the place of *flowers rhetorical*. By the way were there a Society instituted to cultivate the latter wd. you "put in" for the prize?

Altho' I desire we shd. both look upon it as a holiday I think I shall not be deemed unmercifully exacting if I require in addition to Wed.'s demand, 2 or 3 pages of Slater's Chronology. Good night my Dr. boy and let us never forget that the fairest flower that springs of Earth must quickly fade while those of Moral soil by Heaven's hand implanted in the heart will bloom eternally in the Paradise above. That those seeds celestial, if already sown may be ever watered by the Dews of Heaven is the affectionate Desire  
Of Dr. Jh.

Yr. sincere fd.

Master Jh. Colman.

J. DOMAN.

Still, in spite of the troublesome "exercises," my Father seems to have enjoyed his time. At least, some time later, when he had just lost his father and heavy responsibilities were resting on him, his words to an old school-fellow were "I often look back on those happy days we had together, now I suppose twelve years ago."

Amongst the letters from Mr. Doman to my Father was one dated 1846 in which he wrote:

Very glad am I to hear that your faithful and favourite servant still retains so considerate a master. Your evident desire to see him comfortably installed when he left your service gratified me greatly. By cultivating ever a kindly sympathy with all that lives what an amount of added enjoyment would this world supply!

That surely was the best thing which the Teacher could impart, the "kindly sympathy with all that lives," worth so much more than the most finished Essays, and which became, so it seems to me, one of the Pupil's most abiding characteristics.

When my Father first stood as a Parliamentary Candidate in 1871 he received, in the thick of the contest, a letter of 29 pages of minute writing from Mr. Doman, subsequently published as a book under the title of "Gladstone Examined." It gave his reasons for not supporting my Father's candidature, but, divergent as their political opinions might be, the letter contained the assurance that its author knew:

of no gentleman either in our city or out of it, who in every relationship of life, whether it be public or private, more completely commands my perfectly unqualified respect, and my absolutely undiscounted esteem.

Their relations as Pupil and Teacher must have ended when my Father was about seventeen.

I do not know how far my Grandfather shared his wife's views of boarding schools, but my Grandmother had a horror of what she considered their rough-and-tumble ways. Perhaps this was less surprising in the days when there was sufficient truth in Dickens's immortal description of Do-the-boys Hall to give zest to the satire. Anyhow my Father was never sent to one. Doubtless he missed something by the absence of that camaraderie which belongs to school life, and he must have been more lonely. "I suppose you very seldom play at Prisoners' Base as you have nobody to play with?" wrote one friend, Horace E. Willett, from School. But whatever the pros and cons of the different methods, the plan adopted must have had its effect on my Father, and his keen love of Nature, his close observation of her ways, his fund of reserve, and his deep thoughtfulness at an early age were in some measure, no doubt, the result of his solitary communings. He had no brothers, and his only sister, his junior by eight years, must have been too young to be much of a companion, though her recollection of him is that he was always very kind, taking her long rides and walks, and accompanying her to Norwich and elsewhere.

The anxious solicitude with which his parents watched over his developing character between childhood and manhood is evidenced by some of their letters. Thus his mother wrote on his birthday, when he was thirteen:

*Many, very many happy birthdays to you my precious boy. As your years number onward my anxiety increases that you may "grow in knowledge—in favour with God and with man."*



From his father too there came words of counsel:

The horse I hope will please you. Remember when I was a boy I had a donkey, and a pony when a youth like yourself. [He was 16.] Because you are thus favoured take care not to be high-minded.

. . . You are often in my thoughts and your dear Mamma's and other friends who are looking upon you and watching the development of your mind and general character. We desire your welfare. We wish to see you stand well in the situation in the world in which Providence may place you, above all we wish to see you stand well in the Christian character. . . . Receive this voice of warning as it is intended, and with the feeling with which it is sent—that is with the strongest affection which a Father can feel for a Son. Seek from Heaven, my dear Boy, that which will make you strong to perform what is *right* and omit or forsake what is *wrong*.

I suppose you are sometimes employed in your garden, sometimes in your study, and in other places. Take care to be industrious—*industry* is a most valuable quality, without it there is no progress made in anything.

Their boy's frail health was an additional cause of anxiety. Though he developed a fine physique, and grew to be over six feet high and broad in proportion, yet when a boy he had to lie down a good deal, and at times suffered much from headaches.







*Jeremiah James Gelman  
and his sister*



## CHAPTER V

### YOUTH TO MANHOOD

1847—1851: AGED 17—21

**M**Y Father's love of flowers, developed at an early age, was intense, and remained with him through life. He never felt properly attired without a flower, and when his portrait was painted the one stipulation he made was that the artist should depict him with a button-hole.

His garden at Stoke, on the opposite side of the road from the Mill House, where in virgin soil he grew his flowers and fruit, is clearly remembered by many who were there then. His sister recollects at times getting into trouble through a pet lamb, which would jump over the railings, and was with difficulty ejected. He did the practical work himself, made his own flower sticks, and thought nothing of getting up at 4 or 5 in the morning to see after his flowers. The first little greenhouse that was built for him cost £20, and I am told that his great-uncle, Jeremiah Colman, thought this a great extravagance.

My Father's favourite flowers were carnations, pansies, cyclamens, auriculas, dahlias and tulips. He remained true to his first loves, and liked the double dahlias and the British Florist tulips, regarding cactus dahlias, parrot tulips and the like as mere freaks. Tulips he studied as much as any flower. From 1853, for several years, he kept manuscript books containing the names of his different varieties, with comments of his own, such as "very fine," "good for nothing," or "awfully black stamens." It was a proud moment when, in 1856, he was amongst the prize winners at the

Crystal Palace Tulip Show. But he had begun exhibiting long before this. When only 16, in reporting the Norfolk and Norwich Horticultural Society's Show, the "Norfolk Chronicle" grew enthusiastic over an exhibit of "Black Prince grapes grown in the open air and sent by Master J. J. Colman, of Stoke," which, with those of one other exhibitor, were described as "amongst the finest specimens ever exhibited, raised without forcing." Apples and leeks came in for their share of praise the following year, and also "melons of superior quality," and irises—my Father obtaining the first place in the "Best Collection."

As late as 1891, when he had to propose the health of the exhibitors at an Agricultural Show, and after awards at Horticultural, Agricultural and International Exhibitions had come thick and fast, he said he still had a lively recollection of the first prize he ever won, which was for the best dish of carrots, and he did not think any of the subsequent awards he had gained had given him anything like so much satisfaction.

Shortly before his wedding, in 1856, when the pressure of other claims was heavy, after sending "in all pretty well 60 plants" to the Flower Show, he wrote to my Mother:

"Tis a good deal of trouble and cost getting up things for show, and I should be strongly inclined to give it up now that I become a married man, but having written so much to press people to support the Horticultural Show in one way and another, I hardly like to desert one's *first love*, for 'tis some gratification to help to give pleasure to several thousand people.

But though he gradually gave up exhibiting, he always maintained his interest in the Horticultural Society, and frequently lent his garden at Carrow for the Shows.

Amongst my Father's papers was a letter, written to him during the year of his Mayoralty in 1868, the writer apologizing for its "imperfection," as he was not "up to writing letters." It ran:

Sir Pardon the Liberty but let me as A Cottageher in Thorpe Hamlet thank you and through you Mrs. Colman for the support by your purse And the Encouragement by your presence of our Flower Show for the mingling together of the Rich among the poor on such days I Believe have A great Effect upon them for the better it take away A great deal of the soreness that there is Among the poor I wish there were more of such Meetings why not one in Every Parish we should understand each other better the poor would be all the Better for it we all have Windows I believe we all love flowers some more than others no doubt I believe the sight of flowers Awaken many serious thoughts if I can meaasure others corn by my own bushell the truth is I have great faith in flowers they keep us out of mischief they teach us to study the good and the great God for sure he is to be seen in the Beautifull flowers of this Earth if we learn to look at them Aright hoping that your example may be A Presedent for all future Mayors towards our flower shows I subscribe myself one of your prize winners and have the good fortune to be one of your Workmen.

With those views my Father cordially sympathized. How far the letter helped to shape them in his mind one cannot say, but he was ever anxious by Allotments and Cottagers' Flower Shows to give scope for, and encourage, the love of flowers amongst artisans.

But to return to my Father's boyhood. His study of Nature (doubtless fostered by his mother) was not confined to flowers. Meteorology came in for some share of attention. A manuscript book shows that at least from 1849 to 1850 he kept very careful records of the temperature at different hours of the day, the general direction of the wind, and the amount of rain, noting also such things as a "Beautiful Sunset," "Very high tides and floods at Yarmouth (Dec. 29, 1849)," and "Aurora Borealis visible in the evening, May 13, 1850." In later life a sun-recording instrument was a great source of interest at Corton, and he thought no garden was complete without its rain gauge and thermometers.

Sundry other events he noted in his book, such as "Larks beginning to mount, Feb. 1, 1850," "Gooseberry leaves



open, Feb. 26, 1850," and "Primoses in blossom, March 1, 1850," showing his love for Nature study. The observant faculties thus developed never left him. Whenever he went for a country drive he carefully noticed the state of the crops, the birds he saw, and other things of interest. As to birds he wrote during the close of his life, "I have always felt a good deal of interest in them, and especially song birds."

Another book, dating from 1847, notes, to take a few examples, the special beauty of the gossamer one morning, three appearances of the Northern Lights within five days, rough weather which drove some stormy petrels to Lowestoft, and gives a detailed description of the beauty of an eclipse which impressed him greatly. Although not claiming to be a "scientific correspondent," his interest in astronomy was shown as early as 1848 by a letter to the "Norfolk News," clearing up some difficulties raised in reference to an eclipse of the moon. The last entry in this note-book is the following, dated 1856. One can sympathize with Ann Scales in her astonishment at the vagaries of sea anemones:

A curious instance occurred in our tank the other day. . . . One anemone brought from Ilfracombe, and which had been in the tank for nearly 14 months, was looking badly, and the servant (Ann Scales), the only person in the house, thought it would die, but to her great surprise on the following morning it had divided into two, and both specimens are now looking well and healthy. The specimen was not a perfect one, but had looked ever since we had it as if a small one was growing from it, but I had not observed that this had altered at all ever since it had been in the tank.

An aquarium was quite an interest to my Father, and he kept a little one for many years. During a trip to Devonshire in 1855 he had collected a good many anemones, carefully sending some to an aquarium at the Norwich Museum, where he reports they were "a source of very much interest, for they were of course novel in the extreme, and people didn't know what to make of them." Other kinds of water

life also interested him, and at one time, largely through the suggestion of Mr. Frank Buckland, whom he knew personally, he had tanks fixed in a greenhouse for breeding trout, the fish being turned out into the river when they grew big enough. Silkworms and butterflies were amongst his early interests, the Workmen at Stoke sometimes taking him specimens of the latter.

The study of Man as well as the study of Nature attracted my Father. He read extensively, and made extracts from the books he read, thus collecting wise and witty sayings on a variety of subjects, and entered his criticisms about them. He also made a note of any pieces from books or magazines he was likely to want to refer to again, and by entering these under alphabetical headings he was able to index his reading for future use. A list of books, with some comments, from a manuscript book, dating about 1850, will give an idea of the kind of reading which attracted him.

"Critical Essays," by T. B. Macaulay.

"The Last Days of Pompeii"—"one of the most beautiful romances I have ever read."

"The Protector," by J. H. Merle D'Aubigné; from which my Father marks the quotation, "Freedom is as necessary for the people as for the peers," and says at the end, "This is a very interesting, instructive and valuable book; I have read it with great pleasure."

"Life of Sir Walter Scott," by J. G. Lockhart.

"Guesses at Truth," by Two Brothers.

"The Work of the Spirit," by W. H. Stowell.

"History of the Bank of England," by J. Francis.

"Essay on the State Church," by Baptist W. Noel.

"Poetical Works," by H. W. Longfellow.

"Adventures on the Western Coast of South America," by John Coultern, described as "A nice interesting light book for reading at a few odd minutes."

"History of Modern Philosophy," by J. D. Morell.

"An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations," by Adam Smith.

"Lectures on History," by Dr. T. Arnold, in which after giving an abstract of it he says: "A very fine book, remarkable for the

comprehensiveness of its views—and for the somewhat extraordinary admissions for a Conservative Churchman to make.”

“Lives of the Lord Chancellors,” by Lord Campbell.

“The Fairfax Correspondence”: Memoirs of the Reign of Charles I, by G. W. Johnson, Esq.

“Memoirs of Sir T. F. Buxton, Bart.”

“History of England,” by T. B. Macaulay.

The manuscript book ends with a list of books recommended to him, including those on history, travel, science, and philosophy.

Thus my Father was gradually preparing himself for the part in life he was called upon to play, and much of his reading must have stood him in good stead when he, too, had to take his share in active political life, and attempt to solve the difficult and serious problems of his own day.

His knowledge, if not encyclopaedic, seems to have been considered so by some of his relatives. A juvenile cousin, for instance, writes:

Having a few questions to ask you, I thought I would avail myself of your kind permission. First, I will ask you what is the meaning of the expression, “The Sun is drawing water”; also the cause of the Meteors (or running stars)? What is the reason the stars show light, and what is the Derivation of the word Yesterday, and the meaning of its Derivation?

When only seventeen he wrote to his schoolfellow, Edmund Hamilton Sharp, suggesting that they should exchange essays for mutual criticism. The plan soon fell through, the latter having to plead that scholastic duties absorbed too much time. But the idea is interesting, and his friend’s suggestion that the discussions might embrace such subjects as the “Explanation of some Phenomena of Nature,” or “What is the legitimate province of human governments?” show that the essays were not to be confined to trivial subjects. It would seem, one feels, my Father was judging himself severely when he wrote in later life that “in truth I cannot say I ever had a taste for study myself.” Nor, probably, was he quite fair to himself when he said,

at a meeting of the National Home Reading Union, that in his younger days he belonged to an Institution, the members of which had to rise at half-past six in the morning, but what they were to do was not very well defined, and though he came off third best, and got an edition of Thompson's "Seasons," he thought, if at that time there had been some scheme for the utilization of the time by reading useful and desirable literature, perhaps those mornings might have been spent with greater advantage.

He must certainly have utilized much of his spare time in study. In 1855 for instance, soon after his Father's death, when the burdening weight of business was heavy on his young shoulders, he was having lessons in French, though, as he wrote:

I certainly haven't got the gift of tongues in that sense. . . . I sometimes get cross with myself for not knowing my lessons better—even when I have studied them.

A year or two earlier he had inquired about some Greek books, with a view to resuming his studies in that language, and in the year of his marriage he certainly started learning shorthand from my Mother, who had learnt Holdsworth and Aldridge's system from her father, though he did not go on far with this.

In a Diary, kept by my Father between 1848 and 1854, there occurs this note, under the date of March 15, 1849:

I became this evening a member of a Society called "The Norwich Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society" in which each member in turn reads a paper, and the rest are at liberty to discuss upon it; the subject to-night was California by Jno. Alexander: I essayed to get upon my legs but though I got to the end was desperately flabbergasted.

This was doubtless the discussion class to which he referred in a speech in 1886, where, he said, the members used to settle all sorts of questions, such as the currency, in one night, quite to their own satisfaction, but as years elapsed they found no doubt that political questions were not always

so clear and so easily determined as they had imagined. But if the conclusions arrived at were sometimes immature, the energy and enthusiasm of the members was at any rate commendable.

Six months after joining the class my Father's turn must have come round, for he then read a paper on Lamartine. It gives evidence of careful preparation, and was written, it should be remembered, very soon after Lamartine's extraordinarily rapid rise and fall, and when hopes were still entertained of a more brilliant future for him, for it was only eighteen months since the Revolution of 1848, resulting in the fall of Louis Philippe, and less than a year since Lamartine, with a waning popularity as one of the Provisional Government, had to give way to Louis Napoleon, who was elected President, and later Emperor. The paper treated of Lamartine as an author and a statesman, sketching both his views and his work. Special characteristics are noted, such as the "pacific tendency" of his policy, his love of liberty, his confidence in the people, his calmness in misfortune (as contrasted with the "insufferable egotism which is noticed in some statesmen" of that day), and his belief in the "onward progress of events"—characteristics which drew forth an answering chord in the writer's heart. Space will not allow many quotations, but it is interesting to note my Father's views in those early days on the duties of citizenship. Referring to Lamartine's having devoted "his life, his energy, and property to the service of his country," the writer adds:

Allow me to remark before passing on that I claim no merit to Lamartine for his patriotism: I hold it to be a man's bounden duty to love his country; to do what he can for its welfare.

In these days, when the word patriotism is in danger of being narrowed down to military service only, it is well to note that my Father obviously used the term with a wider meaning—the gift of one's best for the good of one's country.

Another entry in my Father's Diary, dated March 29th, 1849, records:

The Essay at discussion class was "Can the immortality of the soul be proved apart from Revelation?" by Arthur Pigg: he answered the question in the affirmative, which I opposed.

The following year he wrote a paper for the Rev. G. Gould's Bible Class on "Proofs of the Immortality of the Soul derived from the Constitution of Nature," in which he endeavoured to explain the fact that "it has been in all ages and countries the belief of some of the best and noblest men that 'the soul is immortal,'" though in many instances this belief has been apart from any special revelation, and "derived solely from the proofs which reason and nature were thought to afford." The paper suggests various lines of argument, such as the fundamental difference between the body and the soul, so that the destruction of the one does not necessarily imply the destruction of the other; that it seems "a part of the constitution of Nature that virtue be rewarded and vice punished," a consummation implying a future life; that as man has a mind capable of judging between right and wrong, and is therefore an accountable being, it pre-supposes the existence of an infallible Being to whom he will have to render an account. Finally an analogy is drawn from the chrysalis and the butterfly, the seed and the corn, to show there is a fallacy in the argument that death must by its very nature mean destruction of the soul as well as the body, and suggesting that it may well be that the spirit which is immaterial cannot rise to its full power while clogged with a material body, and that "death so far from being necessarily our soul's destruction is, on the other hand, essential to our entrance on immortality."

A further paper, written for the same Bible Class, was on "The effect of Sin in destroying Man's relation to God and to his own compound Nature;" and in March, 1850, he read a paper, probably before the Young Men's Mutual



Improvement Society, on "What are the Remedies for the Social and Political Evils of Ireland?" It is evident my Father was not easily daunted in his choice of subjects.

This paper on Ireland was written soon after the land was devastated by the terrible famine and fever, which came as a sequel to the failure of the potato crop in 1845, to be followed by evictions and wholesale emigration; and not long after the disturbances on the Continent had found their echo in an attempted rebellion on Irish soil. My Father had evidently followed these events with keen interest, and, when O'Brien and his compatriots were lying under sentence of death after the state trials, he prepared a letter for the "Norfolk News," pleading for a mitigation of the sentence, on the ground that capital punishment was "inexpedient and unjustifiable," especially for a political offence, and further condemning the barbarity of the form in which the sentence had been pronounced.

The disturbed state of Ireland, when my Father was writing his paper, made it only reasonable, he said, to inquire if there were not some cause for it, and common sense gave the reply that it was due in part at least to the evils connected with past legislation, spreading over a long period of time, "either too much, or too little, or legislation of the wrong sort." The writer gives a résumé of the Irish story, beginning as early as the seventh century, during which time "whilst other nations were enveloped in superstition and darkness, and whilst England herself was bowing before the hard Saxon rule, Ireland was free, and contained within her borders, dimly perhaps but yet surely, the first dawning streaks of civilization and religious freedom," and then, after reminding his hearers that "our ancestors went to Ireland for no just purpose," he sketched in broad outlines her restless and stormy history.

Then comes a recital of some of the flagrant abuses, with suggestions for their remedy:

1st. That England should treat Ireland as an integral

part of the United Kingdom, and not as an inferior, dictating to her what laws she is to have, or to do without.

2nd. That the intellectual capacity of the Irish is as high as that of the English, if developed, and "philanthropy might well employ itself in giving education, and raising the condition of the peasantry."

3rd. That "tenant-right" should be recognized by the legislature as well as "landlord-power," and that a check should be put on the power of ejection at a moment's notice, and some right of compensation for improvements given to tenants.

4th. That an enormous amount of undeveloped country still remains in Ireland, and that the introduction of English enterprise, capital, and skill to direct the energies of the Irish peasantry in this direction might well be encouraged.

5th. That "Absenteeism" is one of the "mighty evils of Ireland," the majority of owners never visiting the land which supports them, or, if they do so, only "for the sake of shooting or salmon-fishing," and "caring nothing for the welfare of the peasantry, whom they might at a moment sweep away."

6th. That the monopoly in land is "the root of Ireland's evil," and that the laws of entail and primogeniture, by which the land was kept perforce in the hands of the lineal descendant of a family, though he might be an idiot or a gambler, so that the owners of land were comparatively few, needed alteration; and that though the Act to facilitate the sale of encumbered estates might do much good it would not be sufficient to remedy the evil.

7th. That Roman Catholicism could not but be considered one of the evils of Ireland by the writer, believing as he did, that only "a religion free from the priestly despotism of Popery, in a word, the religion of the Bible" could save men from becoming mere automatons, and raise them to the noblest liberty of conscience and action.



8th. But in spite of his own Protestantism, he named as another evil and injustice the establishment of a Protestant Church in a country, taxed to support it, though the vast number of the people belonged to another Church ; and he wished to see it freed from State control.

9th. That the Poor Law, though he could not regard it as *the* means of regenerating Ireland, might yet be a stepping stone to some wide and comprehensive measure.

Other subjects would have been discussed had time allowed.

I might go on for some time longer, [he wrote,] in considering the abolition of the Cotter-tenancy, and the creating instead of a peasant proprietary ; I might advocate Universal Suffrage ; the Employment of the Revenues of the Church for some effectual means of elevating the labourers ; the abolition of the office of Lord Lieutenant ; or many other subjects.

In conclusion, having "endeavoured to show that Ireland's woe rests on the head of England ; that our mongrel policy of treating her neither as an equal nor a barbarous nation has galled her to rebellion," he still looked forward to the time when her woes might be healed by "men who will rise superior to all minor difficulties, men who will *meet* the crisis, and not *evade* it," and thus bring about "the happiness, prosperity, and regeneration of Ireland."

Much in the paper strikes one as curiously modern ; for many of the same grievances were still pressing heavily when my Father had to take his share, many years later, as a Member of Parliament, in the attempt to mitigate the troubles of the Sister Isle.

Notes for an essay written about 1851, were on "The Literature of the Present Day," the author dividing the subject into sundry branches, and giving his opinion on each, but space forbids any extracts.

A little earlier he had written a short paper on "The Nineteenth Century," "with the view of forwarding it to some magazine, but this idea was not carried out."

In this he seems to have

. . . dipt into the future, far as human eye could see;  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that could be.<sup>1</sup>

May we not then from the past, [he writes, after detailing some of the wonders of applied science,] learn the lesson to consider nothing impossible? . . . Science and philosophy is at present far from its limits. . . . Why should not light be made subservient to our purpose as well as electricity, and why may we not command the wind as we now overcome the power of the tide?

He rejoiced that the nineteenth century had seen "a vast breaking up amongst the old forms of prejudice, caste, and privilege, which have long triumphed over both mind and body," and which were beginning to give way before "the new and only true nobility which declares that 'the mind 's the standard of the man.'" But there were perils to be guarded against.

We have said, [he continued,] that men must think for themselves, but alas! how few really do so. The literature of our day as a whole is far from conducive to the needful habit of thoughtfulness. If men have such a disposition 'tis in spite of the atmosphere which surrounds them instead of being produced by it. This is not as it should be,—we need some more Butlers, Bacons, or Newtons. Want of thought and stability, we think, is the prevailing fault of the literature of the present day. And again, of those who profess to think, have not they often determined what the result of their thought shall be? Have they not sometimes resolved to gain the reputation of "genius" by disbelieving what men generally believe? Is not much of the scepticism and infidelity of the present day to be traced to this source? Philosophy, searching thought, will do much, but, as exclaims a talented writer in the "Edinburgh Review," "Alas! when will men learn that one of the highest achievements of philosophy is to know when it is vain to philosophize?"

The paper ends with an earnest appeal to young men:

"Philanthropy calls for you—patriotism calls for you—science calls for you to reap her harvest—literature calls for you to come

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson: "Locksley Hall," lines 15-16.

and stamp your best and noblest thoughts on her," and thus might they help to give a high character to "the most glorious, the most spirit-stirring, the noblest and best century the world has ever seen."

In his Journal, dated Jan. 7th, 1851, are notes on the same subject.

But oh! how vast the events of the first half of the nineteenth century. Never has the world before seen such an one. May it see many such for its *good things* and none for its *bad*. Men in it have learnt the meaning of the word liberty, and are beginning to appreciate the *glory(!) of war*. They have learnt that there is over all the world a bond of brotherhood, not a league of enmity. Politics, literature, science, commerce, aye, and we trust religion too, have advanced. But—"how much is to be done." The world will need the full action and power of many mighty minds before it can reach perfection: and it will never reach it till those mighty minds subject themselves to, and work under, the will of God.

Another year has opened on my life. I feel how little I have done in the past [compared with] what I ought to have done, and how much I have left undone. I would mourn it, but still look up to my Saviour for his counsel and guidance. May His example be ever before me, teaching and leading me to higher and nobler ends. May I be enabled to do my duty and God's work in all situations in which I may be placed. It may be that I shall not see the opening of another year—but oh! *my God*, whether my course here be long or short, may I in the whole of it be guided by Thee, serve and love Thee here, and be preparing for a blissful eternity.

I think it must be already apparent that there was a serious thoughtfulness in my Father's character, developed at an early age. The Journal which he kept between 1848 and 1854—the latter part only fragmentary—gives further glimpses into his inner life during that time, when he was between eighteen and twenty-four years of age. Much of it is taken up with accounts of sermons, comments on portions of Scripture, and the solemnizing thoughts which come with an opening year—this revelation of his outlook on life being interspersed with the mention of sundry everyday events.

One extract from it must here suffice.

1849. Jan. 30th. 119 Psalm, 169-176.

God's fatherly goodness and care over His children is indeed very great. He teaches them what is His will, and guides them in the performance of it, so long as they will submit submissively to Him. He will do all for their good. Through the stormy scene of life He can lead them uninjured and unharmed. Who would not, with meekness, bow before, and praise, such a God? Enable me, oh Lord<sup>1</sup> to do this in sincerity and truth; and so, guided by Thee here on earth, may I at last be led by Thee into the realm of happiness above.

It is clear that at that time he was not free from doubts and fears. But these do not seem to have centred round the why and wherefore of life, those inscrutable problems which seem at times to defy solution, and can only be carried to the region of faith. Rather they centred round himself, arising perhaps from an over-sensitive introspection. Once again it was the old problem:

How very hard it is to be  
A Christian! Hard for you and me,  
—Not the mere task of making real  
That duty up to its ideal,  
Effecting thus, complete and whole,  
A purpose of the human soul—  
For that is always hard to do;  
But hard, I mean, for me and you  
To realize it, more or less,  
With even the moderate success  
Which commonly repays our strife  
To carry out the aims of life.<sup>1</sup>

His was not fearfulness about "God's fatherly goodness," "His power and providence," or "the saving power of Christ," and "His boundless love." Rather it was fearfulness about his own "wasted talents and opportunities," and "manifold transgressions," lest, forgetting "the utter

<sup>1</sup> Browning: "Easter Day," lines 1-12.

nothingness of human power," he should trust in himself alone.

There was one to whom he could impart his doubts and difficulties, whose ready, kindly sympathy seems to have been given unreservedly. This was the Rev. William Brock (afterwards Dr. Brock) the Minister of St. Mary's Baptist Chapel, in Norwich, to whom my Father was greatly attached, and of whom he wrote at the time of his death in 1875 that "he was a man the world could ill afford to lose." It was a great grief when, in 1848, Mr. Brock exchanged St. Mary's for Bloomsbury Chapel in London. When the young people of the congregation presented Mr. and Mrs. Brock with a clock as a farewell gift, it fell to my Father's lot to make the presentation—an ordeal which seems to have weighed much on his mind. His great-aunt, Mrs. Jeremiah Colman, writing at the time, said :

I was very glad to hear you got through the presentation of the time-piece, if not to your own satisfaction to the satisfaction of others, and this you will say is of the greatest importance. I can quite [understand] your perturbation at the prospect of what you had in hand, and also can quite enter into your feelings when it was over, and no wonder, at a first attempt.

In rough notes for this speech, amongst my Father's papers, is a sentence reflecting, one feels, his own sense of gratitude to the Minister who was leaving :

Most of us I trust can look back with feelings of gratitude and delight on seasons, whether they have occurred in private when you have been in the domestic circle, or in public when you have been in the pulpit, when you have been the instrument through the Grace of God of imparting spiritual comfort to the drooping and despondent mind. To those seasons we would oft refer, and doing so would remember the kind and gracious Providence which brought you here.

My Grandfather and Grandmother were accustomed to attend St. Mary's Chapel, where my Father seems to have

been a very regular attendant, at the week-night services as well as on Sundays. They were both much interested in the Chapel, and it was largely through my Grandfather's instrumentality that the Sunday Schools were erected on the adjoining land, he buying the cottages on that site for this purpose, on the understanding that the building should be begun as soon as it was considered feasible. They used to drive into Norwich on Sunday mornings, not infrequently taking back with them a Preacher for the evening service at Stoke. On Communion Sundays, as that Service was then held in the afternoon, they used to bring their dinner with them, and eat it in a room at the Woolpack Inn, in Muspole Street, St. George's Plain, my Aunt still having a youthful recollection of chicken dumplings as one of the dishes.

On Sunday afternoons my Father had a class for boys at Stoke. This was certainly meeting in 1849, an entry in his Journal of January 28th recording:

My Class this afternoon. 9 of them came, and we spent an interesting, and I hope profitable afternoon.

Other records were less encouraging:

Had only 2 boys to my Class this afternoon. . .

Dined at Newmarket Road . . . Came home for my Class, but there was no one there.

But perhaps the results were more deep and lasting than he realized. For a letter reached my Father in 1889 recording the death of one who for "over thirty years had been a most thoughtful and earnest Teacher" in a Sunday School, and who was "followed to the grave by many of his Fellow-workmen and Teachers, one and all expressing the highest regard for him," and he had been one of the little band meeting in my Father's class at Stoke. The writer went on to record how, more than thirty years earlier, the boy had found his way from the village to the city of Norwich, and how "but for the early impressions

made upon this young lad" at the "Country School, he might have floated into our City a pest and disgrace to those with whom he was associated."

It would be a mistake to imagine from what has been said that my Father's character had no lighter side to it. Fortunately for him he had that gift of the gods—a saving sense of humour. A boyish love of merriment seems to be revealed in legends of his hiding himself near the entrance to the Mill to snowball the Workmen as they returned to work; and "full of fun" is the description I have had from one of them of my Father in those days. A few lines from his pen, taken from an account written for the "Norfolk News" of the Manchester Exhibition of 1857, will show that the comic scenes of life appealed to him then, as indeed they always did:

The Prince, with his suite, having marched through the building, the barriers were removed, and then followed a rush to the refreshment room, and a scene such as "Punch's" pencil alone can describe. Imagine scores of little tables, with plates, and knives and forks, and people, hungry as hunters, keeping up a perpetual ringing of bells, and call of "waiter," "bitter beer," "fowl," "beef," etc., etc., the poor bewildered waiters rushing about in a frantic state, giving you a bottle, and forgetting to draw the cork, or two glasses for half a dozen people; champagne and sherry in hock glasses or tumblers, and ale and porter in champagne and sherry ditto; imagine first Pater Familias rushing away with a knife and fork in one hand, and carrying a chicken by its leg in the other, to his hungry spouse; second ditto, able to get a bottle of porter and one glass for his party, but no cork-screw, knocking off the neck, and receiving the contents of the bottle quicker than he wished or expected; third ditto, bringing a tribe, and waiting round a table which a party was leaving, so as to seize the chairs almost before they were vacated; fourth ditto, of a meeker turn, going away unfed and in utter despair! Such and similar scenes give a notion of the refreshment room.

During the time that has been passing in review my Father was getting his training in the business which his



great-uncle and his father had built up, and which he afterwards did so much to develop. He seems to have left Mr. Doman's in 1847, and been helping in it by the close of that year, and was certainly very closely connected with it by 1850. In answer to a question as to my Father's work in connection with the business in those days, Mr. S. C. Colman replies:

A question, or questions, which must be answered with much indefiniteness. All was so very gradual, though also in some respects rapid. The faculties which led him to notice and admire the very beautiful markings and shades of colour in individual flowers and blossoms, and at the same time take into account the shapeliness of plants and trees and the general arrangement of a garden, found their fuller development when he had to deal with men in all the various departments of business, social, and political life.

He grew up in the midst of the business, and having no outside particular interests, he seemed to grow into it as well as with it. He never had any regular work in the general Counting-house, but quite away from that Mr. James Colman had his own private room, and I have no doubt that there under his father's training he would have very efficient instruction in business matters generally and particularly.

During the first three years or so I was employed by the Firm I was very little at Stoke during the day. Being occupied at Norwich and Yarmouth from Monday morning till Wednesday evening, I only arrived at Stoke Thursday morning for breakfast, soon after which I started on a country round flour-selling, and again on Friday morning, returning each evening. On Saturday we started for Norwich Market between 11 and 12 o'clock. The last year or more a Mr. Lawson took the Thursday and Friday journeys, and I remained in the Counting-house those two days. During those months I naturally saw more of J. J. C. [About 1850 and 1851.] At that time there was nothing particularly striking about him except his general attractiveness. He used to come in and out the Counting-house frequently, and made himself the cheerful companion of us younger men, ready to join in any bit of harmless fun that might be going on for the moment, but no one would have thought of taking any liberties with him.

The same writer speaks later of the "remarkable growth



and development" which took place in my Father's character from 1851-6.

Part of his work lay in making experiments in regard to the manufacture of various articles. Thus an entry in his Journal for July 30th, 1849, records "got home a new galvanic battery from E. Arnold's to perform some experiments with respect to the gum" (which for a short time was made at Stoke), and other references in his papers deal with experiments about starch. Doubtless the memory of his own experimental work in this direction made him feel the importance of chemistry as a subject for study when the education of his sons came to be considered.

My Father's life at Stoke was varied by outside events of one kind or another, some of which are recorded in his Diary:

1849. Jan. 31. In the evening heard a Lecture by Mr. G. Dawson on Cromwell. It was admirable.

1849. Feb. 7. A Public Meeting in St. Andrew's Hall on Reform. Mr. Parry and G. Dawson were the principal speakers: it was well attended and a very good meeting.

1849. March 20. Went to a meeting in the evening at St. Andrew's Hall to hear Elihu Burritt. He made a capital speech, some parts of it were exceedingly fine and exquisitely touching.

Music was one of his interests. He had a tenor voice, and in his earlier days had lessons from Dr. Buck, the Cathedral organist. The organ he learnt from Dr. Bunnett, and was sufficiently keen on it to have one put up in his own house at Carrow, though in later years he gave up playing it himself. He seems to have enjoyed music in those Stoke days, even if the instrument left something to be desired, one extract in his Journal, dated February 26th, 1849, recording that:

We all went to Buckenham to a family party: the anniversary of grandpapa's birthday (the 25th, by-the-bye, was the proper day). A very pleasant party; we had an almost uninterrupted series of tunes from the keys of the execrable pianoforte, at which your most obedient humble servant officiated.

Another extract refers to a Concert which has an historic interest for Norwich :

1849, January 23rd. Went this morning to the Concert to hear Jenny Lind ; the Hall was well filled with a good audience. I was exceedingly pleased with her, no less for the charming simplicity of her manners, than for her singing. Everything was done with a good grace, and good-humouredly : she seemed delighted to please everybody. . . . Indeed I enjoyed the whole more than I can express.

This was one of the two Concerts generously given in Norwich by the famous Singer in the cause of Charity, the proceeds of which were used to found the Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children, a hospital which, opened for Patients in 1854, has now completed over 50 years of work.

Occasionally my Father's life at Stoke was varied by travels to more distant scenes—not mere pleasure trips, but journeys undertaken for the benefit of his father's health. Thus in 1847 he went with his parents and his sister to the Isle of Wight.

In a Diary, kept during part of the trip, he begins with the journey to London, lasting 5 hours, "a hot and dusty journey but through a pleasant country, especially the latter part of the way." They "took a cab from the station to No. 1 Dowgate Hill, where we had a very comfortable and refreshing dinner." This was the London office of J. & J. Colman, where his uncles, Jeremiah and Edward Colman, at that time lived. From London the little party went to Ryde, where my Father was struck with "all provision being extremely and exorbitantly dear." Subsequent entries tell that he and his father "went for a long walk through Quarr Woods to the Abbey," that on Sunday he "went to Trinity Church in the morning, and to the Independent Chapel in the evening," the following day driving to Ventnor, a "village that is now getting quite large, and might almost be called a town." The geological formation of the undercliff there interested him, as also the Visitors' Book at an inn at

Black Gang Chine, in which he "observed the name of Daniel O'Connell and several of his friends. It was dated Aug. 1843."

In 1853 they went for a trip to North Wales. My Father's Diary, from which I quote, shows that he was not unobservant of the beauties and characteristics of that land—a land which never ceased to charm him. His recollection of the Welsh Service therein described was often referred to by him in later years. This was after circumstances had brought him once again into close touch with that country, and when he used to revisit it as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Davies, of Treborth, friends for whom he had ever the warmest esteem and affection, and whose friendship was cemented still closer by the subsequent marriage of his elder son with one of their daughters.

His Journal describes the journey from London, his "first sight of the mist and cloud 'hanging' on the mountains as often read about, but which Norfolk people do not at all understand," the arrival at Bangor, "a very poor and dirty place," and their hotel, "the 'George,' a comfortable and rather old-fashioned looking place, standing on a hill overlooking the Menai Straits."

He is much struck with the Tubular Bridge, and records:

As the visitor nears the structure its grandeur and stupendous proportions keep gradually growing on his view, and impressing his imagination more than any view or description that could be made. . . . The celebrated Suspension Bridge, once the marvel of the district, now sinks into comparative insignificance beside that new wonder.

Details are given of both structures, and it is clear his interest was aroused in these evidences of man's engineering skill, an interest needed by one destined to take so large a share in developing a business in which machinery had to play such an increasingly important part.

The first Sunday must have been a day of varied experiences:

In the morning, [the Journal says,] we went to the Independent Chapel where the Service was a very cold, miserable affair. On leaving this we went to a Roman Catholic place where a priest in full canonicals was most heartily and earnestly exhorting a goodly number of people to a holy course of life, mingled of course with some expressions about "our most blessed faith," etc., in the Catholic style. Leaving this we went to the Cathedral where there was a large congregation. The music was inferior though there were one or two good voices—at least might become so with good and proper training. The Bishop preached, or rather read (for his eyes were not lifted from the manuscript the whole time), a cold-hearted disquisition on the use of conscience, all morality, but very little gospel. In the evening we went to a Welsh service at Menai, and were much interested though unable to understand a word of what was said. When we went in, the Clerk (at least such English people would call him) was reading the Scriptures, he then engaged in prayer, a hymn was sung, and some other person spoke for 4 or 5 minutes, and then the Minister began. He spoke for about 5 minutes, then sang, and afterwards took a text from which he spoke for about half an hour, then sang and concluded with prayer. No hymn-books were used by the congregation, but nearly all sang, with a good deal of taste, rather than noise; and the tunes were all in the minor keys, having to us so unaccustomed to them a novel and pleasing effect. After this public service was over about half the congregation left, the others remaining (as is usual every Sunday evening) for a short time whilst the children were examined in the verses they had been taught during the week or day. A few words were addressed to them on some of the verses by three of the persons present. . . . We were much struck with the very evident sympathy and feeling which existed amongst the people: there was also an earnestness that could not be unnoticed and which made us think that the people were no losers though not possessed of that quickness and intellectual inquisitiveness generally characteristic of the manufacturing districts in England.

The Diary describes some other places visited, but, as is often the way with Holiday Journals, breaks off abruptly.

Two incidents connected with my Father during those Stoke days must close this chapter: one, his having saved a lad from drowning, and the other his coming-of-age.

The river at Stoke was not infrequently a source of some

danger, as in times of flood it was often very high, and on May 29th, 1843, my Father's Journal records:

A melancholy accident occurred at the Mill to-day. The flood was excessively high, and a cart was carried away by the stream and 2 out of 5 were drowned.

Only a few weeks later there occurred the incident alluded to above. One of the ex-employees at Carrow, recently seeing a portrait of my Father, remarked, "Ah, he once saved my life." It seems that, when a lad, he went to bathe during the dinner hour. Being unable to swim, one of the Workmen took him on his back with the intention of wading across to the shallows on the other side, but, when nearly across, fell into a deep place known as Wellam's Hole. The man reached the bank in an exhausted condition, and the boy was left struggling for his life. My Father, strolling along the bank with Mr. Harvard at the time, quickly realized the position of affairs, plunged in, seized the boy's hand, and brought him safely to shore, Mr. Harvard preparing to give further help if needed. I never heard my Father make any allusion to this incident himself.

Once again I am indebted to Mr. S. C. Colman for further light on incidents connected with Stoke, and his description of my Father's coming-of-age has the graphic touches of one who was present.

I left Stoke, [he told me,] a few weeks before your Father came of age, but was invited to the celebration of it at Stoke on Saturday, June 14th, 1851. . . .

I was rather late in arriving and found the company occupying a tent erected in a grass paddock opposite the house across the road. A good feed was provided, time between 5 and 6 o'clock. My recollection as to numbers present is rather dim, consisting I believe of the Workmen, Counting House Staff, and a few invited guests connected with the family, and one or two near neighbours. . . . Altogether I should think the number present was under 200 and might not exceed 100. [Another eye-witness gives it as about 150.] After the good things had been satisfactorily discussed there was some speaking, of which I recollect very little. Some songs

were sung, "My heart is in the Highlands" I think by a Mr. Faulkner, then governor of the Swainsthorpe Union near by, "All's well" by Mr. Harvard I think. When the health of the hero of the evening was proposed, "He's a jolly good fellow" was sung with this alteration, "He's a worthy young fellow," and I can assure you the chorus was taken up with heart and voice. As I have said, the speeches I have forgotten, except five words uttered by one speaker. I will try and picture the scene.

Uncle Jeremiah had risen to speak. As soon as he commenced it was evident it would be difficult for him to express his feelings, he was so deeply moved by his interest in the occasion. After a few rather unsteady words the tears came, words could not, and he sat down. I do not think there were many dry eyes in the company, and whilst the "hush" was still upon us, Mr. John Doman rose. He was a tall man with a unique commanding figure. He commenced with a graceful allusion to the previous speaker, adding with quiet force and deliberately these words—"whose silence was most eloquent." The whole scene probably did not occupy much more than a minute, but it left an impression on my mind which has never faded. I have no recollection of anything more that Mr. Doman or anyone else said. The meeting closed early as some of us had several miles to drive to return home.

I am told by others who took part in the festivities that there were plenty of sports on the meadow, and the meal consisted of "a good old English dinner of roast beef and plum pudding," and an eye-witness, who says he helped to carry the puddings to the tables, reports that "when the cook turned the plum puddings out of the cloths into the dishes they were so rich that they fell into pieces, and she was so upset about it that she fainted away, and it took some time before she could go on with her duties." As to the speechifying, I am told that Mr. J. H. Tillett "made a rare splendid speech when our governor came of age," and that my Father "made a very nice speech thanking his uncle Jeremiah and his father and mother for their good wishes."

Thus my Father reached manhood, having led a thoughtful and yet busy life, preparing himself for the heavy responsibilities which, all unknown, were so soon to rest on his shoulders.

## CHAPTER VI

### DEATH OF HIS FATHER

1851—1854: AGED 21—24

**I**N my Father's Journal, a couple of years before his coming-of-age, he had made this entry:

1849 March 4th Sunday. 142 Psalm. What can be more refreshing than in times of sore distress to cast oneself wholly on God? Troubles may come which no human care can alleviate, and which could be entrusted to no human ear: then is it a calm and refreshing season to go and trust in God. Moreover God will, as He is also able to, alleviate the difficulty, for "As thy day thy strength shall be." . . . Father very poorly with one of his attacks.

The anxiety about his father's health was destined to increase. Mr. S. C. Colman tells me that in 1851 James Colman was "in apparent good health and actively engaged in the business," but he thinks it must have been about that time that my Grandfather said to Mr. Samuel Harvard, the Head Clerk, in reference to the business he had laboured so hard to develop, "I think now the child can to some extent run alone, and I hope and intend to take things more easily," and my informant thinks he was "no doubt then conscious that the long and close application to the business was telling on his strength." There is no doubt it was a heavy strain. "Cradled in anxiety and storm" was the expression my Grandmother used about it, many years later, in looking back on those days.

When I went to Stoke in 1846, [Mr. S. C. Colman has told me,] Uncle Jeremiah had left Stoke to reside in Norwich. He used to visit the Works occasionally, but the general management was left



to James Colman, whom I considered one of the best business men I ever knew. Continuing a figure I have used before, whoever may have planted the business there, with its various branches, whether natural or grafted, its growth to its present stately proportions is, I believe, mainly due to the intense application, clear judgment and careful nurture given to it during his business career by Mr. James Colman. Few men possessed as much self-control as he did; one hardly ever saw him ruffled or confused. If there was turmoil within, he could maintain an outward composure. The result of all this, continued for so many years, was that he died a worn out man, when about fifty-two years old.

With his keen alert nature it was hard for my Grandfather to check himself when he saw things needing to be done. It is difficult for one who never saw him to speak positively, but an extract, copied in his own handwriting from the "Life of Dr. Yates," seems as if it must have described his own rule of life.

"Well, Mr. Yates," some one asked, "what plan do you adopt for the accomplishing of anything you take in hand?"

"I have no particular plan," said he, "but when I have anything to do, I go and do it, that is all."

Pinned into a page of one of my Grandmother's Testaments (a trick she had when wishing to preserve anything with special care) is a fragment of paper bearing these words in her husband's handwriting: "Be sure that you are right, then go ahead," while under them she has written, "Found in one of ye pockets of dear Js. Colman, Stoke Holy Cross."

If the Business demanded his time and attention, the Workpeople too had claims on him which he would have been the last to overlook. Nor was there any lack of outside work. That in connection with St. Mary's Chapel has already been mentioned. Civic claims also had to be considered. It is clear that when he accepted the office of Sheriff of Norwich, in 1849, he did so more from a sense



of duty than because he coveted the position. In his speech before the Town Council on that occasion he said :

I was introduced to your notice by eulogies far beyond my deserts. I am, indeed, unconscious that I possess anything in my character or conduct that calls for your encomiums. I am, it is true, a Member of this Council, and I am engaged very extensively in commercial transactions in your City—but still I do not feel that these are qualifications sufficient to entitle me to the expressions of respect which I have to-day received from you. I promise you, however, that I will do my best to prove myself worthy of the confidence you have placed in me. Had I consulted my own feelings, I should—although gratified with the honours of this position—have, nevertheless, shunned the duties which it imposes, but, gentlemen, I remembered that I am a Citizen, and that I have Fellow-citizens, and I determined—if you, in your judgment, thought that I possessed any qualifications and talent for the office that would prove of service—I would forego my own interest, and do the best I could to discharge faithfully the important duties which will devolve upon me.

Politics, too, absorbed some of his attention. He must have taken a leading part in the political life of the City, for a letter from Richard Cobden, dated 1852, records that “whilst at the Reform Club the other day I met Mr. Colman, a leading and influential reformer of Norwich, who was consulting Mr. Bright upon the subject of a liberal candidate for that City,” my Grandfather being one of a deputation of four chosen for this purpose.

While work was hard, recreations were probably few enough, though I am told my Grandfather sometimes liked a game of dominoes in the evening.

At the end of 1853 the symptoms of overwork, already apparent, became more serious, and, in the middle of the following January, he went to London in the hope that treatment there might lead to recovery. Dr. Chapman, whom he consulted, at first gave an encouraging report, but said “he was like an old horse that had been overworked, and must go out to grass.” The general treatment

was to be "friction scientifically carried through," and this necessitated a lengthened stay in London. My Grandmother's trial must have been increased by her dislike of London, "this horrid place," as she had already described it. She could hardly bear to hear of country sights and scenes when she was there:

Pray don't write to me about the nightingale, [she once wrote from town to my Father,] I almost wish myself *on* the tree, certainly under it, while they carol away to their happy mates.

Visits to the Zoological Gardens, though a poor substitute, were of some interest:

We paid a visit this morning, [she wrote one day to my Father,] to the Ant Eater, a beautiful animal, quite a new acquaintance as to habit and appearance. The Hippopotamus was taking his morning nap, and was not to be roused—a great big thing. We want more books on Natural History while we can make the acquaintance of so many. Can you look at the Institution during the week?

They returned to Stoke for a little while in March, owing to the illness of a relative, but went back to London on April 4th, and on the following day my Grandfather had a stroke of paralysis. Several months of anxious watching followed, rendered doubly pathetic by the fact that his speech was permanently affected. On the first anniversary of this event the scene was once again vividly before my Father:

As I write, [he said in a letter to my Mother,] it is twelve months, according to the hour as well as day, since my dear Father left Stoke, and I had the last *conversation* with him. You may well imagine the whole scene is most vividly before me. At daybreak on the 5th April the attack came on, and he never spoke afterwards. 'Tis a heavy loss, and one which none can estimate except those who have felt it.

My Grandfather was moved to his house on the Marine Parade at Lowestoft at the end of July, in the forlorn hope

that the sea air might accomplish much. But the improvement was only of the slightest kind. In the middle of October he had an alarming relapse, and passed away on the 24th of that month, 1854, aged 52. He was buried at the Rosary in Norwich. Nearly forty-four years were to elapse before his wife was laid to rest in the same plot of ground.

A few weeks after my Grandfather's death, on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 10th, an Address, afterwards printed for distribution amongst them, was delivered to the Workmen employed at the Stoke Mills by Mr. J. H. Tillet, himself a warm friend of my Grandfather's. It was not, my Father wrote, "a funeral sermon as that is too commonly understood, but a plain and simple appeal such as the circumstance called for."

Thus my Father was left, at the early age of twenty-four—"having lost thus early and when most needed the counsel of a beloved Parent," to quote his own words,—left with responsibilities resting on his shoulders which must have seemed well-nigh crushing.

A delicate mother and a younger sister were dependent on his care, while he had the responsibility of managing the manufacturing part of a large and increasing business, for he was then the only resident Partner at Stoke, with the near prospect of arranging for its removal to Norwich, with all that this involved. True he had the help of two other Partners, his uncles, but they lived in London, and valuable as this help was, it was in the main given at the Counting House there, while the absence of quick means of communication then made it more difficult to get their advice as knotty problems arose. His sister has told me something of the strain on all of them during those months, just before and after her father's death, and of the way in which her brother bore it:

Your Father, [she writes,] married in less than two years after my Father's death, and with the break up of our home in Stoke and the sad change and loss to us, you can imagine the loss of a brother and

son seemed a terrible one to my Mother and myself. The home seemed doubly empty for a long time. [My grandmother could not make up her mind to spend another night at the Stoke House, and made her home at Town Close Lodge, Ipswich Road, Norwich.] I think in very many of those letters, [between my Father and his mother,] you will notice the kindly consideration your Father felt for us, and how fully he realized how much we missed him.

There never was the least doubt but that my Father lost his life in his effort to work up the business. I suppose he could not give up, as that might have been a loss. Still I always wished he could have left it all some years before, and taken the rest he so much needed. It would have been so much better for us to have had him longer with us. However, we do not know what is really best for us, or what effect that sorrowful time had on your Father in fitting him for the place he had to take. That six months, [during his Father's illness,] must have been a trying time for a young man. . . . He had to be alone at Stoke and look after the business, and every Friday or perhaps Saturday he came to London to remain till Monday, doing all he could to comfort and help his Father, Mother and Sister. He used to go with me on Sunday to Dr. Brock's Chapel, where we had sittings in Sir Morton Peto's pew, and on more than one occasion Sir Morton took us part of the way back in his omnibus. The said omnibus was a sort of family coach, part was occupied by the family, another part was for the female servants, and the men sat on the box. These domestics had pews where Sir Morton Peto could see, so he saw that they really were at chapel. Times have changed since then.

One or two extracts from letters from his mother, written a year or so after his father's death, will show her anxiety about him at that time, and how much he was to her:

I am not half reconciled to your absence. This you will not much wonder at *now* that I almost look to you to fill your precious Father's place and your own, and I love to feel how well and how kindly you do so. . . .

Thank you, my precious child, for your ever kind sympathy. I feel *you* need it in a large measure yourself, for the loss of such a parent must be felt for many many years, if not for life. Few (I know of none) who had ever one so tender, thoughtful and wise, . . . and when I tell you how much I feel for the care and burden that devolves on you through his removal you will not think me selfish in my

... The matter of a large business was bound to be shared together. . . . Men of business have much in their power. It is too often the habit to let it run and let it run. I know it is a highly circumstantial, and the means of immense usefulness. . . . It is not to be neglected where it is the something in the time, and make the means of doing what. A life of usefulness is offered to men of business—except if they are not willing to do with it. . . .

. . . and sometimes anxious, but he will be without the experience that it takes a life to gain, that you should do all that is right and true. . . . I know in well the time to have made the business, that perhaps I may be needlessly anxious—our dear Papa used to say when really got to work I would be anxious of "myself"—but then there is the working of it, and that days will come. . . . Do not always look for golden years.

There were not wanting those who were ready to make his difficult task doubly hard:

Standing at the head of a business such as ours is not always smooth work, [he wrote in a letter to my Mother in March 1855]. I know 'tis a perilous position for me to be, at so young an age, master absolutely and unreservedly over so many people, and sometimes to have to demand an implicit though it be reluctant obedience. I find also plenty of people ready to flatter most outrageously, but trust I shall be proof against this, for I hate above all things either to receive or give it.

Happily throughout life he retained this hatred of flattery, and those who came to ask a favour with grovelling servility little knew how surely they were undermining their chances of success.

If at times the work of dealing with those who served him was difficult, this does not mean that he could not surmount the difficulties. One at least of his Workpeople still recalls the great gentleness and kindness with which my Father chided him for the petty theft of a few apples in the garden, warning him that though such an act might seem small in itself, it might, if unchecked, lead on to a life of wrong-doing.

The absorbing interest of the business was another danger:

I sometimes feel ashamed of myself, [he wrote to my Mother in 1855,] after a day or a week's business engagements to think how

much it has engrossed my time or care, to the exclusion of infinitely more important things.

This judgment of himself must have seemed unnecessarily severe to her, for a few months earlier she had written to him:

I rejoice to know that you are not absorbed in business as some men are, but that you have a mind which hungers and thirsts after far higher nutriment than day-books or ledgers can furnish.

The rest of the seventh day, bringing its welcome break, he greatly prized:

What a blessed thing, [he wrote in a letter to my Mother the same year,] after the cares and bustle of a week's business is a quiet Sunday, and such I am enjoying now:—there's nothing like it for mind or body. I sometimes fancy (though this may be a mistake) that you will not relish it thoroughly till you have some experience in seeing daily the bother business men are exposed to.

One more extract in somewhat the same strain, written to my Mother from Lowestoft during the first anniversary of the closing days of his father's life, must end this chapter:

It does one no harm to rest awhile from business, and look backwards as well as forwards, and particularly is it meet to note well a first anniversary of sorrow. We are all too apt—especially business men—to be engrossed in the present and neglect the wholesome lessons of the past, but I should like to guard against this.

## CHAPTER VII

### EARLY BUSINESS DAYS AT STOKE

**W**HEN James Colman died forty years had elapsed since the time when Jeremiah Colman first set up business at Stoke. During those years, especially under the fostering care of the former, the business of J. & J. Colman had been gradually developing.

The "old Stoke days," as that time is affectionately described by those who took part in them, were so different in many ways from the present days, with their modern developments of machinery and locomotion, that they can hardly fail to have an interest for those who like to revive a bygone time. In this twentieth century large commercial enterprises, non-existent yesterday, are started to-day with a flourish of trumpets, and the story of the gradual evolution of an extensive business from the time when machinery was hardly dreamt of, and wagons and horses were the quickest means of transport, deals largely with a time that has long since passed away.

Even allowing for possible exaggeration, it is worthy of note, as emphasising the different conditions of commercial life in those days, that when James Colman died in 1854, the "Norfolk News" described him as the senior partner in a commercial firm "which in the extent of its operations is surpassed by few in the kingdom," and yet the number of Employees was only between two and three hundred, probably nearer the former than the latter.

When the business at Stoke was first taken over by Jeremiah Colman, in 1814, the work was confined to flour milling and mustard making. To these were added starch









Stoke Hall and Hill House



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in the early 'thirties, and gum in the 'forties, though the latter, after being put on the market for a short time, was withdrawn. The Firm did a small amount of trade as for blue, but the manufacture of this did not become earnest until after the move to Carrow, that which was during the closing years at Stoke being mainly of an experimental nature. Cornflour was added later.

The mustard seed used in the manufacture had to come from some distance, largely from the district round Wisbech. I find that Messrs. Dawbarn and Son, who still act as agents, were supplying seed there certainly as early as 1815, and very likely earlier. Yorkshire and Holland also became markets for supplying it, that from the latter place coming, I am told by one of the Clerks who was at Stoke, "in bags of material that we should call duck or drill, which was bleached, and made beautiful summer suits."

The packing of manufactured articles was a simple matter in those days compared with the present. Up to 1850 the mustard was packed almost entirely in wooden casks of varying sizes, except a certain amount which was then put in bottles for the export trade. At that time experiments were first made in packing mustard in tins, these being, I am told by Mr. S. C. Colman, "simply ordinary plain cylinders, with nothing whatever artistic about them." He has recollections of seeing the packing done in very early days, when, as a child, he used to be taken from Poringland, and was allowed "to wander about the premises, and watch the various operations." Of this he writes:

During the years about 1834 I have an impression that Mr. James Colman did all the mixing of the various siftings of the crushed mustard seed for the four qualities of mustard, which, when mixed, were stored in a chamber over the chaise house on the east side of the Mill House Garden. I also think that then one man named Lazarus Horne did all the packing into casks in that chamber. . . . He then had only one arm, having lost the other

in J. & J. C.'s service. I seem to see him now with his one arm, first carefully lining a cask with thin, light brown paper, filling and weighing each cask, and then fastening on the head of the cask. To see a one-armed man do all this was of great interest to me, and if my memory is to be trusted, shows the comparative size of the business in mustard.

At busy times, when there was a rush of work, my Grandmother and her daughter used to help to nail the labels on to these casks.

The distribution of the manufactured goods was a consideration, for until the last decade of the time at Stoke there were no railways in Norfolk. There is a legend that the carting business in London was at one time done by a cart drawn by a large dog. From Stoke it was done by carts or wagons, the latter being drawn by three or four horses, according to the weight. Sometimes these went as far as London, but when the railway was opened, in 1845, Swainsthorpe Station was used a great deal, both for incoming and out-going goods. The wagons also took goods to Norwich, where the river supplied water communication with the seaport of Yarmouth.

The machinery of those Stoke days—so different from the complex appliances of the present time—was worked at first only by wind and water, and of course much more work was done by hand. Mr. S. C. Colman tells me that:

Up to my leaving Poringland Mill in 1836, I think water and wind were the only powers used at Stoke. The windmill was exclusively used for grinding wheat and other grain. At that time one water-wheel worked five pairs of mill stones at the west end of the Mill for grinding wheat, also the necessary machinery for separating the husk or bran from the flour. At the east end of the Mill Buildings was another water wheel, which worked the mustard-making machinery.

About 1845 steam power was introduced, Thorold of Norwich erecting a twenty-horse power engine to work the machinery in a new mustard mill, built some fifty yards or more north-east of the water mill. This engine was in full work when I joined the staff

of clerks in December 1846. This engine must, I think, have been used also to work some of the mechanical arrangements in the starch work. It soon proved unequal to the growing demands of the business, and another engine was put in of twenty-five horse power (nominal) by Joyce of Greenwich. I have a dim recollection of another small steam engine being put down before moving to Carrow Works.

Though the conditions were all so different then, the Mills at Stoke must have presented a busy scene. Mr. J. D. Copeman has written, referring to the years 1836 to 1840:

It was a perfect hive of industry. I rose at 6 a.m., when not travelling, and kept at work in the office till it was time for prayers, [Family Prayers at Jeremiah Colman's, where he lodged,] then went to bed. The only event that awoke me was the *ceasing* of the "Stampers" [used for crushing the mustard seed].

And Mr. S. C. Colman wrote, after seeing a photograph of Stoke in its present day aspect:

I am most struck with one feature in the picture—everything looked so *clean* and *quiet*, not the busy hive of industry it was when I knew it.

Of those who were at the head of affairs at that time, I understand James Colman made the mustard branch his special care, while Jeremiah Colman attended more to the flour department.

As the trade in mustard and starch grew, London became an increasingly important centre, because it was then much easier to distribute goods from there than from Norwich. I am told by Mr. J. D. Copeman:

The origin of the London House was through an Uncle of mine, Thomas Hawkins, who married a Miss Raven, sister to the wife of William Hardy, of Letheringsett. My Uncle had a large business in St. Nicholas Lane, City, and he said to your Grandfather, "Send up some casks of Mustard to my warehouse, and I will do what I

can wish it." That he did so I had proof many years afterwards. Calling upon an old-established grocer in Portsmouth, I presented the J. & J. Colman card and looking at it he said, "I remember this card being given to me by a Mr. Hawkins, who used to come here by the night mail, and doing a big business, returned to town the next night. I wonder what has become of him." Of course I told him of my relationship. That is the origin of the London business—somewhere between 1820 and 1825."

Later on two of James Colman's brothers, Jeremiah and Edward, started a small business in London as agents, under the title of "Colman Brothers," acting as agents for J. & J. Colman; but in 1844 both of them were taken into partnership by the Stoke Firm, and the title of Colman Brothers lapsed.

Edward Colman had been a good deal at Stoke before he settled in London, helping the Firm apparently by calling on customers. When he went to town in the early 'thirties he left his relations there, we are told, "all flat at his leaving," as he was "so good tempered, and so beloved by all."

Jeremiah Colman was in some employment at Stratford in 1828, though he is said not to have been "much enraptured with it." Three years later he was with some uncles doing a little work for them, but the keen alert business faculty, which was so characteristic of him in later life, made him even then yearn for work where it would have greater scope. Thus he wrote to his uncle, Jeremiah Colman of Stoke, in 1831:

Should it be your desire for me to continue here as long as my uncles may wish, I have no doubt but they will find me employment for some little time. I believe they intend I should collect in the debts. You are quite aware that from my present occupation I am deriving no particular knowledge of business. A child can call upon a baker and ask for money, and when told to call again next week can do so. This is the case with me, but I am quite content to do it if it is in your opinion right.

The London Branch, begun thus in a small way, gradually

developed, coincidently with the growth at the manufacturing end, under the care of Jeremiah and Edward Colman. The manufacturing was not carried on in London, but at one time some of the goods were sent there to be packed in smaller quantities for distribution.

The London quarters were first at No. 8, Cloak Lane, then at No. 1, Dowgate Hill. But after some years of occupation this place was pulled down for some street improvements, necessitating a move in 1848. No. 9, College Hill formed a temporary resting place, but in 1851 the foundation stone of the present office was laid by Frederick E. Colman (the young son of Edward Colman, and afterwards a Partner), at 26, Cannon Street, now known as No. 108 owing to the re-numbering of the street.

At one time Edward Colman spent some time in the Midlands, trying to develop the business there, while Jeremiah gave his attention to the work at the London branch. Edward has left a lasting memento in the form of the signature of J. & J. Colman, which appears on labels of goods manufactured by them, this having been lithographed from his signature—of which he is declared by my Father to have "been very proud."

**Jeremiah Colman once wrote to my Father:**

A place for everything and everything in its place is a capital motto, but not a bit more essential than a place for everybody and everybody in his place, in a business like ours.

A wise judgment in choosing subordinates counted for much, and no record of the growth of the business would be in any sense complete did it not mention the loyal and strenuous labour which has been so unstintingly given by the many who have helped in its development. If at times, during a long series of years, confidence has been misplaced, it has but served to accentuate the bright side of the picture.

Of those who have helped it would be invidious to particularize too much. But mention must be made of Mr. John



Robinson, Mr. Charles Aldrich (now represented by his son Mr. C. R. Aldrich), and Mr. F. G. Flinn, appointed during the 'forties or early 'fifties, who, in the capacity of Commercial Travellers, did so much during their long connection with the Firm to further its interests. In the early days James Colman, as already mentioned, was his own Traveller, this often taking him away by the week or fortnight together. Mr. Sparrow, I believe, was the first Traveller engaged, Mr. John Carter, another early one, and by 1849 there were, I am told, three employed.

Mr. Jonathan D. Copeman, whose recollections have frequently been alluded to, took a leading part in establishing the trade in America. This was in 1840. Of this he writes:

When I communicated the fact to your Grandfather that my Father wished me to assist him in his business, he said, "But we want you before you leave to go to America and Canada, and see what can be done to establish a business in Mustard and Flour, etc., for us." I was rather alarmed at the request, looking at my age (22) and seeing older men above me. Eventually I agreed. . . . I was absent nearly six months, going by the "British Queen," September 1st, 1840, in the early days of Atlantic Steam Navigation, passage money to New York £55, time 16 days.

There are references in letters dealing with that time to Show Cards for advertising purposes. But these can have been only in a very small way. Perhaps in no branch of commercial life has there been a greater development than in the advertising one.

As regards the chief helpers who were at Stoke itself, I cannot do better than once again quote from Mr. S. C. Colman's recollections:

The helpers were very numerous, and a selection of a few chief ones rather a difficult task.

One personality stands out prominently before my mind from his long connection and prominent position on the staff, and my close personal connection with him from 1846 until his death in 1890. The name Samuel Harvard will not soon be forgotten by

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those who were associated with him. He possessed a commanding figure, and no man of my acquaintance could give more intensity of expression into a look than he could. . . .

Mr. James Colman knew his capabilities, and how attaching Samuel Harvard very warmly to himself—said that he was the only man Samuel Harvard was afraid of. To oblige and serve him S. H. would put himself to personal inconvenience at any time, but without any what is called "toadying." That would have been worse than useless with Mr. James. The root of this readiness to serve was the high esteem, and I think I may say the real affection he felt towards him. I consider myself considerably indebted to Mr. Harvard, and had a strong liking for him—but he was an enigma.

Mr. Womersley also stands out in those Stoke days. In this also the friendship commenced at Stoke continued until his death.

John Clarke, the mustard foreman during and after my days, is a well remembered figure, genial, even-tempered, usually ready with a cheerful greeting when we met him—such a character is not easily forgotten, and a more faithful servant I do not remember my master ever had. . . . His great ability seemed to be faithfully and intelligently to carry out the instructions he received. . . . A few years after removal to Carrow, Clarke died, and was succeeded in the position by his son George Clarke. He died comparatively young, and Charles Dix, who had been with the Firm from boyhood, became Mustard Mill Manager, occupying that position some years, and was in turn succeeded by his son William Dix in the nineties.

Mr. Harvard settled at Stoke in 1840, though the previous year he was there for a time, doing some temporary work. Mr. Joshua Womersley, whose family is still represented at Carrow by his son, Mr. John Womersley, went there in 1840 or 1841. His work was chiefly in the development of the manufacture of starch.

When Mr. J. D. Copeman first went to Stoke in 1836, he says there were two Clerks in the office, to whom he gave occasional help, the chief one being Mr. Harvey. I believe at the close of the Stoke days there were five or six in all.

Two members of the Colman family who assisted the

Firm must be mentioned, namely, Samuel, a son of Robert and Mary Colman of Ashwellthorpe, who acted as architect, and Henry, a younger brother of James Colman, who went to Stoke in 1857.

As regards the number of Workmen employed at Stoke, I am told that in 1836 there were not more than thirty or forty, but this number gradually increased to about one hundred by 1851, and twice that number or more by the time the move was made to Norwich in 1856. Boys used to begin work early in those days, often at the age of eight or nine, there being no legal prohibition as to age. Girls were not employed at Stoke, but in the early days of starch making there were one or two women employed to press it through the sieves by hand.

The Workmen did not all live at Stoke, many of them coming from neighbouring villages, such as Saxlingham, Shottesham, Poringland, or Swainsthorpe, and a few even from Norwich, the four miles walk from there necessitating a very early start. The working hours were nominally from six to six, with half an hour's break for breakfast, and an hour for dinner, but there seems to have been a great amount of over-time work at some seasons of the year, so it is not surprising that one of the Workmen should say :

I don't recollect anything we used to do of an evening, only go home and go to bed.

James Barnes, one of the Employees, whose death in 1904 terminated a unique service for the Firm, lasting three quarters of a century all but a few months, has told me :

I have worked till twelve o'clock, sometimes as often as three or four times a week, and done my day work as well.

Still some of the men seem to have found time, while the light lasted, to work in their gardens in the evening, they having little plots of ground in which to grow potatoes. Saturday was considered a "short day," but work did not

cease till five (instead of at twelve as now), until about the end of the time at Stoke, when the closing hour was put somewhat earlier, so as to enable the Workpeople to have their Saturday afternoons free.

The wages of the best Workmen seem, as a rule, to have been not more than 12s. a week, though one of them has told me "we had always a shilling or two shillings more than the labourers' wages." Some of the men had only 9s. Over-time was paid for at the rate of threepence an hour, and sometimes, when working late, beer and bread and cheese were given to them. At harvest time the men got an extra week's wages as an inducement to keep them in the Mills. They were allowed flour at 2s. a stone whenever the selling price was higher than that, this arrangement having been made by Jeremiah Colman on a Coronation Day—probably that of Queen Victoria—but after the move to Norwich it was found some used to sell the flour again, and as the privilege became abused it had to be modified.

The wages were at one time paid by James Colman himself, who, I am told by one, "sometimes gave us some good advice when he parted with the money." When the move was made to Norwich the wages were raised somewhat to meet the extra cost of living. In that first half of the nineteenth century, with the general rate of wages so much lower than it is now, the assignment of the family exchequer must have been a matter of difficulty, and one is not surprised, in answer to a question as to how people managed to eke out their wages, to get the answer, "I don't know, you must ask the women."

No picture of the life at Stoke would be complete without some mention of the social side. Mr. S. C. Colman says:

The members of the Firm were very conscious of their responsibility to consider and promote as far as they could the well-being, both for this life and that which is to come, of those under their influence.

**My Grandmother, too, is said by many of the Workpeople**

to have been very sympathetic with them in times of trouble or illness. She managed a Clothing Club for them, and added a bonus to the money they paid in. Then at Christmas-time she used to buy a stock of drapery, which was re-tailed to the members at cost price. Ann Harmer used to assist at these annual sales, presenting the members on arrival with tickets, showing how much stood to their credit, and checking their purchases.

The children of the village were cared for by a School which was in charge of Maria Cogman, "a kind old body," as I have heard her described. One who was there as a little girl, about eight, recalls visits of Jeremiah Colman and others to the School, and the singing of songs, of which the following lines have remained in the memory:

We love our God and guardians kind,  
And leave all useless things behind,

and of being asked by a lady, probably Ann Harmer, to spell "apple," and then being told to run into her uncle Jeremiah Colman's garden and pick up as many as she could.

In the later years some of the boys employed at the Mills used to put in an hour a day at school, half of it being during the Firm's time, and they were taught by Mr. Thomas Winter, whose long connection with the Counting House Staff dates from 1849. At one time, too, a night school for boys was carried on by my Grandmother's sister, Sarah Burlingham.

It would seem that occasional outings were arranged for the juveniles. At any rate it is mentioned, in one of my Father's letters in 1855, that "about a score of the Infant School children are gone to Lowestoft for a run on the beach." On Valentine's Day my Grandmother used to give each child a present of a penny and a bun.

The Schoolroom, which had been erected by Jeremiah and James Colman for the benefit of the Workpeople, was used also on Sundays for Services. But Mr. S. C. Colman's memory goes back to still earlier times. Thus he writes:

My earliest recollection of Religious Services are connected with my Poringland days. [Between 1833 and 1836.] I have a distinct memory of a meeting or meetings in the chaise house at the east end of Uncle Jeremiah's garden on summer evenings, and on week days I think. It was cleared and seated by planks laid from side to side, each end being supported by an empty mustard cask. My memory of the place says that about a hundred could be seated there. Mr. Brock I think was the speaker. Later on, I don't know when, the schoolroom was used regularly for preaching services on Sunday afternoons or evenings—perhaps both. Friends from Norwich connected with the various Churches there used to conduct these meetings.

Amongst those who helped were, I am told, Mr. Josiah Fletcher, the Rev. William Brock, Mr. Cozens, Mr. Edmund Theobald, Mr. Winter (of Norwich), the Rev. George Gould, the Rev. T. A. Wheeler, Mr. J. D. Smith, Mr. Fisher, and occasionally Mr. J. H. Tillett. It has been described to me as "an old-fashioned country Service, the congregation sitting during the singing of the hymns, and standing for the prayers." James Colman, who was very fond of music, and helped in the singing, is said sometimes to have read chapters from the Bible, and to have given out notices. The only instrument was a pitch-pipe, the singing being led by Mr. Harvard and Mr. Thomas Winter. By the close of the Stoke days there were certainly afternoon as well as evening Services, in addition to a week-night one, and a fortnightly Bible Class. But when there was no Service on the Sunday evening I am told that James Colman used sometimes to go to the Stoke Church, and that the Vicar, the Rev. John Bailey, was "friendly at the house," notwithstanding the strong Nonconformist leanings of the Colman family.

In 1850 the Stoke Holy Cross Reading Society was founded, with my Grandfather as President, and my Father as Vice-President. The entrance fee was one shilling, and the subscription one penny a week for members over sixteen, and half this for younger ones. The minute book shows that seventeen rules were drawn up, and the Committee Meetings were conducted in a most business-like style, my

real. After referring to truths which might be learnt from Nature, the Lecturer closed with an appeal to his "Fellow young men," reminding them of their high powers, and the use they might make of them:

Think of such men as Milton, Shakespeare, Davy, Franklin, Watt, Stephenson, Columbus, Bunyan, Luther, and remember *what has been done* may be done again. Perhaps you shrink in despair from such a list. Know then that a humble sphere may be an heroic one; the battle of life may be fought as bravely in a garret, or behind a counter, as on the heights of Alma or the plains of Waterloo.

The paper ended with verses from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," a poem which seems to have specially appealed to my Father, and was often quoted by him.

Though admitting in the above Lecture that "a humble sphere may be an heroic one," my Father also felt strongly that humble surroundings need not necessarily be a bar to world-wide influence and usefulness. At the starting of the Reading Society, already alluded to, he seems to have given a Lecture on this subject, or at least made notes with this intention. Instances were given of many who, without position or influence, but by their "invincible determination," rose to the highest positions in the world of religion, politics, literature, science, art or adventure.

The Brass Band which was started at Stoke about 1855 is deserving of some reference. The members seem to have known little or nothing about instruments at the start, and it is said "everyone wanted to play the cornopean." Mr. Joshua Womersley took an active part in its formation, and also Mr. Randall, the foreman of the Flour Mill, and the practices used to take place in a summer house in Mr. Womersley's garden. I hear that "one of the first things they learnt to play was 'God save the Queen,' and then they learnt 'The Vesper Hymn,' and that 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer' was a good tune." After a time the Band was augmented by some string instruments. They had then, I am told, "violins, flutes, trumpets, and in fact a



regular orchestral band," though my informant adds, "I am not going to tell you the music was all very high class," and that "sometimes they undertook more than they could perform."

There was also a Singing Class at Stoke, of about 40 members who paid 1/- a quarter, which was carried on under the instruction of Dr. Hill. My Father, it is said, was very fond of this class, and amongst its repertoire were "The Heavens are telling," "Hail, Smiling Morn!" and "Breathe soft ye Winds." In 1856 a very successful Concert was given, of which he has left a description in a letter to my Mother, written from Lowestoft:

Here I am again, having returned this afternoon from Stoke where I went yesterday to attend the Concert last night, and I really question whether you and your co-audience on Monday were more interested than the last night's one. There were rather over 300 people there, including 4 parsons from the neighbourhood, farmers from the parish and surrounding ones, and a goodly muster of our workmen. I certainly was surprised to see the white chokers—knowing the strength of party feeling about I hardly thought to see them at a Concert announced to be held at *Stoke Mills School-room*, belonging to and lent by a Dissenter. However come they did, and it so happened their feelings were not outraged, for we held the Concert on a granary which was cleared for the occasion, and decorated with flags, evergreens, and paper of varied colours. I enclose a programme that you may see what was the sort of thing we had, and I think you'll say it is not a bad one considering. The Class did their part very well, though they were of course rather nervous, but they didn't break down, by no manner of means."

An occasional Pantomime and a Fair in the neighbourhood seem to have provided a lighter form of amusement. At least one of the Employees has recorded:

Once Mr. James Colman said to John Clarke [the foreman of the Mustard Mill], "Have you heard your men say anything about Shottesham Fair?" Clarke said, "No, not a great sight." "Well," he said, "you have worked very hard this summer. You must let them go to the Fair."



Cricket seems to have been played towards the close of the time at Stoke, and I judge my Father took considerable interest in it. Before that one hears of the game of Camp, which seems to have been a sort of forerunner of football, though played on a less restricted ground.

An annual tea meeting was held for the Workpeople, certainly during the closing years at Stoke, and in 1858 my Mother mentioned in a letter that her husband wished to take her down to one, "as it is probably the last of any size which will be held at Stoke." These Whitsuntide gatherings were continued for many years at Carrow, being held in my Father's garden and adjoining meadow, until their size made them unwieldy, and it was thought best to substitute an extra day's holiday in their place.

The Counting House Staff, too, seems to have had an annual gathering, which is still continued, my Father's Diary recording in 1849:

Had our usual party of Clerks. A pleasant evening, and they all seemed to enjoy it.

At Christmas-time the giving of pork to the Workpeople was quite an institution. Pigs were kept at Stoke, partly to consume the refuse fibre from the starch, and at Christmas each Workman had a gift of pork varying in size according to his family, an institution which, in a different form, is still kept up. As my Father once wrote, after having been from Carrow to Stoke to see about the distribution:

It will be some satisfaction to know that though they have not a Christmas dinner of turkey and its accompaniments, they will get something quite as savoury.

My Grandmother's recollections went back to still earlier times, when the distribution was made from the scullery at the Mill House.

It is very pleasant, [she wrote to my Father in 1876, after re-

ceiving her annual present of pork,] to be identified with old customs, and my thoughts go back to early days when you were Alan's age [nine years old], and Uncle was the Manager, and gave the pork (little in quantity then in comparison) from the wash house at Stoke, and took tea afterwards in the parlour.

In earlier days still the arrangement for the Christmas dinner must have been yet more patriarchal in character. James Barnes told me:

When I first went to Stoke [in 1830] we used to get a Christmas dinner in the flour mill, and we have had it in the granary, and in the coach house. The men used to go indoors after dinner, and the women used to go into the other room along with Mrs. Colman.

Outside interests, one supposes, were fewer then than now. News trickled in much more slowly, and, considering the limited suffrage of those days compared with that of the present day, it is not surprising to hear that there is "a lot more politics talked now than then." But when any specially stirring events were going on, steps were taken to get information, and one of the Workmen tells me he remembers, at the time of the Crimean War, that they used to go up to the Lion Inn, where a bricklayer, who was "an out-an-out reader," used to read aloud from the "Norfolk News."

In my Father's Journal, under the date of February 28th, 1849, there occurs the following entry:

I had almost forgot to mention that on the 26th, we (that is J. & J. C.) concluded a negotiation with Mr. Birkett for the purchase of a piece of land at Thorpe;—with the view of perhaps removing our whole manufactory there. The house is now occupied by a Mr. Bacon. The land consists of six and a half acres. . . . Ere the time comes that we should remove there, what changes may take place, known now only to a wise and compassionate God.

In the light of after events, the last sentence has almost a prophetic ring, for before that day came his father and great-uncle had both passed away, and the burden of moving

...the ...  
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*Lithington Hall*

the business from Stoke had to rest mainly on his own shoulders.

In these days the cry of "Back to the Land" may apply even to manufactories, and experiments can be made of placing them in more rural surroundings, with the assured belief that the amount of trade will be sufficient to induce the railways to accompany them there. But half a century ago this was impossible, and the manufactory that was to develop had of necessity to follow the lines of locomotion. Thus it became increasingly important that the business with which my Father was connected should be transferred to a place where there was easy access and egress both by rail and water.

The transference was no easy task, involving as it did a considerable degree of uncertainty, much forethought, and a heavy outlay, and entailing a great extra strain on the time and strength of those who had to carry it through. The resolve made in 1855 to begin to build without further delay at Carrow—though not, it would seem, on the land mentioned in my Father's Journal as having been purchased for this purpose—led to the move of a considerable part of the business the following year, but to some extent the Works went on simultaneously, so the final severance from Stoke did not come until 1862.



*Lehigh Valley Hall*



## CHAPTER VIII

### ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIAGE

1855—1856: AGED 24—26

EVERY year my Father used to enter in red ink in his new pocket-book any special events that had occurred during his life, so that he might be reminded of them as the anniversaries came round. They are “not all in the generally understood sense ‘red letter days,’” he once wrote of them, “for they include some sad reminders as well as the reverse,” but amongst the joyous anniversaries was the following:

Aug. 6th First Visit to Letheringsett 1845. Cricket Match 11 Colman v. Letheringsett.

Letheringsett Hall, near Holt, in Norfolk, was my Mother’s home, from which, eleven years later, he took her away as his bride.

My Grandfather and his ten brothers must have presented a quaint appearance on the cricket field, playing, as was the custom of the day, in tall hats. They played against “Eleven gentlemen of Letheringsett and Holt,” of whom my Mother’s father (William Hardy Cozens-Hardy), and her eldest brother, Clement, formed two. The “Norfolk News” records:

The morning was wet, and from the great quantity of rain which had fallen of late the ground was heavy, which made it difficult both for the bowlers and batters; this circumstance, coupled with the bowling being of a different style to that to which the parties had been accustomed, kept the score considerably under what was anticipated.



Some explanation was obviously needed, for the Letheringsett team (Messrs. Cozens-Hardy, Rudkin, Thornton, F. Withers, Sheringham, Cobon, Girdlestone, W. Withers, Nixon, Blakely, and Cozens-Hardy, jun.) scored only 16 and 27 runs respectively in their first and second innings; while the Colman Brothers (Jeremiah, Samuel, Barnard, William, Joseph, Henry, Edward, Thomas, James, John, and Robert<sup>1</sup>) scored only 34 in their first innings, but won the match on their second innings with 7 wickets to fall. We are told:

The wickets were pitched at eleven o'clock, and at half past two the company sat down to a sumptuous dinner, in a marquee erected for the occasion.

The next day a return match was played, the Colman Brothers again being victorious, winning the match by 84 runs, the scoring generally being rather higher than on the previous day.

My Mother's family,<sup>2</sup> on her father's side, trace descent from Peter Cozens (or Cozen) of Panxworth in Norfolk, described in his Will as a Yeoman, who was born about the middle of the seventeenth century. He had a son named Jeremiah, and on the outside wall of the Church at Westwick, in Norfolk, there is a stone bearing the following quaint inscription to his memory.

Here lieth Y<sup>e</sup> Body  
of Jeremiah Cozen  
He Died Novem: y<sup>e</sup>: 29  
:1748: Aged: 63:  
he had 2 Wives Sarah &  
Eliz: by Eliz: he left issue  
Eliz: & Jeremiah.

<sup>1</sup> The names are given here in the order in which they went in to the wicket.

<sup>2</sup> For a genealogical table, see end of the book.

All you that do me pass by  
Remember Death for you must dy  
For as you are so once was I  
And as I am so must you be  
Therefore prepare to follow me.

He had a son, and a grandson, both named Jeremiah. The latter, born in 1766, was my Mother's grandfather. Leaving Westwick at the beginning of the nineteenth century, he settled, probably after a short interlude at Tuddenham, at Oak Lodge, Sprowston, near Norwich, where he had bought a farm in 1802. He married, as his second wife, Mary Ann Hardy, the daughter of William and Mary Hardy of Letheringsett Hall, whose family hailed from Scotton, in Yorkshire. They had one son (my Grandfather), who received the names of William Hardy; but in 1842, on the death of his maternal uncle, William Hardy, who had practically adopted him, my Grandfather inherited his property at Letheringsett, and under the terms of the Will had to take his surname in addition to his own. Thus the family name was changed from Cozens to Cozens-Hardy.

The Cozens family was supposed originally to have been of Huguenot extraction, and to have come over to England on account of religious persecutions abroad. If so, this may have been before the Edict of Nantes in 1598, as it seems probable Peter Cozens was already in Norfolk at the time of its Revocation in 1685. An advertisement which appeared in the "Times" in 1854, asking for information about descendants of certain families, "fugitives from France to England, prosecuted for religion," in which the name of Jeremiah Cozens appeared, led to some inquiries being made. Unfortunately the connection was never authenticated, but the martyr spirit of the Huguenots always appealed to my Mother's imagination, and she liked to feel there was a possible connection between her and them. This appealed to her much more than mere

rank. Her sympathies would have gone out to one of the Colman clan, Mr. S. C. Colman, who once wrote:

I am told that on my Mother's side (the Crackenthorps) there is documentary evidence of our descent from Henry II of England, but I expect probably some of my noble ancestors have not such fragrant memories as to make one proud of the ancestry. In the past days I consider father and son being deacons of a Nonconformist Church was a far better testimonial to character than being of noble blood.

My Mother's father married, in 1830, Sarah, a daughter of Thomas Theobald (a son of John and Mary Theobald), who was a Freeman of Norwich, and a manufacturer of textile fabrics in that city, and who had married Elizabeth Colman, of Ashwellthorpe. So my Father and Mother were second cousins.

My Mother was born on May 9th, 1831, and was named Caroline. She was the eldest of a family of four sons and five daughters, of whom now (in 1905) the sons alone survive. Her father and mother had a long married life, for they lived to see sixty-one anniversaries of their wedding day. They spent all these years at Letheringsett, living first at the house at the four cross-ways, opposite to the Rectory, and afterwards at the Hall.

My Grandfather loved an active open air life. He delighted in gardening and forestry, and followed in his uncle's steps by taking the keenest interest in developing and keeping up the estate. He began life as a solicitor, but gave up practising in the early 'forties, when it was suggested he should be nominated in his uncle's place as a magistrate for Norfolk, solicitors not then being eligible to serve as county magistrates.

Of outside interests he had plenty. His work in building the British School at Holt, and subsequently as a member of more than one School Board, and that also in connection with the Reepham Provident Society, and as a Poor Law Guardian and a Magistrate gave him plenty of scope for his

energetic nature. Some of his experiences, extending over a long series of years, he embodied in two articles in the "Eastern Daily Press," in 1895, one on Poor Law Work and the other on Norfolk Highways, in which there were many interesting reminiscences, showing the contrast between the old days and the new.

Even in boyhood's days my Father seems to have fallen a victim to the fascination of Letheringsett. The year after his first visit he was there again apparently, for his father, who was staying for change of air at what was then described as "that retired little town of Cromer," had occasion to write to his son at Letheringsett "hoping to see you so soon as you have finished your visit, which you must not prolong beyond what prudence dictates, but as you are now sixteen, we begin to have confidence that you know in this matter how to manage yourself." And four days later he wrote again, saying, "I hope you will thank Mrs. Cozens-Hardy for her great kindness to you. You must have had a very pleasant visit."

Doubtless the change from his own quiet surroundings to the home where there was plenty of young life had a special attraction for him. One who knew the inmates of the household well in those days has said, "To me there were no children like them in all the earth," so bright and lively, and yet so good-tempered, she says they were. Several years later, just after my Father's engagement, he wrote to his future brother-in-law, Herbert:

You know I have had no brothers of my own, so I shall value the more highly the new ones I am to have by and bye. Will you therefore look on me as an increase to your circle, and not an intruder?

It was on January 30th, 1855, that my Father and Mother became engaged, the marriage taking place the following year. My Mother most truly shared all her husband's beliefs, hopes, and ideals. No one can say how

sorrows and anxieties and joys of my life, her loving sympathy never failed." My Mother's wide sympathies were indeed largely drawn on, for, being the eldest, it was natural that her brothers and sisters in any times of difficulty or trouble should look to her for the guidance and sympathy which never failed. In a family united by strong ties of affection, she was described by one of them at the close of her life as "the bond of our family."

Another letter from her brother Herbert, written to one of my sisters, gives some further light on my Mother's character, and shows something of the atmosphere in which she was brought up.

Her religious convictions were always deep and yet singularly broad. Never can I forget what I owe to her influence at a most critical period.

It is not easy to trace the various circumstances which helped to form and to mould her strong character. If I do not enlarge upon the influence exerted by her father and mother, to both of whom she was fondly attached, you will understand that the reason is that they have lived long enough for their characteristics to be well-known to you. But I am not sure that you fully realise the peculiar atmosphere which surrounded her in and after 1849. Brought up as Wesleyan Methodists, in all the strict and quiet ways of a Puritan family, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of what was known as the Wesleyan Reform Movement, in which your grandfather took a leading part. The expulsion of Everett, Dunn and Griffith was followed by the expulsion or secession of a large number of the more liberal members of the Connexion. At Holt we were turned out of the Chapel, and for some time we had service in a barn, one end of which was piled with corn. Our daily talk was about religious liberty and freedom of conscience. These ideas became part of your Mother's nature, and kept her safe against all the allurements of ecclesiasticism.

Her political views were advanced, and she sometimes shocked your more timid grandmother.

My Mother took the keenest interest in the religious movement referred to in this letter, and when barely twenty wrote some articles on it for two Wesleyan Magazines.

The Reform Movement centred round the question of how far the Wesleyan Conference had authority over the individual members of the Denomination. Some dissatisfaction with this central body had been expressed by the three Ministers already mentioned, and on their refusal to answer some questions put by the Conference, considering them of an inquisitorial nature, they were expelled from the Conference. My Grandfather took a leading part in the agitation that followed. His views, as he expressed them in the "Norfolk News," on the Wesleyan Conference, were:

Conference has endeavoured to destroy all freedom of speech, freedom of discussion, freedom of action, of even liberty of the Press. Can this be tamely submitted to by Englishmen in the nineteenth century?

My Mother's passionate love of freedom, both in matters religious and political, was quickly roused, or perhaps partly formed, by these events. Changes did not daunt her. To her they often seemed essential. "The young man asks whether the purposed change be *right*—the old man whether it be *prudent*," she wrote in one of her articles on the controversy.

Ultimately the seceders amalgamated with the Wesleyan Methodist Association to form the Denomination known as the United Methodist Free Churches, and my Mother up to the close of her life at Letheringsett was connected with this.

Other papers on different subjects were written by her about the same time for these magazines.

One was addressed to Sunday School Teachers, in which she emphasised the necessity of careful preparation for teaching, and the importance of training the children aright.

Another was to Servants, begging them to raise themselves above being mere mechanical drudges, and devote any leisure time they might have to the cultivation of their mental powers; adding incidentally her testimony to the heroism often shown by them, and instancing the case of one she knew, who braved the risk of infection from disease, and thought "no toil too great, no care too intense, no



The first few days after the engagement of my Father and Mother were clouded with sorrow, reminding them as he said, "that this life cannot be all sunshine. Perhaps, yea, doubtless, it is well to be deeply impressed with this truth at the very outset." This reference was to a three-fold anxiety. Her Grandmother Cozens was ill at Pitt Street in Norwich, and her Grandmother Theobald, who lived at Letheringsett Hall during many years of her widowhood, was more alarmingly ill, and for a time not expected to recover, and one with whom my Father was closely associated was taken ill at his mother's house. This was the Rev. Samuel Kent, formerly the Minister of a Baptist Chapel at Biggleswade. He had been a frequent visitor at the Mill House at Stoke, and after my Grandfather's death it was arranged for him to go and live in the village, partly to act as confidential secretary to my Father, and partly to look after the welfare of the Workmen and their families. As my Father had expressed it:

There is no doubt about its being our duty—and I should say privilege—to attend to the moral state of our men, but the great difficulty is to find a suitable person.

Scarcely was the arrangement made, promising so well, when Mr. Kent was struck down by the illness which ended fatally in a few days. The loss to my Father of one on whom he had hoped to rely for assistance in coping with the heavy additional work thrown on his shoulders was very great. As he expressed it:

A more kind and pleasant companion, or a truer friend for sorrow as well as joy was seldom seen here. We shall feel his loss most deeply, but must rest on the knowledge that "all things work together for good."

In 1855, during part of May and June, my Father was in Devonshire with his mother and sister and my Mother. They were going to make it, so my Father wrote in a letter

to my Mother, "a sort of Naturalist's Tour, for with you after ferns, my Mother wild flowers, Esther specimens for the Aquarium, and I looking for insects, of which I want to get some, we shall indulge in rather a rustic turn." The letter spoke of providing other occupation in the form of reading:

I suppose we may as well have just a little Poetry, a touch of Science, one or two Tales, some Divinity, and a touch of Politics, for you know variety is extremely pleasing.

It was a trip they always looked back on with special delight.

On May 27th, 1856, Peace was celebrated at the close of the Crimean War. My Father gave his Workmen a holiday, and took them to Norwich in wagons to witness the rejoicings. His account of it to my Mother was:

Of course a *dinner* was out of the question at such late notice, so we made the best of it we could and provided bread and cheese, and beer for about 300 at Carrow at 1.30 and some tea with bread and buns at 6.30. No butter and no milk. I told them it was quite a hastily got up affair, they must put up with some inconveniences, and to make things all right told them too I hope to start the Mustard Mill and take possession of my house some time this year, and *then* they should have a dinner, to which I hope you'll say Amen. Tillett went down in the evening and said a few words to them, and altogether they seemed in good tune with themselves and every one else.

The following month my Father went to Paris, setting foot on a foreign land for the first time, his mother, and sister, Miss Eliza Blakely, and Mr. Tillett (who was to be joined there by his son William) being in the party. Some of my Father's reflections on the place, given in letters to my Mother, may be of interest:

Paris is certainly a fine city, but I think the private houses are not so fine as in London, though the public buildings are very fine, and the sculpture of course far surpassing anything we can show in



England. I am not however so enthusiastic in favour of Paris as some people, and should not like to live in it for long, though it would be pleasant enough for a few weeks.

The Louvre he thought "a charming place, and one that wants much more time than I could give to it." His description goes on:

The Emperor is at St. Cloud so I don't know whether we shall see him driving about with his wife. Indeed I care very little about it. He is they say more popular than ever in a certain way, but from what ——— says I think there is a feeling that he may overdo it all, and, as we English have it, go up like a rocket, and come down like a stick. . . .

Here I am experiencing for the first time the sensations of a Paris Sunday, and I dare say you don't envy them, as you know from experience the longing for a quiet day, and also the bustle the Sabbath brings to Paris. I should very much like to know the effect this constant whirl has on the *length* of life here. It would be a most instructive enquiry, though which way it would tend I hardly know, for it may be that our custom in England which undoubtedly sends many of our people to the moral and physical pollution of Beer or Gin shops on the Sunday shortens their lives quite as much as the gay revelry of Paris.

It is hardly surprising that a Roman Catholic Service he attended was not to his taste. But he was interested in hearing a "French sermon from the most celebrated Protestant Minister in the City." He adds:

I forget his name but he was elected a member of the National Assembly under the Republic. We couldn't understand much of it, but I was quite glad to have been there, and seen the earnestness and vivacity with which the French people can preach as well as do anything else they take in hand.

My Father and Mother were married at the British School Room at Holt on September 25th, 1856, the Rev. George Gould, of Norwich, officiating. She had hoped there would be "no unnecessary fuss," a thing quite foreign to her nature. There were about thirty in all at the

wedding breakfast, many of whom subsequently drove down to Cley for lunch, meeting again at Letheringsett for supper, when the health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed. The festivities ended with fireworks for the villagers, and all seems to have passed off merrily enough, in spite of the fact that "the fireworks did not go off very well," and were probably "damp and very likely not managed quite properly."

My Father and Mother started on their married life with many expressions of goodwill, both from his Workpeople and from the villagers round Letheringsett, expressions which gave them both unfeigned pleasure. As my Mother put it:

It is wonderfully grateful to one's own feelings to know that you have the good wishes of the *poor*, for they are often far more sincere than their richer neighbours.

She had paid a farewell visit to "almost every house in the village," and had "said good-bye to my old women at the Workhouse," leaving instructions for them to "have a good tea on our wedding day, with which they seemed much pleased."

Amongst the wedding presents—in those days much less numerous than now—was a silver épergne, given to my Father by the Clerks and Travellers connected with the Firm of J. & J. Colman. This he greatly valued, and in bequeathing it by Will to his son, he expressed the hope that he would treat it as an heirloom. In writing to his mother he said:

This present I do value most highly, for it certainly tells a tale of the past, and I hope we shall always maintain the same character at Stoke Mills or Carrow. At all events I shall try to do so, and feel pretty sure I shall have the power to succeed. Without any disparagement to other kind friends and their presents, this was *par excellence* the one of the day and what I shall value more than all the rest, it being so spontaneous and kindly done.

And in his letter of thanks to the donors, addressed to Mr. S. Harvard, he wrote:

It is customary for one's personal friends to give presents on such occasions, and therefore they come more as a matter of course, but this is so much an extra affair that its value is immensely increased, and yet there is one sense in which it will rank with other presents, viz.: that I consider it is truly from *personal friends*. . . . Valued it will be now and how much more so 10 or 20 years hence, should life be spared so long, if I am then able to feel that those who gave me this on my marriage day are not then in other spheres but are still about me, and that we have so long, without any jarrings, been of mutual benefit. Happy this would be, and happier still to feel that though this world's engagements have been rightly filled by each, *the* business of Life has not been neglected, and that we shall meet again with one another and with those whose daily engagements were once in the posts we now fill, and shall together without any social distinctions have left the cares of earth for the eternal peace of Heaven.

My Father's hopes thus expressed found a response nearly forty years later, when one of the staff at Carrow Works wrote about him, in a letter to Mr. S. C. Colman:

We are all hoping that an increase of health and strength will result to him from the holiday and treatment—for our affections go out strongly towards the kindly master who is ever shewing unexpected consideration for those who have the happiness of serving him, and who is, to many of us, the dearest friend we have in the world.

My Father's "regards for those at Carrow who render constant and faithful service," as he once expressed it, were very strong, and he always regretted, in the later years of his life, that the increase in numbers, and the many claims on his time, made it impossible for him to come into personal touch with many of those connected with the Works.

My Father and Mother started on their wedding trip

to Ireland, having provided themselves with an assortment of literature, for, as he wrote, "Books are never an ill store, and rainy weather may make us prisoners sometimes." After spending the first night at Peterborough, their route included Dublin, Belfast, the Giant's Causeway, Coleraine, Limerick, Killarney, Glengariff, Cork, and Kingstown. The poverty and dirt of the people, and the effects of the famine, struck my Father painfully. From Glengariff he wrote:

The famine was very severe here, and has thinned the population fearfully. I think we drove yesterday 11 miles without coming to a house. Our driver said there used to be many houses till the famine came, and he said, "Some went to America, but more of them died." It was no uncommon thing to find several hale men lying dead by the road-side. The Irish still live almost entirely on the Potato, and were it to fail again they would be in great distress.

And from Limerick he wrote to a friend:

Ireland is a country you would like as regards scenery—some of it is very fine—other parts luxuriant so that it has not its name of Emerald without deserving it, but the wretched filth and poverty of the people is past description, and yet almost all I have talked to say it is much better in this respect than it was a few years back. Even in its present state it is lamentable to an English eye, and like many other things—to wit a Paris Sunday—must be seen to be understood. The hovels in which they live are miserable, many of them such as I should be ashamed to keep as pig-sties—yet with all this the people look bright and happy generally speaking, and bear out the proverbial national character. I must say too that beggars are not so numerous as I expected. . . . As a country Ireland possesses immense natural advantage—all that is needed to make a nation great and prosperous is hers, and she certainly ought to be one of the fairest gems in the English Crown, and so she may be by and bye.

During the trip came the second anniversary of his father's death. His thoughts were very much with his mother during that time, and he took care to write to ask

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1. The first step is to identify the key components of the system. This includes understanding the hardware, software, and data involved.

1. The first step in the process of identifying a problem is to recognize that a problem exists. This is often done by comparing current performance with a desired state or goal. If there is a significant difference, a problem is identified.

[illegible][illegible]



*Carrou House*

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*Carru House*





## CHAPTER IX

### EARLY DAYS AT CARROW

**M**Y Father and Mother returned from their wedding trip to Norwich, taking up their abode at Carrow House, which his mother had been busy getting in order for their home-coming. This house had been bought from Mrs. Page Scott, who had been living there. A suggestion that they might buy a larger house at Thorpe fell through, my Father feeling the other plan was more prudent, and my Mother too having a great aversion "to young people showing a want of prudence in commencing life." Though Carrow House was chosen, my Father felt that they might be inclined, later on, "to find a quieter place quite away from the sight of the Mills," and suggested they might, "should business be prosperous, find a snug quiet place with a nice little farm a mile or two from Norwich." But four years later my Mother had occasion to write:

I am thoroughly glad to find that Jeremiah feels he shall prefer to live at Carrow for 8 or 10 years to come, for I like the place extremely, and I know I should not see anything like as much of Jer<sup>b</sup>. if I lived 2 miles from the Works. As a general rule I should be alone from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m.

Time only increased their attachment to the place. Subsequent alterations to the house, and an extension of the garden, made it more attractive, and in the end they never wished to leave it, a seaside home at Corton, where they spent part of the year, taking the place of the "nice little farm."

In getting fresh things for the new house, before their

wedding, my Father's love of pictures had shown itself. Thus he wrote to my Mother:

I think as you and I are so fond of prints we shall like quite as well to spend some money in this way instead of about showy and gorgeous furniture, displaying as it often does much want of taste, and being too a great eye-sore.

This, it must be remembered, was at the time when "Early Victorian" stood for everything that was horrible in house decoration. About the same time he has left on record the result of an interview with a picture agent:

He came to tell me about Ansdell's picture—"The Wounded Hound"—with which I told you I was much struck. I had determined to have nothing to do with it, and kept away from the place lest I should be tempted to do any rash act, but it seemed of no use for the thing seemed literally to *haunt* me, so I asked him to meet me at the train on Monday morning, and told him that if he could get the picture at a reduction to let me know, and I would sell 3 or 4 *fair* pictures I had determined to keep, and have a really good one instead. I have no doubt it will be bought to-day, so you may expect to see it when you return from Ireland on the walls at Carrow—

where it still hangs.

In an unfinished account of the Manchester Exhibition of 1857, intended as a supplemental article to one he wrote for the "Norfolk News," he has shown how much pictures appealed to him. He contrasted that Exhibition with the one held in London in 1851:

Just as emphatically as 1851 saw the homage to Industry, so does 1857 witness the homage to Art. . . . The Hyde Park collection was fine, but there is a marked difference in the fact that its contents were modern, and could easily have been replaced, perhaps improved. In the present instance we have what "Once destroyed, could never be supplied."

He did not, he told his readers, write on the one hand to those who "look on a fine painting as no better than

a cover to a bare wall," nor on the other hand to art critics:

But if, like ourselves, you know a little of the fine arts and love them better, if you can read a painting as an expression of the Artist's soul, let us go round the gallery together. . . . A good painting tells its own tale, no matter what it be. You see at once the idea that was in the Artist's mind when he painted it, and be it joy or grief, calmness or excitement, pleasure or pain, or whatever the emotion be, it comes from the canvas to the mind of the observer. And how strongly too, for memory will call up the scene long after the picture is banished from sight, so that the general outline, if not the detail, is ever before us. But then a good picture will bear to be studied and conned over, till we almost fancy ourselves watching each touch of the pencil, and finding with each stroke new beauties and fresh delights. As Nature has her poetry and romance, so have paintings, and happy is he who can read them. . . . And then again what variety does painting afford. On the one hand there are the various Scripture incidents with their pathos, their poetry, their suffering or their joy: there are the incidents of domestic life and the fireside home, calling up the springs of memory: there is landscape of all sorts, from the skies of Venice to the chilly cold of the Northern Pole: there are the incidents of history, sometimes black with the wrongs of persecution, sometimes glorious in the struggle for freedom: the sea in calmness or in storm: and then the portraits of those we have revered in history or loved at home—all find their place in the picture gallery of fancy, and tell their own tale to the inquirer and the student. . . . And shall we not when we gaze on a fine old painting, and watch where with eager hand, but perhaps throbbing brow, the Artist himself laid each stroke, feel indeed communion with him, and that though centuries may have passed away "he being dead yet speaketh"—to say the least in as close and intimate a way as an author whose works we read.

This love of pictures he retained through life. Living in a city famous for its School of Painters, his interest not unnaturally centred round their works, and he gradually made a collection of pictures by the Cromes (John, or "Old Crome," as he is usually designated, and his son, John Berney), John Sell Cotman, and his two sons, Miles

and John Joseph, Vincent, Stark, the Stannards, Middleton, Lound, Daniell, Bright, Sandys, and other local artists.

Photography had attracted him in early days, but this was before the days of Kodaks, and the alarming size of the apparatus was more than he felt able to cope with. In 1856 he wrote:

I had been thinking of taking some lessons so that one could take some views when out amongst good scenery, but yesterday as I came home I saw in front of me a dog-cart with 2 people and a heavy load, so that the little horse seemed quite bothered to get along, and when I came up what should it be but 2 Amateur Photographers and their apparatus, so this put me off the mind, at all events for the present.

My Father and Mother entered on their married life finding ample scope for their activities. The management of the Business, in itself a heavy work, was made doubly difficult for my Father by its being carried on partly at Stoke and partly at Carrow, and during the first six years of his married life he had frequently to go out to the little village. There was abundant need for his powers of organization and capacity for work, but a real interest in business life enabled him to cope with many difficulties. Even tall chimneys gave him some pleasure:

I was extremely pleased with the country, [he had written, after a visit to Yorkshire,] notwithstanding the chimneys and smoke of which ladies have such a horror. I don't mean that the landscape would not have been quite as well without them, but as a business man I knew that they were the sign of something doing that would bring prosperity to old England, and so be directly or indirectly a benefit to us all.

The land at Stoke on which the Mills stood, at one time owned by the Firm, had been sold to Mr. Long, who lived at Dunston, but it was still rented by J. & J. Colman. Though it is clear the idea of moving the Works had been







Garrett, N. York.  
about 1837





in the minds of the Partners for some years, yet the first Mill built at Carrow—the Mustard Mill—was not begun until the spring of 1856, this event being expedited by difficulties raised by Mr. Long as to the renewal of the lease at Stoke.

The land at Carrow was not all bought in one piece. One part, where the “Carrow Gardens” Inn stood, now covered by the Flour Mill, was used as a tea garden, and there was a little creek for pleasure boats; while within a stone’s throw was another public house, known by the name of “Norwich a Port,” on the site now used for the entrance to the Carrow Works’ Refreshment Rooms. More land was gradually acquired, including that belonging to the estate which had been owned by Dr. Philip Meadows Martineau, which could not be bought until 1878. This included the two houses, Carrow Abbey and Bracondale Woods.

When the break with Stoke finally came, my Father felt keenly saying good-bye to the place so full of associations, both grave and gay. On October 6th, 1862, he wrote to his sister :

I was at Stoke on Tuesday and shall go down again this week to take a last look—at all events for the present—which I shall do with a good deal of regret, remembering the very many happy days spent there, and the lengthened association with the place. . . . What Mr. Long will do with the place I cannot imagine. I have a notion one of these days we shall have it again, for I do not think it will let—at all events up to the present time there has been no application whatever. We don’t want it, but there is something in old association. At all events I shall let him know that if at any time he alters his mind and is disposed to give us the offer, we shall be happy to hear from him. Possibly, however—perhaps probably—I may be wrong, and he will not yield.

His mother wrote in reply :

We mingle our tears of love and remembrance over the quitting Stoke. It was a pleasure to me to know you had the feeling: never let that tenderness be laughed out of you.

My Mother from the first was keenly interested in all that concerned those employed at Carrow Works. Her help was invaluable to my Father. It was a real pleasure to her to take under her care any branch of it which specially needed a woman's guidance, such as the Schools and Kitchen Department, though she would have been the last to feel that her work merited any outside recognition. She was delighted, at the time of her marriage, to hear of the preparations for dinners for the Clerks and Foremen, and other festivities for those at Stoke, in honour of the event, and one of the first considerations after the return from the honeymoon, was the arrangements for a dinner at Carrow for the Workpeople. Of this she wrote in a letter to her brother :

You will be glad to hear that the dinner yesterday passed off *well*. About 600 dined in 2 granaries opening into one another. Afterwards there was a little music between toasts and some speechifying. . . . After we left them the men had pipes, and the women tea. They dispersed about 9. I felt quite anxious about the affair, and thankful when the result proved that all the arrangements were complete for the people's comfort.

In addressing the Workmen on that occasion, my Father laid down two principles :

The bond between us should be mutual respect. . . .

All Classes must work somehow or other in this country if she is to maintain her high position.

His speech revealed a wide sympathy with the special dangers and difficulties of a workman's position.

My Father always felt strongly that the relations between Employer and Employed ought not to end with the mere payment of £ s. d. for work done. Indeed, when the Business was converted into a Company in 1896, though it meant no change in the personnel of the Firm, he had a special clause inserted in the Memorandum of Association, to the effect that the support of certain charitable institutions

or agencies was amongst the objects of the Company, the absence of such a clause being sometimes an excuse for minimising the philanthropic side of a Company's work.

The question of a School for the children of the Carrow Workmen was one of the early things needing consideration. It was opened in October 1857, in an upper room in King Street, up an opening by the Red Lion Inn, the room being reached by a step-ladder with a hand-rail. Maria Cogman, the schoolmistress at Stoke, was transferred to this School. The first year there were 22 children in attendance, a number which had increased in 1866 to 200, and by 1870 to 324. This had necessitated better accommodation, and in 1864 the first block erected on Carrow Hill was opened. But by 1871 this proved all too small; scholars had to be refused, and it was decided to turn some adjoining cottages into another block for two departments of the school.

The details of the school management, both scholastic and architectural, were left largely in my Mother's hands. On the completion of the first of the new buildings, her work was acknowledged by two gifts, which she greatly valued. One was a fine harmonium, given by the Clerks and Travellers connected with the Firm, and the other, an oak music seat, to go with it, from the Teachers in the Sunday School. In a letter to her brother, she said it was little wonder she "felt overpowered by such an unexpected present," and that her husband, in returning thanks, "could hardly speak for he felt most deeply the kind feeling which had dictated the gift." The reading desk, which, with the other presents, still occupies the same position on the platform, was a present from her father.

The School was for many years carried on at the entire cost of J. & J. Colman, the school fees of one penny per week for a child, and one half-penny for others of the same family, being only about sufficient for school prizes. As my Father expressed it:

early 'seventies, when the increasing number of places of worship in the neighbourhood seemed to my Father to do away with the desirability of continuing them. These Services were entirely unsectarian, people of all Denominations conducting them. My Father had a horror of carrying on anything connected with Carrow on denominational lines. He was proud to say that "at Carrow, politics and religion are as free as they can be." In 1875, when a radical politician wished to attend one of the Whitsuntide Fêtes held at Carrow for the Workpeople, my Father, in giving permission, made it a positive condition that no political subjects should be discussed; and when a City Candidate of his own way of thinking addressed the Carrow Workmen, he felt it incumbent on him to give the same opportunity to his opponents, should they so desire it.

Both my Father and Mother were anxious to do something to provide meals for the Workmen at reasonable rates, and the Kitchen, which was started in 1868, was carried on under her supervision. In a letter of that year she alludes to her various engagements, including two dinner parties to be given at Carrow House, "the very idea of which is destructive to my peace of mind," and expresses the hope "in a week or two to begin cooking for our Workmen, and that will be much more to my taste." The work was not without its difficulties. Thus, in 1869, she related in a letter to her husband:

Soon after 12, we went to the Kitchen as we heard Mrs. Wilson was in dismay as the copper fire would not draw, the water would not boil, and the dumplings would not get cooked! After some difficulty we procured some gunpowder and cleared the flue, but it was quite a worry as you may suppose. As Lucy and I were there to carve, etc., we got the dinners all ready in time, and then I gave orders for having the flue swept out before to-morrow's cooking."

As the number of girls employed at the Works increased, it became eminently desirable that there should be some one to work amongst them, as well as some one already

appointed amongst the men, during the hours when they were not at work, and in times of illness. In 1874 Miss Kate Southall was engaged for this purpose. The work grew quickly. Four years later my Mother wrote to her husband :

I strongly feel that Miss Southall is doing a *great deal* of good in a quiet way amongst the girls by showing them how willing she is to take any trouble if she can but teach them to be better women and better wives as they grow up. And I have been thinking that there is an immense amount of work to be done, especially now that the girls are beginning to buy calico and flannel, and want to be taught how to make it up—

this letter being preparatory to a request for more help, which it need hardly be said, my Father, and his Partners, were willing to supply. In superintending this part of the work, and that of the Sick Nurse employed to visit the families of the Workpeople, my Mother's help and counsel were constantly drawn upon.

My Father was anxious, by Clubs and other agencies, to make it as easy as possible for the Workpeople to provide for themselves against sickness, or any special strain on their resources. Thus he wrote to the Manager of the Works, Mr. R. Hazelwood, in 1886 :

It is not many days since we had a talk on the question of some Savings Bank in connection with the Post Office, especially designed to catch Carrow workmen.

This morning's Parliamentary Papers include a Post Office Savings Bank Return, which I send down to you. You will see the list for Norfolk on pages 25, 26, and on the latter page you will see the mention of Carrow—I presume our Carrow, Catling's shop. It would seem therefore that there is a nucleus and the question is how can it be developed into something more important? . . . I should be glad that we should do all we can to promote saving amongst the men, and it would be a question whether some better accommodation should be provided than exists at present at Carrow. Of course a good deal will depend on the way in which it is worked.

Thus, when shortly after my Father's death, the Directors of J. & J. Colman (who were then Frederick E. Colman [d. 1900], Jeremiah Colman of Gatton Park, Russell J. Colman, and James Stuart) wished to start an Old Age Pension Scheme and Savings Fund as a Memorial of him, it was in the belief that it would have been entirely in accord with his own wishes. The details of the scheme were mainly drawn up by his son-in-law, James Stuart, in consultation with Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy (one of my Father's Executors), and under actuarial advice. This larger and more comprehensive scheme of Pensions, started in 1899, of which one feature is that every member joining the Fund must by small weekly payments add a percentage to the Pension granted by the Directors, takes the place of the more casual plan adopted previously. The Directors felt that to enable any Workman fulfilling the necessary conditions to look forward to a pension "as a right, and not as a matter of charity which could be given or withheld at our pleasure," would be a means of lessening anxiety as to the future, and as such would have met with my Father's warm sympathy.

But to return from this digression to earlier days at Carrow Works. Mention must be made of one event in 1862, which can be given in my Father's own words. This was an excursion for the Workmen to London, to enable them to see the International Exhibition held that year in a building erected for the purpose at South Kensington. The party numbered about 500, the expenses being defrayed by the Firm. In a letter to his sister my Father wrote :

If you had happened to be in London last Monday you would have liked to see the men—they were out for a day's frolic which they meant to enjoy, and enjoy it they did with no mistake about it. A good many, I understand, were up at two o'clock. Our time for starting was 4.30, and within five minutes we were off, reaching London most comfortably at 9, . . . and in  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an hour the



twenty buses started, and in about an hour landed their passengers at the Exhibition ready for breakfast. As I had several things to do in the City, and wanted to be at Mark Lane at 11 o'clock, I did not go with them, but I believe they did justice to the provision, and whatever the "Times" may say about the refreshment department at all events we have no reason to complain. The men enjoyed it, having no doubt been appetited, and one of them told Gandy he had often tasted ham, but never such ham as that before, and did not suppose he should again as long as he lived.

I got up to the Exhibition soon after 1, and met with a good many wandering about, and was pleased to see their look of contentment and wonder, though towards the end they began to look as if they had had enough. After tea they got back to the omnibuses, and without much difficulty were got to the station, and we started at 10 minutes to 7. About seven or eight were left behind, and had to come by Mail—one I understand got to the wrong train and went to Ipswich, but with this exception there was not a hitch of any kind—and I was very thankful when we pulled up safely at Frouse at 11.20. The day was unfortunately wet, but that did not matter much, and it did not make the men in love with London—most of them thought it a dirty place such as they should not like to live in. They did not either fancy the people they saw, and one said he "did not see a decently fat man the whole time he was there." I am very glad we took them, they seem so thoroughly to have enjoyed it. Several told me they never enjoyed a day so much in their lives. . . . I am especially glad that I made up my mind to go with the men in the same train. I was doubtful whether to go on the Monday morning from here by the express.

His mother, referring to it, wrote:

We were greatly interested in hearing the details of your giant trip to London, and none would have more responded in spirit than we at the cheer to you in the Exhibition. May you have many like demonstrations and pass the popularity unharmed.

Amongst the recreations of my Father's early married life was a microscope. A year before his marriage he wrote to my Mother:

I bought a microscope, a thing I have long wished for. . . . I hope you won't think me very extravagant, but I am sure money



spent in that way is quite as useful, or at all events agreeable, as saved up. . . . A thing of this sort is a source of never-ending interest.

Sometimes he would dredge for objects of interest in ponds, or in Lowestoft Harbour, finding that "what looked to the unaccustomed eye to be dirty sea-weed, was really full of life and beautiful zoophytes."

In 1855 he became a member of the Norfolk and Norwich Microscopical Society, which used to meet at the houses of its members. "A very pleasant evening—with a *little* to look at, much to talk about, science, politics, and gossip," is the description of one of these gatherings given to my Father by another member.

The Society was started in 1852 at a Meeting held at the house of the Rev. Joseph Crompton (Minister of the Octagon Chapel), when there were present Mr. Thomas Brightwell, F.L.S., the Rev. James Landy Brown (the sole survivor of the original members), Mr. Arthur Morgan, and Mr. W. K. Bridgman, L.D.S., who, with Dr. Donald Dalrymple (the Physician), and Mr. William Brooke (a well-known schoolmaster in Norwich), formed the original members. The Society flourished for many years, and an account of it was given in the "Transactions of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society" by Mr. James Mottram, who was its Secretary from 1859 to 1873. Somehow after a time it fell on less flourishing days, and was finally wound up in 1884, but my Father always referred with pleasure to the Meetings during the time when he was able to attend them.

Musical Evenings, instituted at his mother's house, formed another means of relaxation. My Mother writing of the starting of these, in 1861, said:

Mrs. Colman had a musical party last evening for part-singing, composed of John and Ellen Culley, Emily Tillett, Mr. Reeve (a bass singer), Dr. and Miss Hartmann, [Dr. Franz A. Hartmann, a Physician living in Norwich,] and Jeremiah and Cecy. I stayed

at home with Papa and Mamma, but I hear they managed some of the glees, etc., very well, but found the choruses in the "Creation" too much for their vocal powers. I believe it is to be a fortnightly meeting.

My Father enjoyed these gatherings, though he never professed to be a musical expert, but merely bracketed himself, as he once expressed it at a meeting for raising funds for the Royal College of Music, with those who are "in that intermediate state in which, whilst knowing a little about music, they are not on the same level as those whose musical education subjects them to excruciating torment when anything goes a little wrong in a performance." He had a keen appreciation of the value of good music. At a meeting held in 1880 to raise funds for a new organ in St. Andrew's Hall, he said that:

In many towns in the kingdom organs are not used simply for Concerts; they are frequently used for the amusement and gratification of large numbers of the inhabitants, and if a good organ is provided in St. Andrew's Hall something of the same kind might be introduced into Norwich with good and useful results.

Thus the Organ Recitals on Saturday evenings, so ably carried on by Dr. Bunnett, were very much in accordance with his wishes.

Throughout his life, my Father had a great many outside claims on his time and attention, of a religious, educational, charitable, and political kind. Though it should be remembered that these went on to a large extent concurrently, it has seemed less confusing in succeeding chapters to trace his work in connection with them according to subject, rather than from a chronological point of view.

## CHAPTER X

### RELIGIOUS WORK AND BELIEFS

**S**HORTLY before their marriage my Father wrote to my Mother:

Talents consecrated to God are what the world and the Church wants. . . . I often long to *do* something in the world or Church and for those about me, but feel I cannot till I get quietly at home and shall have a wife to assist and counsel me. I hope we shan't live an idle selfish existence, for I am sure it won't be a happy one if we do, and we must guard against it. Influence, position and wealth are not given for nothing, and we must try and use them as we should wish at the last we had done.

His connection with St. Mary's Baptist Chapel has been already mentioned, but, shortly before the above letter was written, this became closer by his becoming a Member of the Church. This step was taken, he said, because :

Without placing any undue reliance on forms or ceremonies I shall be glad to feel that I am one with Christ's visible people on earth. . . . With my views I think it my duty. I shall consider it simply an expression before the world of my faith in Christ, and pray for help to maintain untarnished this outward name.

Five years later, writing to a near relative on the same subject, and sending greetings for the New Year, he said:

The step you have taken "to join the Church," (I use the phrase for want of a better at the moment though it is but a poor and harsh one) will surely tend to make it a happy year. Not that I think this outward act of much moment comparatively, or that it brings unalloyed satisfaction, but as a duty which belongs to all, and, as such, a means of insuring that indefinable sort of satisfaction which the performance of any duty must always bring. For

the far higher thing—that change which the outward act but declares—I do rejoice on your behalf as well as those who love you.

Of the Service at which my Father was formally received into the Church he wrote to my Mother:

We had a nice service only rather long—not a *baptizing sermon* as is generally understood by the term, but one of Gould's nice addresses on the confession of, and growing acquaintance with, Jesus Christ. No baptizing hymns either, but good plain Gospel tunes.

It will be inferred that, though a Baptist, my Father did not exaggerate the importance of the distinctive tenet of the Baptists. True he retained through life his belief in adult baptism, but he attached little or no importance to the form in which it was administered, immersion or sprinkling, considering the whole question of such minor importance that he looked forward to the time when Baptists and Congregationalists should sink this—practically the only—point of difference, and unite as one Denomination, leaving that an open question. "When you as a Baptist, though a mild one," was the way his position was summarised by a staunch Baptist friend. My Mother, writing to my Father about his joining the Church, said of Baptism, that "there is hardly another subject on which we differ." She added:

My great satisfaction is in feeling that there is no danger of your being a *bigoted* Baptist as some are, or of your refusing to other sects what they grant to you—the admission that each party acts *conscientiously*. The greatest error in the Baptist Denomination appears to me to be the giving such undue importance to a ceremony which is after all nothing but outward form and type.

In the case of his own children, in deference to his wife's wishes, they were all baptized as children, when the youngest was only an infant. This Service, held privately on July 31st, 1870, in their home at Corton, was conducted

by their friend, Dr. Thomas Binney, a Congregational Minister, known widely beyond his own Denomination as the author of the hymn—one of my Mother's favourites—beginning:

Eternal Light! Eternal Light!  
How pure the soul must be,

In 1861 my Father's position in connection with St. Mary's Chapel became more responsible, as he was then elected a Deacon. He accepted the position, which he held for nine years, with considerable hesitation, partly because he felt there were others better qualified, and partly because his duties lay largely elsewhere. When accepting it he wrote to the Rev. George Gould:

I wish to say a word or two as to the time I may be able to give to St. Mary's. Quite independent of all other engagements of a public or private nature, which fall to my share as much as to most people, I feel that very often the time which might otherwise be given to the Church or Meetings at St. Mary's will be better spent in similar work here. A Master has an influence amongst his Workmen no one else can exercise, and having now more than 500 about me I am sure you will feel with me that this is a sphere, or congregation, one might truly say, where my time may often be employed.

In the early 'seventies, after the Rev. G. S. Barrett had become the Minister of the Prince's Street Congregational Church, my Father and Mother attended there, subsequently attaching themselves more closely to it by becoming Members, a connection which lasted all their lives. He was elected one of the Deacons of this Church, but that was when the strain of Parliamentary life had increased his other labours, and he felt obliged to decline the responsibility.

Soon after my Father settled in Norwich, the Church at St. Mary's was rent over a controversy which excited a good deal of interest at the time, and in which he had to take a share. It centred round the question of Strict *versus*

**Open Communion.** This question, whether only those who had been baptized by immersion upon profession of faith should be received at the Lord's Supper, or whether those who did not practise "Believers' Baptism," as it is termed, should also be received, had for some time disturbed the peace of the Church. The question, as raised, was not whether the latter might become full Members of the Church, with all authority as such in their business and other transactions, but only whether they might be admitted with the "Baptized Believers" to any Service of the Lord's Supper. Strict Communion had been the practice of the Church, and the Rev. J. Kinghorn, the Minister between 1790 and 1832, supported this view; but his successor, the Rev. William Brock, held the opposite opinion, and there grew up amongst the Members an increasing feeling in favour of the wider view. Consequently, in 1845, Mr. Brock suggested as a compromise that on the first Sunday in each month there should be a Service of the Lord's Supper for Immersed Believers only, and on the third Sunday of the month one at which Unbaptized Believers should also be admitted. The compromise, if illogical, had at least the merit of introducing the thin end of the wedge; but the absurdity of the arrangement must have struck my Father and Mother with special force in their case, for when it was the third Sunday they could both stay to the Communion Service, whereas when it was the first Sunday she had to walk out of the Chapel before it began. Some of the Strict Communionists were greatly disturbed at even this innovation, and the point was raised whether it was not a violation of the Trust Deed of the Church—a question which reached an acute form in 1857. The question of the principle centred round that of an individual case. A letter from my Mother to her brother Herbert, written at the beginning of that year, gives some account of the controversy, and the views of herself and her husband:



The Church of St. Mary's is in a very disturbed state. A young woman who is in heart a Baptist is prevented from being immersed by a medical certificate stating the danger to her health. This caused Josh. Smith [Mr. Joseph De Carle Smith] to bring forward a resolution taking the broad ground that a Church is bound to receive *all* Christians at the Lord's Supper. A discussion ensued, and it ended in Mr. Tillyard (an "Open" Baptist) proposing an amendment, or rather a fresh resolution, to the effect that this aforesaid young woman should be admitted on the first Sunday in the month. It strikes me it was a pity to *bring down* the discussion from a great principle to an individual case, but it was well meant on the part of Mr. Tillyard. A great number spoke on both sides. One of the "Strictites" declared that no unbaptized person could receive a blessing at the Sacrament. . . . Another man said that the young woman would be *safer* not to come to the Sacrament than to come to it, because Uzzah was struck dead for touching the Ark, he not being authorized to do it! Such doctrines seem to me to be a compound of baptismal regeneration and the "real presence." My good husband made a short speech at the close, tho' it was the first Church meeting he had ever attended, and they say he began with "Ladies and—Christian Brethren!" Luckily he corrected himself before he got out "Gentlemen." But I must tell you the end of the matter. Just before putting the question to the vote about a score of the Strictites left the Chapel in a body in spite of remonstrance, and the votes of the remainder were 25 in favour of the young woman and 6 against. She was at the afternoon service yesterday, but a great many of the Close Communionists absented themselves. I believe Josh. Smith will bring forward *his* resolution again next month, and then I hope the matter will be decided in favour of those who at present are deemed unfit companions for the "elect." I feel thoroughly sick of such bigotry and exclusiveness. How utterly opposed it is to the spirit of Him whom these misguided men profess to copy. In Jeremiah's speech he pointed out their inconsistency in admitting that the Paedobaptists might be good *Christians*, and yet affirming that they are not sufficiently enlightened on one of the Ordinances of religion to be admitted to the Sacrament! I expect if the subject comes up again Jer<sup>h</sup>. will express himself still more strongly. He was not home from the meeting till past eleven.

Feeling ran very high. Most of the Strict Communionists absented themselves from St. Mary's, and held Services in

a Chapel on Tombland, but still claimed to retain their Membership there. The Open Communionists were attacked for their "unjust, unscriptural, and unmanly proceedings"; Mr. Gould was called on to resign his position as Minister, and finally legal proceedings were threatened against him by the Rev. W. Norton, Mr. Wilkin (two of the Trustees), and others, on the ground that the Trust Deed had been violated. The suggestion of arbitration, made on Mr. Gould's part, failed, and a Bill in Chancery was filed against him and others. My Mother, writing to her brother Herbert in June, 1858, reported:

The St. Mary's suit is begun, and the "Liberals" came last night to the decision that they would defend it. About a dozen met at Mr. Gould's last night, and started a guarantee fund. £295 was promised then and there. My own feeling was in preference of leaving St. Mary's, and meeting elsewhere in some hired building, where no Trust Deeds would interfere with *perfect* freedom.

On the other hand the issue was felt to be of widespread importance, affecting, as it might, many other Churches, so to make it a test case seemed better than to give in by silent acquiescence. My Father put the position of affairs in a letter to the Rev. William Brock:

In coming to the decision to defend, we feel that there must be a good deal of uncertainty as to the result, but that we have a fair prospect of success, and that the issue raised is one far too important for us to allow (by our non-defence) a judgment to be given that our trust deed, in common with many throughout the kingdom, means "*Strict* Communion," now and for ever. If such be indeed the law, the sooner it is known the better, but if not—and as we believe—we feel it is a duty incumbent on us to defend the suit."

My Father was one of the Defence Committee which had to raise funds for the heavy legal expenses. "I suppose I shall have to consider myself Chairman," he wrote. A Circular drawn up with the above object stated that:

It has for some time been a disputed point how far Particular Baptist Churches are legally justified in adopting Open Communion, and tho' the tendency has been to return to the Scriptural



practice of welcoming all Believers to the Lord's Table, many Churches have been kept from following out their convictions by the fear of legal proceedings.

The case was heard in 1860 before the Master of the Rolls (Sir John, afterwards Baron, Romilly), the leading Counsel being two future Lord Chancellors, Mr. Roundell Palmer, Q.C., for the Plaintiffs, and Sir Hugh Cairns for the Defendants. My Father, of course, followed the proceedings with much interest. In a letter to my Mother, dated May 2nd, 1860, he wrote:

The case is over, and I heard Palmer's answer, which was amazingly clever, and put his side of the question as strongly as possible. I should like to have heard Cairns' speech, which all agree in calling a very fine one, and, as Winterbotham says, put the doctrine of the Baptists in a clearer way than ninety-nine ministers out of a hundred could have done. Judgment will probably be given in two or three weeks' time, and as to the result there seems, so far as I can gather, little doubt—at all events the Counsel and Pattison [the Solicitor] appear quite hopeful that the result will be as we wish. . . . There were not many people in the Court, but some very curious old fogeys, who look as if dug from Noah's Ark.

The Master of the Rolls, in giving judgment on the case, which he said had been argued before him "with great learning and ability, and at considerable length," stated:

The question brought before me on this Information, is, whether, having regard to the Trusts of the Deed establishing, for the use of Particular Baptists, the Chapel in the City of Norwich, that building may be opened or employed for the reception of Communicants who have not been baptized by immersion upon profession of faith, although in all other essential particulars, whether in faith or doctrine, or in holiness of life and conversation, they concur with those who are the full members of that Church. In other words, whether Strict Communion is to be the future rule in the practice of this Chapel, or, whether the Communion is to be opened to all those who profess the same doctrine, and act in such a manner as to show that their professions are not mere empty words, and who may apply to participate in such Communion although they have not been baptized by immersion on profession of faith. . . .

The words of the Deed of Endowment are precise. They involve all that is essential for the faith and maintenance of a Particular Baptist congregation, but nothing further; and if I am right in the conclusion to which I have come, that the practice of Strict or Free Communion forms no part of what is essential for the faith and maintenance of a Congregation of Particular Baptists, it follows that no rule on this subject is prescribed by the Deed of Foundation. I am of opinion, therefore, that this Congregation is at full liberty to alter its practice in respect of Communion, if such should be the opinion of the majority of its full members. . . .

The result, therefore, justified the action of my Father and the others who had defended the case, and he was very glad to feel the victory had been on the side of greater freedom. "Strict Communion," he said about twenty years later, "is becoming almost an obsolete term, and will I hope be a geological term presently."

Some of my Father's views on the whole question—and characteristic ones—were embodied in a letter to a friend, written at the time of the St. Mary's controversy. It was in reply to an appeal on behalf of a new Chapel in Norwich, to which, for various reasons, he regretted not feeling able to respond:

*Because I belong to another denomination I should be glad to waive many points in order to show sympathy and give help, but having looked at the matter again, I cannot but think my decision is a right one.*

On the question of the proposed Trust Deed, he continued:

You say indeed the Church is open and the Members may do what their conscience tells them, but you *act* otherwise, and your trust deed on the only subject which divides two leading denominations lays down the rule of action. Don't think I elevate unduly this rite of Baptism, 'tis your Trustees or Committee who do it by attaching pains and penalties to the believer in Immersion. Clearly then the Chapel is made a denominational one, and provides that for all time Immersion shall not be taught there . . . .

"Jesus Christ and Him Crucified" is one thing, but "Jesus

a lesson which he thought needed to be learnt by Nonconformist Churches. It was distressing to him to feel that energy and strength were being frittered away in needless rivalry between the various sects, which, if united, could have done far more to make the world realize what to him was the one essential truth, that religion should be a living force in daily life. He embodied his ideas in notes for a speech at a Chapel in 1872 :

It is not by coming here once or twice on a Sunday, and paying £10 now and again, that this place will be useful, but it is by taking our religion into everyday life, and by so acting that the world around us sees that in party strife, or commercial enterprise, we do that, and that only, which is consistent with our Christian profession. . . .

May no sectarian pride ever obscure the vital truths of our common Christianity, but may you find here a sanctuary from the crosses or sorrows of life, refreshment in times of weariness, and a temple where you may worship your Father in Heaven, and gain renewed strength for the temptations of life.

I have sometimes thought it would be a good thing if all our creeds and religious sects could be buried one night in oblivion, and let the world wake next morning forgetful of them all—of their doctrines and even their name—with simply the Bible before them on which to found fresh Churches and fresh Denominations. We should not even then see eye to eye, but we should be vastly nearer one another than we have been, and the Church itself would have vastly more power for good.

While regretting the sectional divisions, often arising from microscopic differences in doctrine or practice, my Father gloried in the fundamental beliefs, and in the history, of the Free Churches. He believed, as he expressed it, that “our Nonconformity should be not an accident of our birth, but the conviction and principle of our lives.” In addressing a meeting in connection with the Jubilee of the Congregational Union in 1881, he said:

Let us not be ashamed of our Nonconformity, but rather glory in it. Those who depreciate it know little of the history of their

country, or must be blinded by prejudice or passion. I look forward to the time when Nonconformity will be stronger than it has been hitherto. I have heard a good many allusions to the late President Garfield, and in the "Times" Memoir he was spoken of as coming from the Puritan Stock "which has given so many great men to the United States." I trust that the Puritan Stock will continue to give men to the United States, and to the world at large. If Congregationalists did their duty, if they handed down unimpaired the Christianity which had been given them, and the Nonconformity which they enjoyed and which they valued, then they would send into the large centres, and from them to the world at large, men who would be imbued less with a desire for Empire, and more with a spirit of Christianity.

It was impossible to reflect on the history of their Country, he told a body of Nonconformists about the same time, "without being impressed by the conviction that England, socially, politically, and commercially, as well as religiously, owes very much of its greatness and prosperity to the Nonconformists of the Country."

In 1862 my Father was one of a Committee which arranged for a course of Lectures "to expound and enforce the principles of Religious Liberty, and particularly to illustrate them as exhibited in time of persecution." And the same year he assisted in organizing meetings in connection with the Bicentenary of the Act of Uniformity, passed in Charles II's reign, which enacted that all Ministers of the Church of England must not only use the Prayer Book in public worship, but subscribe their assent to everything contained in it, the result being that 2,000 of the Puritans resigned their position as Ministers of the Established Church, rather than accept the new conditions imposed on them. Recognizing the self-sacrifice this involved, my Father said at one of the meetings in reference to these ejected ministers:

It has been thought fitting and seemly that such a noble example of heroism and devotion should not pass unnoticed, believing as we do that we owe much, both of civil and religious freedom, to those

the members of a Church many of whose dignitaries depend for their appointments on the chances of politicians in the House of Commons. For "traced to their ultimate origin," he once said in reference to Bishoprics and other Church offices, this is to be found, "in the Polling Booth, where the question may one year depend on a Chinese war, another time on a Reform Bill, another on a Licensing Bill, again on 2*d.* a pound of Income; and the voting of the Country on these points is to determine who nominates the Bishops."

Is every concession that we ask to be sneered at, or refused, [he asked,] and are we to be called simply "Political Dissenters" because we claim religious rights, and seek to gain them by the citizenship we possess? Surely no thoughtful or candid Churchman would make such a charge if he remembered that the dignitaries of his own Church are essentially, and by virtue of their office, endowed with political power, and take their seats in the House of Lords.

It must not be forgotten that my Father grew up at a time when Nonconformists were under heavy disabilities. The Test and Corporation Act, which enacted that no one who declined to proclaim himself a Member of the Established Church by partaking of the Lord's Supper in his Parish Church could hold any office of trust and emolument under the Crown, or in connection with any Municipal Corporation, was only repealed two years before his birth. Many years later, when the history of that Act was being forgotten, he reminded his hearers of it:

Remember the position in which Nonconformists were placed in relation to Municipal Corporations some sixty years ago, before the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act, when Nonconformists who desired to do service to their towns could not do so, because of the pains and penalties provided by that Act.

Nonconformists at that time could not be married except in the Established Churches, or buried in Parish graveyards except according to the rites of the Church of England; they were compelled to pay Church Rates; they

were debarred from serving on many Boards of Governors, and the doors of the Universities were closed to them. Many of these questions had to be fought out on the political platform. My Father was keenly interested in this, but his work in connection with it is treated of in a later chapter.

Always loyal to his City and County, he liked to remember the part it had played in the history of Nonconformity.

We in the Eastern Counties, [he said,] fancy we have a reputation which is at least as honourable as that of other parts of the Country in connection with the battle of civil and religious freedom, and it behoves us to maintain the reputation which our forefathers won, and hand down the position, secure and strong, to those who will come after us.

It did not disturb him much that Nonconformists were still, though to a less extent, "apt to be looked down upon and boycotted." He thought it was "a shame and a scandal in the nineteenth century that this should be the case," but at the same time he thought they sometimes brought it on themselves, by being too sensitive, that "if they would remember that they have as much right to their opinions as their Church friends have to their views, the latter would respect them more," and that though he supposed, "Nonconformists are looked upon somewhat as black sheep by some societies in the United Kingdom," he "took it that they could bear this," and imagined "that neither their comfort nor their character suffered very much by their being excluded from some circles to which Nonconformists were not supposed to be admitted."

In place of hyper-sensitiveness, the virtues he inculcated were patience, courage, consistency, perseverance, and fidelity to principle.

Let us respect ourselves, and that will be one of the first steps to make other people respect us [he once said]. Let us be consistent



and persistent. The best days of England for freedom and prosperity have been since the Protestant Reformation. Be it ours to promote them still more.

Amongst those who helped to promote them, for whom he had special respect, were some of the Country Ministers, who, he said, "in the midst of a good deal of discouragement are doing their best to keep Nonconformity and Christianity alive and vigorous in country districts." At the unveiling of a monument to one of these, the Rev. John Browne of Wrentham, in 1887, my Father looked back with regret on changes which had taken place in rural life:

I can recollect, in days gone by, that a peculiarity of the Nonconformist Congregations of East Anglia was the large number of people who drove to worship from long distances, and I hope the time will come again when, through a change of circumstance in land tenure, we shall see the yeomen attend the village Nonconformist Churches as they did in bygone days.

But five years later he admitted, though he had hoped "to see a revival of the yeomanry class," that:

There are various economical causes at work which make one sometimes very doubtful as to whether we shall ever see again in England the state of affairs that existed fifty or one hundred years ago, so far as the occupation of the land is concerned.

He held that, "as the towns are so largely replenished from the villages, the village pastor wields a great power on the welfare of towns," though this was frequently unrecognized, in the same way that the Londoner, when driven across the open country, imagined, because there were no houses on it, that it was all waste land.

Believing, as he did, in "the Christian willinghood of the people as distinguished from National support and endowments, and that a Church free from the patronage and control of the State best promotes the glory of God, and the well-being and spiritual life of man," it will be obvious

that his views were diametrically opposed to the system of the Presentation of Livings prevailing in the Church of England.

He thought Churchmen pitied a Pastor who was chosen by his Congregation, but he pitied a Congregation that had no choice in its Pastor. He quoted the instance where the Church patronage of one family was, for convenience, vested in a single member of it, "that member being best known in connection with the Jockey Club"; and in a speech in 1878 he said, in glancing over the advertisement sheet of the "Times" that morning, he had seen notices of the sale of eleven or twelve advowsons, in which there was much about "attractive neighbourhoods," something about "the Church and Schools being in good order," in one instance mention of a "stable," and in several of a "garden," but in none did he see anything of the religious wants of the neighbourhood that had to be supplied. He believed, however, that many in the Church of England were "waking up to the enormity of the evil" by which "spiritual teaching could be bought and sold, or be the subject of a gift by an individual or politician." He felt it was "a priceless blessing" for Nonconformists in the appointment of Ministers, "not to be left to the bidder in an auction room, or to the pick of a private family," and that the principle of voluntary support, so largely developed by Nonconformity, taught men self-reliance in supporting religious work and institutions. He used to quote the saying that Methodism, for example, had "brought out the power of the pence in England."

In my Father's position as Member of Parliament for Norwich, it was not unnatural that he should sometimes be asked to use his influence with those in authority in the matter of Church Preferment. But with his views on the subject he felt it only right to refrain, "though sometimes tempted to break through this rule." In a letter written near the close of his Parliamentary life he wrote:



I have carefully refrained from moving in the matter of Ecclesiastical appointments made in this district, and although I have often been urged to send in names, I have declined, always, except perhaps once or twice under very special circumstances. I feel that this is the proper attitude for me as a Nonconformist.

Once, when strongly urged to purchase the Presentation of a Living, by a friend who was just resigning it, my Mother, in answering the letter for him, wrote :

He feels that with his views as to the sale of the "Cure of Souls" he must decline to purchase the Living. He believes the system to be utterly wrong, and would be glad to see it abolished, and you will therefore admit that holding such views it is not likely he would wish, by purchasing a Living, to mix himself up with what, he thinks, savours of simony.

But the confidence shown in him by the request may be taken as some proof that my Father could differ from those who disagreed with him without showing bigotry or bitterness. Yet his was not that easy kind of tolerance, for which so much unnecessary virtue is claimed, arising from a slackness of conviction. Rather it was, that the liberty of conscience he claimed for himself he was not slow in granting to others. He never limited his help and sympathy to Nonconformist causes. He wished to say nothing, he once said in a speech on Nonconformity, to hurt the feelings of any persons attached to the Established Church, among whom he numbered many private friends whom he highly esteemed, and who were as sincere Churchmen as he was a sincere Nonconformist. The only thing he asked was that people should hold their opinions "openly and honestly." Thus he had nothing to say against Roman Catholics, "who have just as much a right to their opinions as you and I have, provided they hold them openly and honestly," but he could not understand the position of a Clergyman, virtually a Roman Catholic, who would continue to "hold a Living of the Protestant Church of England, and then use

his means and influence to undermine the faith he has professed."

My Father liked Religious Services to be simple. "I don't understand these—to me—confusing arrangements," were his words to Mr. Broadhurst, at a Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, in handing back a Prayer Book for further guidance as to the particular page then being read. The Ritual of the Church of England never appealed to him, nor could he agree with many of its doctrines. The strong disapproval expressed by my Father and Mother on returning from a Church one Christmas Day is still recalled, when the solemn anathemas of the Athanasian Creed—to them far too sweeping and assertive—had, as they believed, been lightly gabbled over both by Clergyman and Congregation.

While feeling strongly that "worship is not dependent upon ecclesiastical architecture," my Father felt that circumstances had changed, and that new Nonconformist Chapels, of which he felt many were needed in suburbs where the population had largely increased, should be made "attractive, though not gaudy." But he felt people ought not to forget what those changing circumstances had been.

Previous to 1688, [he said in one of his speeches,] Nonconformists were obliged to meet in by-ways and hidden places of the earth, but after that time we read of their raising "great and fair meeting houses," and within two or three years building over 2,000 of these places of worship.

Now that the "great and fair meeting houses" seemed uncomfortable in the face of modern requirements, he realized the necessity of some alteration, though he had regrets when the old things had to pass away.

He used to refer to the time when a manuscript tune book was used at St. Mary's Chapel, this giving place to the Norwich book, in its turn to be superseded, or nearly so, by the Bristol tune book. He had a great affection for some of the old tunes, seldom or never heard now, with a

strength and character often missing in more modern productions. "Calcutta" was a favourite, and he used to say that in the old days, when tunes were composed on the lines of a fugue, choirs had something worth practising.

At a discussion on the form of worship at Nonconformist Chapels, in 1882, my Father said his thoughts had turned to the practice in some well-known Chapels. At one the Prayers of the Church of England were largely quoted from, and at another the musical part of the Service was very elaborate. He drew the inference that in large communities there were differences of taste, sentiment and feeling, which Nonconformists should not be afraid of, though he hoped they would not go in for changes merely for the sake of change. Personally he liked a very simple service, with extempore prayers, and no form of ritual, nor did he care for the Minister to wear a gown, though he might be entitled to do so. Anything which savoured of ritualism and sacerdotalism he disliked. But while regretting the growth of this in the Church of England, he acknowledged "the earnest labours of a vast number of the Clergy of the land," and recognized that "in the Church of England there has been a stirring up, and a desire manifested to do work among the poor, which some of us, at all events, did not recognize many years ago, and for the good of this Country of ours this is a welcome sign."

He thought that Nonconformists might learn something from the Church of England system, and instanced their plan of having Curates. He felt that some plan of this kind in the larger Nonconformist Churches, by which "the Pastor would be relieved of a good deal of the routine work, and perhaps some of the preaching," would be "a good thing for the Pastor, for his helpers, and for the Congregation."

In a letter to Dean Goulbourn, on his retirement from the Deanery of Norwich, my Father expressed his thanks for the constant "courtesy and kindness" shown to him

personally, and for "the example you have given us that whilst holding firmly and consistently your own views you always do so with full and Christian charity to those who differ." This was carrying into practice the principles which my Father held dear.

We can meet those from whom we differ ecclesiastically on many a platform, [he once wrote,] and for many good, noble, and useful works. But on this one point we cannot and dare not sacrifice our convictions of duty and of truth.

On the duty of supporting any schemes for the betterment of the world he was clear. A listless, nonchalant attitude merited censure in his eyes. In some of his notes for a speech there occur these words:

But we are responsible for the future. Are we helping? The history of a town depends in no small degree on the Churches in it.

His temperament was not wildly optimistic, but neither was it hopelessly pessimistic. He believed in good results from sincere, well-directed effort. He said in 1885, at the opening of a Mission Hall in Norwich, after a word of warning to the people of that City, who he thought were "rather apt to start a thing and then let it flag," that he thought "the world was improving, very gradually perhaps, and if it would improve a little more quickly so much the better," but he was not "one of those who believed that the Country was getting worse in respect of morality or religion than in the good old times." In another place he added, "I see no cause for despair, only for increased zeal."

Among the religious agencies in which my Father took a special and continued interest from its start was the Norwich Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. This was formally started on October 28th, 1856, when 48 members were enrolled, the first rooms used by the Association being those over the shop of Mr. Newbegin in the Market Place. My Father was elected its first Treasurer, but became President in 1860, on the retirement of Mr. J. H. Gurney, a

position he held until his death, Mr. Henry Birkbeck taking his place as Treasurer. He was in frequent attendance at the Committees in the early days, his verdict, after three years' work, being "that there has been as much unanimity as in any Committee I know of." He always followed its developments with great interest, and was glad to help substantially when the chance came of securing the house in St. Giles', opened in 1886.

In a speech, delivered a few months after the formation of the Association, my Father foreshadowed its lines of work. He was glad to think that:

Our Constitution is a broad though not a lax one; we know here no sect or party . . . The man who is striving to follow Christ, be he Churchman or Dissenter, is alike welcome.

In identifying himself with the other members as "a body of young men just entering, or entered on life," he wished all to remember they had "minds to cultivate, souls to save, duties to perform." The religious side of the work was strongly before him, but he did not forget other sides too, and was keenly anxious that "classes for the acquirement of general or useful information, such as Languages, History and Science," should go hand in hand with Bible Classes and Prayer Meetings.

The good God who gave to Science its laws, [he said,] to Geology its monumental rocks, to Nature its beauty and its life, to Astronomy its stupendous extent, to Music and the Arts their power to charm the ear and eye, and to Matter its command to serve for the uses of man, did not intend them to be as a blank unstudied page. They were all given us to be used and enjoyed, but they must be kept in their proper sphere, and not allowed to engross our time and attention to the neglect of the one object of this life, viz., *preparation for another*.

In a speech at the Annual Meeting, two years later, after giving a hit at the grumblers with whom nothing goes well, and who "seem to have come on this earth a

century or two out of date," and referring to "the quiet way in which some of the greatest organizations the world has ever seen have been started," such as the Baptist Missionary Society through the instrumentality of William Carey, the cobbler, or Sunday Schools, "now one of the institutions of the realm," by Robert Raikes, my Father went on to show the all-important work which might be done through the Association for young men, those between the impressionable ages of fifteen and twenty-five, when "the temptations and allurements of life are opening to them, dangerous pleasures attract them, and it is the solemn duty of the Christian public to do something to counteract the danger." Though he gladly recognized that "a Christian Church does much, yet it wants to be supplemented by a Society like ours which has a week-day work to do."

He felt that employers, who "have so many young men under their influence, and to some extent under their control and care," were under special obligations to help the Association. The progress of the Early Closing Movement (a gain, he thought, not only to those employed, but to the employers, making the former better fitted for the discharge of their duties), accentuated their obligation to help to provide harmless employment and recreation, such as that found at the Y.M.C.A. The term recreation he interpreted in no narrow spirit. Thus when the much-discussed question of a Billiard Table was up—an offer to present one, coupled with certain conditions as to the allowance of smoking, having been made—he regretted that the offer was not accepted. To a gentleman in another town, he wrote on the subject:

I daresay you and I will both have to hold our own opinions. I respect yours, but for myself, I cannot see in what way, if billiard tables are admissible in private houses, they are out of place in a Young Men's Christian Association building. I take it that our object is to make these places as attractive homes as possible, and



bourne between the Salvation Army and the local authorities, in reference to the by-laws about bands on Sundays, my Father supported the former, expressing the view:

Holding as I do, that the obnoxious clause drew a [? most] unjust distinction between your bands and those of "Her Majesty's Naval, Military, and Volunteer Forces," I was very glad to assist in supporting the 2nd Reading of Mr. Fowler's Bill. . . . It was pandering to some of the worst of passions to say that such bands should be permitted to parade the streets, while the bands of the Salvation Army should not.

Of General Booth he wrote, in 1895, that:

He has stayed twice at my house, and I found him, I confess, a very good sensible fellow, and I liked him.

When he came to Norwich in 1891 to expound his Darkest England Scheme, my Father took the Chair for him, feeling "not certain that he can do all that he expects," or "endorsing every word he has written, or every plan he has mooted," but being "the more drawn to his scheme from my distrust of the 'Times' Newspaper, which violently attacks him," and feeling that he deserves a helping hand in his "attempted solution of the dark problem."

My Father was deeply imbued with the importance of Sunday School work. "A noble band, far better than soldiers and bayonets," was one of his descriptions of Sunday School teachers. In criticising the taunt that Sunday Schools had failed, he said, in 1860:

They have not failed to gather together a band of teachers, nearly all of whom work hard with their hands or head all the week, but they have failed to gather that large number of well educated people connected with our Churches, who, having the smallest possible occupation during the week, might, one would have thought, have been glad to find one in the Sabbath School. The help of all is needed. . . . As Englishmen we are justly proud of our high position in the foremost rank of the nations. Our countrymen are ever venturing into new scenes, and carrying the

English name throughout the wide world. The boys and girls of to-day in our Sabbath Schools will to-morrow be the men and women living amidst other scenes and with fresh duties. Is it not a high and noble work to be engaged in, training these young ones for the work they will have to do, implanting in their minds principles which shall live on and expand, and, like a ripple on the stream, be ever extending the circle of its influences? . . . There may be much to lament in our Country, but after all there is much to rejoice over, and I have faith in England's future, but not in her iron-clad ships, her army, or her volunteers, not in her schemes of political economy, or social science, not in the extension of her arts, her manufactures, or her commerce, for unless there be in her people devout Christian principle, and unless a divine and religious life permeate her whole population, the day will come when her sun will set.

He regretted the fact, which every teacher felt then to such a large extent, that as the children grow up they are lost to the Schools, and not gained to the Churches:

Just at the time, [he said,] when the thoughtlessness of childhood is giving place to the increased intelligence of youth, the influence of the School is gone; and, at that most susceptible of all times, when manhood and womanhood are beginning to be developed, there are no adequate means of reaching our population. Surely some plan could be devised to remedy this defect.

And so, in later years, he warmly welcomed the growth of the Adult School movement, which, started under the fostering care of the Society of Friends, is doing a great work; and when a School on these lines was started in the Carrow Schoolroom, largely through my Mother's initiative, it met with his deep sympathy.

The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Services he accepted as another attempt to solve the difficulty. At a meeting in connection with one of these, held shortly before General Booth's visit to Norwich, he said:

Next week the people of Norwich will hear something of "Darkest England and the way out." I have sometimes thought there is



a better way to be found even than General Booth's, and that is to keep out of Darkest England; and such gatherings as this, the First-Day Schools, the many movements for binding men together for good purposes, and the efforts made on behalf of the children, are different ways of keeping the people out of Darkest England.

My Father did not confine his attention to religious agencies near home. His interest in Foreign Missions, fostered no doubt by his mother, was strong, and in choosing a dining-table sixteen feet long for his new home at Carrow, he did so, he told my Mother, partly because "the Norwich Missionary breakfast parties are very pleasant ones, and I thought of them when I gave the order as much as anything." In 1864 he was elected on the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, but withdrew a year later, owing to the difficulty of attending its meetings in London. Still he was frequently present at the united Annual Meetings of the Baptist and the London Missionary Societies held in Norwich, often extended hospitality to those connected with them, and for many years, until his death, held the position of Local Treasurer of the former Society. Amongst those whom my Father and Mother were proud to have received at Carrow was Dr. Moffat; and when Khama, the Christian Chief of the Bamangwato, came from Bechuanaland, in 1895, to England, my Father made inquiries as to his movements, as he would have liked to welcome him to Norwich.

In 1870 when my Father took the Chair at the Annual Meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society in Exeter Hall, he said he thought it was "an honourable thing to be united, in however humble a way, in the noble work of Foreign Missions," that "the more Christianity goes hand in hand with our Commerce and our Ambassadors, the less shall we have of difficulty with other nations, and the sooner will war be banished from the earth," and that "if the same zeal which has been given to the spread of our Commerce and our Arms had been given to send God's

truth, would not the world have been the fairer, and our Country the stronger, and more beloved?"

In a speech on behalf of a kindred organization, the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1872, he dwelt on the "great privileges, involving great responsibilities" of the English nation, and trusted the English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic would "ever be mindful of their duty and their honour. Commercial enterprise is good in a people, but Christian enterprise should go with it." Four years later he expressed his belief "that in the course of another century America would be a far greater nation in the world than England," but he was convinced "the more intercourse there was between men in the two countries, agreeing in their religious views, the less chance would there be of any difficulty arising between the two nations."

## CHAPTER XI

### EDUCATIONAL VIEWS: GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND CHARITY TRUSTS

**I**N some rough notes for a speech on Education, prepared by my Father in 1857, there occur these words :

Education does not mean simply reading, writing, and arithmetic: they may be *parts* of it, but it includes much more: amongst others, powers to observe—duties to one another—to the world—to God. These properly cultivated may make greater men of the poorest than all the wealth of the world.

It will be seen therefore that he attached a wide meaning to the term Education. Through what channels this was to be given was another question.

In 1858 he read a paper before the Norwich Y.M.C.A. on the question, "Can the National Education be better secured by the Interference of the State or by the Voluntary Efforts of the People?" The question was a pertinent one. It was twenty-four years since the first annual grant of £20,000 was made by Parliament for the purpose of Elementary Education. This was increased in 1839 to £30,000, when the control of it was transferred to a Committee of the Privy Council, and by 1858 it had risen to a million. The Chancellor of the Exchequer warned the House that it would soon amount to three or four millions sterling. It was therefore time, my Father felt, "to examine thoroughly whether we are in the right track, or whether we are not pursuing a totally wrong and downward course." The paper was written from a strongly individualistic standpoint. He deplored "the feeling of de-

pendence on Government" as "amongst the evils attendant on Government Education," which were sure to be generated.

We have quite enough of Government inter-meddling, [he said,] and the more it is allowed to interfere, the worse for the independence and progress of the nation. As the "Times" well put it (12th April, 1856), "What we do for ourselves we generally do well: what is done for us by our Government is as universally ill done."

So he declared himself with no uncertain voice in favour of the Voluntary system—though now one trembles to use that much abused phrase. "I was rather taken by the phrase 'Voluntary Education' when I first heard it," he explained at a later date, when the question of State aid to so-called Voluntary Schools was uppermost, "but when I found that the Voluntary system meant subscribing so much to secure a certain sum to make up the required amount, I thought that it was a mistake in terms." His own use of the term—and indeed the most natural one—he defined in a letter in 1870, when he wrote:

I prefer the Voluntary Principle in its true sense, *i.e.*, without any Government aid or control whatever.

In 1859 my Father and Mr. Thomas Jarrold signed a Circular, urging attendance at a meeting at which "a few friends to Voluntary Education propose to meet to consider the present position of this question, and what needs to be done to improve Voluntary Schools in Norwich."

He clung to his fondness for the Voluntary system, although later he modified his views in the light of practical politics. Thus in 1870, when the Elementary Education Bill had just been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. W. E. Forster, he wrote:

I have been so strong a believer in Voluntary Education that I could never bring myself cordially to assent to any Government scheme, and this feeling still remains to some degree.

But later he came to feel that "Government interference is the only general solution of a very difficult question."

At the end of the year, when the Bill had become law, his views were embodied in the following letter to Canon Heaviside, who had been in correspondence with him on the subject of Elementary Education in Norwich. It was hardly likely they should see eye to eye on the question, but, as my Father expressed it, "I am glad to think we can diverge without provoking any hostility."

Carrow House,  
Dec. 22nd, 1870.

My dear Sir,

Since I wrote to you a few weeks ago there have been, I understand, some meetings between some members of your Committee and some Nonconformists in reference to the Education question. As I happen to have been a good deal from home I have not been able to take any part in them, but as you were good enough to write me, I think it only right to say that, having considered the matter very carefully, I have come to the conclusion that the formation of a School Board would be the best solution of our difficulty. Personally I should have preferred no Government interference or pay whatever, but being bound to accept inevitable facts, I cannot bring myself to look with satisfaction on the denominational teaching, which must, I fear, result, if the School Boards be put on one side. And if the Board be elected I will do my best to prevent its partaking of a sectional or party character, but would join with you and your friends in endeavouring to make it a fair representation of the different opinions in the City. In coming to this conclusion in favour of a School Board, I beg you will understand I do not wish to act in any way hostile to you or your friends, but simply because I believe it to be the best way to promote a sound system of education; and should the School Board not be formed I shall be glad to waive my own individual opinion in the desire to promote, by any other means, education in our City.

I am, my dear Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
J. J. COLMAN.

The School Board for Norwich was adopted by a Reso-

lution of the Town Council on Feb. 28th, 1871. My Mother, in conveying the news to my Father, reported :

There was a stormy meeting at the Town Council, it appears, but I have not had time to read it yet. Mr. Young's Motion for a School Board was carried by 29 to 5.

In notes for one of my Father's speeches on Education he used these words :

We don't grudge the money, but grudge it just so far as it goes to promote sectarianism.

The Bill of 1870 had been fiercely attacked by the Non-conformists, though it must be admitted they were by no means unanimous in their suggestions for remedying its defects, and the allegiance of many of them to their leader, Mr. Gladstone, was severely strained. By the increase of grants to other schools, there came in the Act, side by side with the establishment of Board Schools, the violation of two principles dear to many Nonconformists :

(1.) That public money ought not to be used for denominational teaching, and

(2.) That where public money goes, public control should follow.

The religious difficulty had been foreshadowed by my Father in his paper, already referred to, in 1858. In that he wrote:

. . . if it be right to allow the Church of England or the Non-conformist Body generally each to teach their own views of religious truth, I cannot, for my own part, see why the Roman Catholic or the Jew, or even the Mormon, is not equally entitled to perfect freedom.

Referring to a special village he knew of, he continued:

My friend the Clergyman . . . pays in his somewhat small way towards the taxes of his country and considers that he has a perfect right to take the Privy Council Grants, and money which Voluntaries have helped to put there, to teach his own peculiar tenets.

But in this same village there is another sect, one of those outlandish or unknown ones whose title I just now forget, and there are, or were a few years back, a good many Mormonites who sadly troubled my clerical friend. Now this sect, or these Mormonites, paid taxes in just the same proportion as their Vicar, but he would have been sadly scandalized if they had taken Privy Council money, and spent it to instil into the minds of their young scholars views totally antagonistic to the Church of England. But it requires a much nicer discrimination than I can lay claim to, to say that where *each* contributed to the taxes, *one* only was entitled to receive Government Grants.

My Father joined in the protest against many of the provisions of the Bill of 1870, some of which the Government were obliged to modify in Committee. He was ready to admit, ten years later, that the Act had "great and sterling virtues and advantages," but that did not blind his eyes to its defects. When seconding the Address in the House of Commons in 1872 he referred to the controversy as follows:

One word before I sit down on the difficult question of Education. . . . As a Nonconformist I cannot but say I regret certain portions of our recent legislation, but as a citizen I regret them still more, because they tend to promote sectarianism rather than place Education on a broad National basis. I am sure that the Right Honourable gentleman at the head of the Government, and the Right Honourable gentleman who had charge of the Bill, will not for one moment imagine that we, as Nonconformists, undervalue religious teaching, but we have our own convictions of the way in which that teaching is best promoted, and we believe it is better to leave it to the freewill of Christian people, rather than that it should be promoted and paid for by the State.

In 1872, when explaining his reasons for supporting Mr. Dixon's Resolution in the House of Commons, condemning the Act and censuring the use of public money for denominational teaching, my Father wrote:

The time will come when Education will be free from sectarian boundaries, and be on a broad basis accepted by all. It is because I

fear some portion of the recent Act tends to delay this time, and meanwhile promotes sectarian differences, that I feel bound to record my vote for the Motion moved by the Hon. Member for Birmingham.

A year later he spoke at a Meeting of the Education League, which, started in 1869, had Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. George Dixon as two of its moving spirits:

Whilst agreeing very much with the views of the League, I have not been able to accept all its utterances, but, Sir, times and circumstances change, and when I see the Country fast dividing itself into two camps, I am bound to enter the one nearest to my own views. These two camps seem to me to be—Denominationalism or Sectarianism on the one side—Broad and National Education on the other. The Education Union wants the State to do the work of the Church. The League wants the State to adhere to its own proper province.

Those who supported the Act in all its clauses twitted their opponents with caring nothing for Education. My Father repudiated this taunt. His reply was:

What is the fact? Whilst many of the Clergy have been grasping at grants for their own Church, we have been educating with our own money instead, and it is an untrue thing to say we don't value Education and it is unworthy of those who utter the calumny. We who know from observation what has gone on could point to many a school that has been sustained on the purely voluntary principle, whilst a neighbouring one has revelled in public money and State Aid. But Education would be very dearly purchased if it were at the cost of our religious freedom. And it is because I believe our religious freedom is in peril that I am here to-night to take part in this meeting. This is no phantom of the imagination, but a real and present danger. How the Education Act *might* work if human or clerical nature were something different from what it is, I do not know. But how it *does* and *will* work under the circumstances is manifest, viz.: to aid the sects as such and not the nation as such. . . .

So long as this Act remains in its present form, so long will the Education of the country be clogged and hindered, and it is because



I desire, and not because I undervalue, Education, and wish it to be brought to every child in the Country, that I am here to promote the Amendment of the Act.

What my Father's general views on the present educational system, as embodied in the recent Act of 1902, would have been, may be inferred from a paragraph in a letter to Canon Hinds Howell, written in 1889. It referred to the Report signed by the majority of the Commissioners, appointed to inquire into the Elementary Education Acts of England and Wales, who foreshadowed the policy of the present Government by recommending that Voluntary Schools should be assisted from the Rates. Referring to the recent Diocesan Conference, my Father wrote :

I found the Report of your proceedings last week interesting reading, and am glad that a majority was found who declined to endorse what I consider the most unwise suggestion of the Education Commissioners' Majority Report, viz., that the Voluntary Schools should be allowed the support of the Rates equally with Board Schools. Were such a suggestion to be acted upon, I think it is clear that the whole Education Controversy would be re-opened in all its bitterness.

He felt that this Commission had been "nominated and appointed with a foregone conclusion—a conclusion, if possible, to lessen the rights of the ratepayers and the country at large to watch over and control education, and to put it upon a denominational line."

My Father held strong views on other points connected with education. He thought there had been too great a tendency to centralize the control of education, the result being much red-tapeism, which often tended to check useful experiments that might have been made in schools. His experience, already alluded to, in regard to the Carrow School only strengthened these views.

The "Payment by Results" system—so he stated in 1888—had for some time revealed its attendant evils to him. He admitted some amount of examination was

necessary, in regard to scholarships, for instance, which he thought were valuable "as a ladder by means of which the poor boy of brains and diligence can gain for himself the highest educational advantages." But he had a great horror of the cramming system developed by it, which, in his opinion, forced on the backward children unwisely, kept back the forward ones, tended to make the education stereotyped and narrow, and arrested the higher development of the scholars.

He expressed the opinion, at one of the Prize Givings at the Grammar School, that teachers should not confine too much of their attention to one particular subject. He thought a wider course of study would better qualify the scholars for any position they might have in after life "than if they had devoted themselves to one special subject, or crammed for one special examination." He said further, in the same speech, that he was rather inclined to think, though perhaps he "might be considered heretical," that there "is quite as much to be learned from the study of English and modern history as there is from the Roman and Greek histories of ages ago," and that "a study of recent history—of events that are passing in our midst—not merely in our own, but in other countries, is deserving the attention of boys as well as of men."

My Father did not take kindly to the idea of Free Education, feeling that:

If education is of value it is one of the things for which people generally ought to pay.

Still the discussion that went on greatly modified his opinions, and by 1885 he had come to the conclusion, that, after all, in the interests of the children it was desirable to make it free. In his views, however, expressed in a speech in 1889, "Free Education would mean payment by the ratepayers, and that would mean control by the ratepayers," but as there are some "who consider they have a freehold

in certain institutions of this land, and that they must continue to control the education of the children," my Father felt it would mean "a tough fight" before their control ceased.

The complaint that our Educational System was "a costly one" seemed to him to miss the point. He admitted it was so, but the real question, he said, "is whether it is worth the cost." His hope was that "a good Education Act would mean, in the course of a few years, a diminution in juvenile crime."

My Father was keenly interested in the technical side of education. He felt that many men fail to get on in life for want of a more practical training. He told a Conference of Elementary Teachers in 1887:

The cry that has been raised over the country for Technical Education and Technical Schools aims at this. We need the adoption of some scheme by which those in schools, from the Elementary Schools up to the Universities, shall be taught practically and soundly those things which will at once make them good scholars and intelligent workmen.

When experiments were made in a small way in Norwich to start a Technical School for the City the project met with his warm approval. He believed, he said, that Englishmen had often been behind some of their foreign rivals, who took more pains with their work; but that if Technical Schools would teach what was required, English perseverance might do the rest, and that the English people were not devoid of faculties capable of cultivation, or hands that could turn out delicate and beautiful work. In view of the strong competition from abroad, he felt it would be a great thing to demonstrate this. He was much struck by the story of a carpenter who, when out of work, employed his odd moments in making a door, a window, or a cupboard, until he was in a position to build himself a cottage, and finally became the owner of several others. My Father welcomed, too, any training that would lead to more artistic

surroundings in the cottages of the people, and, even when not needed from a strictly utilitarian point of view, he felt, with Ruskin, that some hand training was eminently desirable for all.

But though my Father had a high idea of what might be accomplished by an intelligent system of education, properly carried out, still he did not feel it could accomplish everything :

After all, [he said at the opening of a new Board School in Norwich,] important and desirable as education is, there is some danger that it may become too stereotyped, that too much may be left in the hands of the teacher, and not enough undertaken by the parent. . . . If we are to make the people truly fitted for this life, and for the life to come, it must be by the influence of the home quite as much as by the influence of the school.

Some of my Father's work in educational matters was in connection with the Norwich Grammar School. His interest in it was keen, extending over a period of forty years, from 1858, when a new Scheme for its government was established by the Court of Chancery, the affairs of the School at that time having fallen to a rather low ebb.

The School had been connected with the Great Hospital (St. Helen's) Foundation—a Charter of King Edward VI, dated 1547, obliging the City to use some of the revenue of this Charity for a Grammar School. But in 1858, under the Scheme approved by the Master of the Rolls, the Charities were divided, and a separate body of Trustees was appointed for the management of the School. At the same time two schools were to take the place of the one, the Commercial School (re-named the Middle School in 1886) being then started. This scheme was not adopted without much discussion, and stormy meetings of the Town Council were held on the subject. But at last "the long vexed question," as it was described, was settled.

One point of difference provocative of much discussion, the state of the law being somewhat uncertain then, was

the admission of Nonconformists as Trustees of the Schools. The question was, however, settled in their favour, and my Father was one of those appointed by the Court of Chancery. His views on the admission of Nonconformists were embodied in the following notes for a speech in the House of Commons, in 1874, on the Endowed Schools Act Amendment Bill, in which the Conservatives endeavoured to restore the management of some of the Schools to the Church of England, the opposition however to the "Foundation Clause," dealing with this part of the question, being so strong, that Mr. Disraeli was obliged to announce its withdrawal:

I would not trouble the House, but for the fact that I have had some experience, having been for several years one of the Governors of a Grammar School in my own City. Some fifteen years ago the Grammar School in Norwich had sunk to a low state, and a new Scheme had to be arranged and a new Governing Body elected. It was arranged that there should be five or six Nonconformists out of about twenty Governors, and I think this is one of the earliest instances in which Nonconformists were elected on such a body. We have had the control of a Grammar School with 100 or 120, and a Commercial School with 200 to 250 boys. I am therefore speaking with the experience of fifteen years, and I cannot call to remembrance one single instance in which there has been a contention on our Board arising out of our different religious views. Time has brought many subjects before us, and changes in our Members. A late Member of this House (Dr. Dalrymple) was Chairman at the time of his death. He was succeeded by a Canon of the Cathedral, and we have now the Dean [the Very Rev. E. M. Goulburn, D.D.] a former master of Rugby, and many who are not my political supporters. But I can affirm that whatever our ecclesiastical differences outside, they find no place on the Board, but that good has resulted—the good being the confidence such a mixed body gives to the Citizens at large. If Hon. Gentlemen here, or in the Education Department, think good would result from the exclusion of Nonconformists, such is not I think the view of those who have seen the practical working of schools. Is that the way to induce Nonconformists to send their children? Most assuredly not, and if that be its effect, Noncon-

formists are shut out from their just rights as Citizens, and the School itself loses in numbers and influence; and I believe I may venture to say that the Church Governors themselves of the Schools I refer to, would regret the absence of Nonconformists, but believe the presence of Churchmen and Dissenters to be a source of strength, and not of weakness.

In 1880 my Father was elected Vice-Chairman of the Grammar School Governors. In 1890 Canon Heaviside, whose relationship with my Father had always been most cordial, felt obliged to resign the Chairmanship, on the ground of age and ill-health. Two years earlier, when nearly taking this step, he expressed the hope my Father would succeed him in the position. The latter in his reply thanked the Canon for his "kind references," and added:

Will you remember that some people do not grow older as the years go by? . . . Whilst I should feel it an honour to take the post you have so long and ably filled I should reproach myself if I did so before it was really needful, and I really cannot see at present the need for a change.

When Canon Heaviside's resignation did take place, my Father was elected to the Chairmanship. In a letter to Canon Heaviside he had written:

As to my own position and the wish you kindly express that I should undertake the duties, I should like just to say that I have only one wish, viz.: the good of the Trust and well-being of the Schools. I am quite aware that for some reasons it might be better that I should act simply as one of the Governors, and not as Chairman, but I will do whatever my Colleagues may wish. If it be generally thought best that I should fill the post now, I will do whatever I can to follow the good example you have set as well as your predecessors. But if, on the other hand, either now or at any future time, it is felt I had better give way to some one else, I shall equally do whatever I can as one of the Governors.

My Father was always pleased to do what he could for the School. He was specially interested in the Science



side of it, and glad to give financial help for providing better accommodation for its teaching. The Middle School, he felt, had a special claim on him as an employer, for, as he said in one of his speeches, "I have seen its value in the education given to many of the Scholars, who have from the School entered my own employ."

He made a point of attending the Prize Givings whenever it was possible. Words of counsel to the boys at these times were summarized on one occasion, when he said that, if he were to give one word of advice, it would be:

Be earnest, be thorough, no matter whether it is in work or in pleasure. I hope you will all go home to your holidays resolved upon playing as heartily as you can. Depend upon it a boy who is able to play well, ought also to be able to work well. It is said that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—a proverb which is quite true—but it is equally true that "all play and no work makes Jack a very dull boy."

The Meeting of the Social Science Congress in Norwich left a permanent mark in the history of the City by the establishment of the High School for Girls, which was an outcome of it. Some of those interested in the subject organized a Conference on the Better Education of Women, which was held in Norwich at that time, largely at the instigation of Mrs. William Grey, who was the chief speaker. It was thought desirable to do more in the City for the education of girls, and my Father seconded the resolution embodying the desire that a school should be started. A subsequent meeting was held, at which further information was given about the Girls' Public Day Schools. A Committee was formed, shares were raised, and the London Company was asked to establish a school, which was opened on Feb. 22nd, 1875.

My Father was thoroughly interested in the movement, believing as he said then, that it met a real need, and was not necessarily antagonistic to private schools, and that:

If there are any bad schools they are best done away with, but there is no reason why really good private schools for girls should not flourish side by side with the High School.

He accepted the position of Chairman of the Local Committee, which at that time assisted in the management of the School, but he felt obliged to resign this position in 1882.

He believed in giving women every facility for bettering their education. Thus as early as 1875, when Mr. Cowper Temple's Bill for opening Degrees in Scottish Universities to Women was before the House, it had his warm sympathy.

My Father was also interested in the administration of some of the City Charities, some of which were of an educational kind.

After the Municipal Reform Act of 1835 the various Charities of the City, until that time administered by the Court of Assembly and Court of Mayoralty, were divided into two lists, the Church list and the General list, under the management of two groups of Trustees. In 1866 my Father was elected one of the Trustees of the latter. In 1869 he was made Vice-Chairman, and in 1872 Chairman, holding the latter position until his death.

The Trust included the administration of Doughty's Hospital, the Boys' and Girls' Hospital Schools, and a number of smaller benefactions of one sort or another, started by the benevolent donors for providing such things as clothing, blankets, coal, bread, or apprenticeship fees, for the poor of the City. This is not the place to follow in detail the bewildering maze of schemes and counter-schemes, of suggestions and counter-suggestions, that passed between the Trustees, the City, and the Charity Commissioners, in reference to the administration of these Charities. It will be enough to indicate my Father's views on one or two points.

The Charity founded by William Doughty, who died in



1688, and bears his name, provides almshouses, situated in Calvert Street, for poor aged persons, both men and women. The Trust is administered under a Scheme drawn up in 1884, with sundry more recent additions.

One point, raised by the action of the Charity Commissioners and much discussed, was whether the receipt of parochial relief ought of necessity to debar a candidate from the benefits of this and other Charities. A Common Hall on this question was held in 1890 to protest against making it a disqualification. My Father felt keenly on the subject, and spoke on it in the House of Commons the same year, when the Charitable Trusts Bill, a Bill for increasing the powers of the Charity Commissioners, was under discussion. He felt he could not do otherwise than express his dissatisfaction with part of the Bill by opposing it, though he was told he would be the only member on the Liberal side voting against it. Once again he was chary of too much centralization. He felt the danger of a central office that could over-ride the decisions of those best qualified to know the varying local needs and conditions. He would not have minded if the Trustees had merely been instructed to give a preference to those candidates who had not received Poor Law Relief. But a hard and fast rule, making them ineligible, meant, in his opinion, that cases of hardship would arise. Keeping off the rates was not, in his eyes, an infallible criterion of character. While one man might come on them purely through misfortune and not through fault, another might keep off them, not because he was law-abiding and thrifty, but because he had begged or borrowed enough from others, or been helped by rich relatives. Yet the former, though the more deserving of the two, would be debarred from help from the Trusts. My Father's remedy was "a very simple one and easily applied." He said he knew many Trustees, and "had seen their careful work," and he asked that they should be allowed to use their discretion in the matter:

Just let the Commissioners feel that they themselves are not infallible, and that the Bodies of local Trustees scattered up and down the Country are men of common sense and right feeling, and may be trusted to act fairly on cases which come before them.

The Boys' and Girls' Hospital (or School) originated in a bequest by Thomas Anguish, Mayor of Norwich in 1611; who died six years later. He bequeathed some property in Fishergate to found:

an Hospital, or Convenient place for the keepinge, bringinge up, and teachinge of younge and very poore children, borne and brought up in this City of Norwich, and specially suche as for wante, lye in the Streetes, Vaughtes, Doores, and Windowes, whereby many of them fall into great and grievous diseases and Lamenesses as that they are fit for no Profession ever after; whereby in compassion and great Pitye, in a good Conscience, although I doe acknowledge myself the weakest among many other in Abilitye, having many children myself, or in Wisdom to direct for the keeping and bringing up of poor children, notwithstanding as a beginning to my small Power, I have given this said House and Ground, being large, spacious, and new built, and many Rooms therein (that it may) be employ'd for the placing of a Master and Dame, or other Teachers, to bring up children that be very poore, and have not Friends to helpe them, from the age of 5, 6, or 7 years, untill they shall attayne to 14 or 15 years, and so be taught in the meane time, according to their Disposition, as they may be fittinge for Service, or able to Mainteyne themselves by their work.

Other benevolent citizens followed his example by gifts, and the Children's Hospital held an important place as a City Charity. Up to 1650 the house in Fishergate was the home for both boys and girls, but after that the latter were moved to another building. In 1862—to pass over the intermediate history—the Trustees applied to the Court of Chancery to sanction a new Scheme for the administration of the Trust for the girls. The outcome of this was the building opened two years later in Hospital Lane, Lakenham, where girls are trained for domestic service.

My Father, in one of his speeches, said:

I am a Trustee for several of the Norwich Schools, and I feel that it is the bounden duty of those responsible to provide for the education of girls as well as boys.

My Mother shared her husband's interest in this Institution, and often used to help by practical suggestions as to the food and clothing, or subjects of instruction for the children. The School has for over forty years pursued the even tenor of its ways, and quietly accomplished much useful work.

In 1885 the Boys' Hospital School in St. Edmund's was closed, and the "Blue-Bottles" or "Red-Caps," as the boys were called, from their picturesque costumes of blue cloth coats, red waistcoats, and red caps, became things of the past. The charmingly quaint costumes of the little maids—blue dresses with short sleeves, white fichus, and blue poke bonnets and strings—had already gone the way of all things.

The Trustees of this Charity did not always have a peaceful time. The history is one of considerable altercation between them and the Charity Commissioners, with the Town Council, Board of Guardians, and Citizens generally, all, at times, joining in the fray. For some time there was a deadlock between the Trustees and the Commissioners. A Parliamentary Select Committee meanwhile held sittings on the general question of the administration of Charity Trusts, and for a time the Trust remained in abeyance. The discussions on schemes and counter-schemes at last produced the one of 1896, under which the Charity is now administered. Under this the Girls' School at Lakenham was made a separate Foundation, under the name of Anguish's Girls' Hospital. There is no residential school for the boys, but an allowance is made for clothing and board to those elected on the Foundation, and they are educated at a school approved by the Trustees, while Scholarships, under certain conditions, are provided for poor boys, tenable at certain secondary and technical schools.

Changing conditions had brought changing requirements in regard to many of the Charitable Trusts.

In my judgment, [wrote my Father in 1892,] Free Education and the grants for Technical Education have very materially altered the position of affairs. This is very generally conceded.

But though the principle might be conceded, it was another thing to get the details settled and sanctioned. The delays that occurred were often irksome, and the changes were not accomplished without a considerable expenditure of time, thought and trouble on the part of my Father and his fellow Trustees.

## CHAPTER XII

### MUNICIPAL LIFE

**M**Y Father entered the Norwich Town Council in 1859 at the age of twenty-nine. He always thought a city had claims on its citizens. He felt the force of a remark made by Lord Derby, in 1879, to the effect it was a good thing men should go into municipal affairs to see what they could do for the town, instead of seeing what the town could do for them. For several years he had been asked to stand, but until 1858 he did not see his way to do so. The previous year he had written :

As to the Council I can only say as I said before, I don't want permanently to shirk it, but I do want to be out of it for awhile. I am not old and grey-headed yet, and what may be a duty a few years hence I cannot regard in that light now. So long as we are engaged building at Carrow, my time is fully occupied, and I do not want to add any engagements of a public sort.

This, it must be remembered, was only a year after he had gone to live in Norwich. But in 1858 he was persuaded to stand for what was known, before the redistribution of Wards, as the 4th Ward, consisting of the Parish of St. Peter Mancroft, in company with Mr. Frederic Pigg, their opponents being Mr. Gedge and Mr. Boswell. A split among the Liberals of the Ward, and the influence of one of their opponents "being too strong for a couple of young Liberals," as my Father put it, caused defeat. It was the first and last time that he was beaten at an election contest, either Municipal or Parliamentary.

The following year he stood for the same Ward, and was duly elected. He represented it until 1871, when,

owing to the pressure of Parliamentary and other duties, he felt it only right to retire, and in doing so he wrote:

I have no wish to shrink from my share of Municipal duties, so far as time permits, but I cannot reconcile it with my sense of duty to hold an office to which I am unable to give the needful attention, and as it is impossible for me to attend the meetings of the Council as before, I am from the force of circumstances, and not from my own wish, compelled to decline the invitation to stand this year.

But in reference to this decision, he said once:

I sometimes wonder whether it would not be a good thing if the Municipal Corporations Association would get introduced to Parliament a Bill to confer honorary membership, or something of that sort, on Members of Parliament connected with their different localities. I think such a move might be better for our Municipal life in the long run.

His address to the Electors of the 4th Ward in 1859 contained these words:

Though it may well be doubted whether party politics should have so much to do with local affairs, I may express my hope that devotedness to the great principles of Liberty and Progress will not be otherwise than a recommendation to your suffrages.

His views foreshadowed in the first half of the sentence became only more strong with years. He felt that the extreme party spirit which often dominated the Ward Elections was disastrous to the best interests of the City. To a gentleman who drew his attention to a discussion on Municipal Work in the "Economic Journal" in 1895 he wrote:

I don't know that I have any special moral of my own to offer, except that the discussion makes me feel that in local as well as imperial affairs, if we could throw politics more on one side, and discuss Economics—which are just as important—it would be better.

The policy of tying down representatives to the party

organizations, never allowing them to follow the dictates of their own independent judgment, tended, in his view, to estrange men of character, thought, and culture, whose presence was greatly needed in the Council Chamber. In 1891, after a flagrant case of this kind, as he considered it, he expressed himself strongly against the action of Ward Associations in lightly meting out censure to their representatives :

I am so persuaded that the spirit to which I have referred must have the effect of lowering the *personnel* of the Council, School Board and other public representative bodies—not excluding the M.P.'s for the City—that I am desirous of pointing out the evil, and doing what I can to remedy it.

The Aldermanic question had been a frequent and fruitful source of strife between the rival parties. In 1893 he wrote on this subject :

I feel constrained to say that for some time past I have regretted, and differed from, the action of the Norwich Liberal Party as to Town Council matters, and the Election of Aldermen. The main consideration has lately been—not how to secure the most efficient men to carry on the business of the City, (a large part of which has nothing to do with any political question,) but rather to obtain such men as are most amenable to a strict party discipline. And as soon as any Councillor or Alderman finds any difficulty in subscribing to every item of the current creed, either of Imperial or Local Liberal Politics, he is at once considered ineligible, never mind how good may be his general business abilities, nor how valuable his special training and acquirements. Now I believe this system to be damaging to the best interests of the City—and in the long run to the Liberal Party too—as it grievously limits and lessens the field from which capable representatives can be chosen.

The policy of “grabbing all the Aldermen” was in his eyes fatally bad, and he felt so strongly on the subject that in 1895 he embodied his views in letters to the leaders of both political parties, in which he wrote :

I have long regretted the way in which our municipal contests



in Norwich have been made trials of strength for the rival political parties, when the real question obviously is: which man is best fitted to promote the welfare and good government of the City in which we live? That the election of Aldermen should be an additional incentive to this party spirit seems to me to be deplorable; and I speak as one of the few Norwich citizens remaining who had a part to play in connection with the disgraceful municipal affair of 1859. [The Bribery Case: see page 221.]

There have been discussions as to whether the Election of Aldermen ought to be so ordered as:

- (1.) To ensure the equality of parties in the Council, or
- (2.) Whether they should "follow the Wards," which means, I believe, that if there were one-fourth of the Elected Councillors of one party, and three-fourths of the other, the parties should take one-fourth and three-fourths respectively of the Aldermen to be elected; or
- (3.) Whether they should be equally divided between the political parties—which I may still consider to be two.

Each of the above plans may have its adherents—though the first may to-day be considered out of date; the second is obviously open to the objection of difficulty as to the exact number of Aldermen justified by the numerical state of parties in the Council; and I cannot but think, myself, that the third plan of giving an exact number of Aldermen to each of the two political parties is much the best. It places the Aldermanic, like the Magisterial, Bench above the sphere of party politics; and there seems no reason to fear that either party in the City will for a long time to come lack eight men who will deserve and be fitted for the honourable post of Aldermen.

The importance of getting a wide representation on the Council was only increased, my Father felt, by the ever increasing duties which were being entrusted to Corporations. The change was very noticeable in his lifetime, and he welcomed the enlargement of their responsibilities. Thus with "the very proper desire that our Corporation should do more than in former years to provide for the physical welfare and well-being of the people," with a Free Library and Technical Instruction to be looked after, with the acquisition of various private undertakings to be considered,



—such as Gas and Water Works, which he felt “should be in the hands of the Corporations”—and with the carrying out of “town improvements which were not thought of fifty or sixty years ago, and would not have been carried out, if they had been thought of,” there was, he felt, abundant scope for the activities of the ablest citizens. Thus he told the Corporation, when receiving the Honorary Freedom of the City :

In order that this work may be well accomplished we need the co-operation of all classes of our fellow citizens. There has been a disposition, I think, among some of the leisured and wealthy classes to leave local self-government, but I hope the time will come when we shall see all classes in our Town Councils—the wealthy and leisured classes not excluding those who are less well off in this world’s goods, and those that are poor having no other desire than that the wealthy and more leisurely should be with them.

Of course my Father recognized the truth of the old adage that “it takes two to make a bargain,” and that sometimes one party was almost forced by the other to follow party lines. Thus, of late years, he told his hearers in 1891:

A certain section of the Community has so introduced party considerations into local affairs that Liberals have no choice but to respond to the challenge, and when we see the attitude which the publicans, headed by the brewers, have assumed because of the perfectly legitimate action of the Town Council, the Magistrates and the Temperance party in regard to the licensing of public-houses, . . . Liberals are justified in acting on party lines even more strongly than they have hitherto done.

In 1896 my Father was elected an Alderman by the Norwich Town Council. He accepted the honour “as an expression of confidence and regard,” but did so on the clear understanding that he would be unable to do much work, and that he was “still all for minimising party distinctions and party considerations.”

From 1862-3 my Father served his City as Sheriff.

A few years earlier he seems to have been sounded on the subject, but found it hard to believe that his questioner was not joking, as the idea was "too absurd and ridiculous to be true." "If it was a joke it was a stupid one," he wrote, and if any persons had been thinking of him he hoped he would "be dismissed from their minds for the next ten years at least." But in half that time, at the age of thirty-two, he consented to step into the office, which had already been held by his father and his great-uncle, Jeremiah Colman. They must have been in his mind when, at his election, he said in the Council Chamber:

It is my duty to say that I cannot give my assent to all that has been said so kindly by Sir William Foster in reference to my position and standing in the City, for I feel that in a very great degree my position is due to those who have gone before me.

Though he would have preferred to postpone the date, he accepted the position, feeling that:

If these offices are to be served by gentlemen only when it suits their convenience, it is possible that they would very seldom be filled at all.

Many years later, when pressing this point on a reluctant citizen, he wrote:

No one feels more strongly than I do that of late years too much has been expected—and exacted—of the Mayor and Sheriff, and I think it will be a good thing if you and the Mayor too will say "No" to very many claims on time and purse. But—having said and admitted that—may I add there are claims from the City's point of view both on Families and Individuals?

The Mayor during my Father's Shrievalty was Mr. H. S. Patteson, a Colleague for whom he retained a high regard. Thirty-nine years later their sons held the same offices, only in the reverse order, my Brother being Mayor when Mr. H. T. S. Patteson was Sheriff. On the eve of my Father's election he recounted to his sister:

I had a few minutes' chat yesterday with my Colleague Elect, Mr. Patteson. I found he had called on Thursday when I was in London. He was very pleasant and said he was glad to have me with him which of course I reciprocated, and then alluding to our Political differences, said in a joking way, "Well, extremes meet, so we shall get on well together." I suppose you know he is a thorough Tory and Churchman, but about the best of them in Norwich.

Their relationship during the year of office was one of unbroken harmony. At the close Mr. Patteson expressed his gratitude in the Council Chamber "for having had so agreeable a colleague as the Sheriff to act with me," while my Father replied that "from the first citizen of the year, the Mayor, down to all with whom I have come in contact, I have received unvarying kindness and courtesy."

One of the events during the year was a Dinner given by my Father in the Corn Exchange, on March 10th, 1863, to celebrate the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The guests numbered over 900; none were under 70, and the average age was about 74. In arranging the festivities my Father's thoughts turned backwards to his early home, and the old people at Stoke were amongst those invited. "Though you have left us, you have not forgotten us," the Vicar wrote in reply to the invitation, "and it will be a pleasure to you to know that we have not forgotten you."

My Father had to form one of a Deputation which went to Sandringham to present the wrought-iron gates, since placed at the entrance to the drive there, as a wedding present to the Prince and Princess from Norfolk and Norwich, of which the Prince said in his reply that:

Connected intimately as I now am with Norfolk, I regard with pride so beautiful a specimen of Norwich Workmanship and Art.

Other events of local interest were the re-opening of St. Andrew's Hall after its restoration, and the Triennial Musical Festival, which fell during my Father's Shrievalty.

In 1867, at the age of thirty-seven, he accepted the office of Mayor for the ensuing year. The Sheriff was Mr. Robert Fitch, of whom my Father said in his closing speech to the Council, that :

We were a little acquainted before Nov. 9th, 1867, but since then we have formed an acquaintance which I hope has ripened into friendship.

My Father was able to state at the close of the year that he had only been absent from the Council meetings three times, "on which occasions there was either very little to do, or important business summoned me away." He regretted it had not been in his power to give up so much time to magisterial business as he could have wished, though he had said at the start that :

With respect to the Sword Room duties I must confess they are such as I would very gladly avoid. I think it is an anomaly to place as Chief Magistrate for the year one who, like myself, is a complete novice in magisterial business.

Though at the close of the year my Father was relieved, he said, to feel that the time "has come when there is put upon other shoulders the chain with the five series of links," yet "during the long series of years since the first Mayor of this City was elected," [William Appleyard in 1404] "many gentlemen have received the thanks of the citizens, but I am sure that none of them have returned thanks for your vote more gratefully than I do to-day, or have had more occasion to acknowledge the courtesy and kindness with which their fellow citizens received them during their year of office."

In later years, and on more than one occasion, he was asked again to be Mayor, but Parliamentary life had brought increasing claims, and he did not see his way to accept.

One of my Father's early duties as Mayor was to summon a Common Hall on December 24th, 1867, in

response to an influentially signed requisition, to protest against the recent outrages at Clerkenwell, and to assure the Government of "the support of all classes of the community in taking strong and effectual measures to repress such atrocities." That attempt to blow up the House of Detention, by which many innocent people suffered, in the hope of rescuing two prisoners connected with the Fenian Movement—of which a good deal was heard then—roused much excitement in the country, and many hard things were said against the Irish nation. My Father, however, made no sweeping assertions. While "there could be but one feeling in reference to the terrible atrocity," he did not believe, he said, "that the inhabitants of Ireland to any very great extent sympathize with those atrocities." All classes were met together that day, and he hoped they would also be ready, when the time came, "to join the Country in doing what they could to remedy whatever grievances the Sister Country might suffer from," for they "were not there to denounce the Irish nation, but rather to hold out the right hand of brotherhood to them, and to hope that the time would soon come when England, Scotland and Ireland might be firmly allied, and continue a glorious and united country."

The Dinner to a thousand aged persons, which my Father gave as Mayor, in celebration of the Queen's Birthday, was soon followed, on May 28th, 1868, by an Entertainment of a somewhat unusual character for a Mayor to give in those days. This was a Réunion of Sunday School Teachers, of whom about 1,300 met in St. Andrew's Hall, gathered from between fifty and sixty Schools of various Denominations, about 400 coming from Church of England Schools. They were asked, he explained, "that those who are engaged in different Sunday Schools, but in the same important work, may have an opportunity of socially meeting and talking with one another, and thus of promoting harmony and good feeling."

Perhaps the most interesting episode during my Father's Mayoralty was the Meeting of the British Association held in Norwich in August, 1868. He did not disguise his pleasure that this fell during his year of office. It was a Meeting, he said afterwards, which "has given me the opportunity of coming across many gentlemen with whom I have formed acquaintances, which I hope may continue friendships hereafter." Many, at his request, sent him their photographs, which, placed in an album, formed a valued souvenir of the occasion. Amongst the visitors must be mentioned the President for the year, Dr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph D. Hooker, F.R.S., Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, whose father hailed from Norwich, and whose love of flowers formed a strong bond of union with my Father and Mother. The guests at Carrow House included Sir Charles and Lady Lyell, who charmed their host and hostess greatly, and an Italian, Signor Christoforo Negri, whom my Father was glad to meet once again many years later in his native land.

Among the festivities of the occasion was a Breakfast given to some of the members by my Father and Mother in St. Andrew's Hall, at which he said:

I feel proud at having the opportunity of entertaining you, for I feel, as a commercial man interested in a manufacturing business, that we are deeply indebted to the men of science—men who explore the hidden secrets of nature, and are afterwards able to reveal them for the good and the happiness of the nation and the world.

Local colouring was given to the Meeting by papers, amongst others, on "The Glacial Structure of Norfolk and Suffolk," by Mr. F. W. Harmer and Mr. S. V. Wood; "The Denudations of Norfolk," by the Rev. Osborn Fisher; "The Norfolk Crag," by Mr. George Maw; and "Norfolk Farming," by Mr. C. S. Read; and one on the extinction of the Great Bustard in Norfolk, the last county in the kingdom to reckon that bird amongst its



resident species. This was by Mr. H. Stevenson, who, goaded by the fashion of the day—not, alas ! as extinct as the bustard—while bemoaning that the bird had “passed for ever out of our local fauna,” added his belief:

Better thus than to have survived a few years later, to have met with a no less certain and more melancholy end. Had it still existed in 1868 some reigning belle, some leading votary of fashion, would inevitably have decreed that bustards’ plumes should be “the thing” for the season. Then, indeed, its fate would have been sealed at once, and the last British Bustard would have been cut up for hats!

Broadland was still an undiscovered part of the county, and indeed remained curiously free from invasion for many years after this. Mr. R. B. Grantham, who read a paper on this subject, had to explain that:

The motive that has induced me to prepare a paper for this Meeting of the British Association is to draw attention to the lakes, or as they are locally called “Broads,” which are situated in the eastern portion of this county.

Everything connected with the gathering seems to have passed off well, if one may judge from the verdict expressed, largely owing to the strenuous exertions of the local secretaries, the Rev. (afterwards Canon) Hinds Howell, the Rev. J. Crompton, and Dr. Dalrymple. Professor Adam Sedgwick, unfortunately kept to his house during the meetings by the result of an accident, wrote to my Father:

I send you my congratulations on the great success of the meeting which did honour to that grand old city of which you, Mr. Mayor, were the Chief Magistrate.

And Professor Huxley, in voicing the thanks of the visitors, said:

After I had been in Norfolk a couple of days somebody asked me how I liked the place, when I replied that I thought it was a charming spot, but that if there was a fault to be remedied, it

might be that the streets should be a little straighter, but that all that did not matter so very much, because, however often you lost your way, and however numerous might be the turns, you were sure to find hospitality at the end of every lane.

It was a time which my Father always looked upon with special interest, and on more than one occasion he renewed his acquaintance with some of the members by attending subsequent meetings at Exeter (1869), Liverpool (1870), York (1881), Southampton (1882), and Manchester (1887).

It may be mentioned here that my Father was appointed a Magistrate for Norwich in 1869, for though personally he would "very much rather have been left out on many accounts," he yielded to the urgings of friends, and decided to qualify, and in 1872 he was made a Justice of the Peace for Norfolk, and sometime later one for Suffolk.

In 1880 he was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for Norfolk, the chief change being that at the occasional Court functions he attended he had to don a Deputy Lieutenant's uniform instead of the ordinary Court suit. The scarlet cloth and braidings he always declared were most unsuitable for one so little in touch with military affairs as he was, and he cordially detested the stiffness of the coat and collar.

Near the close of his life his name was amongst those pricked for the High Shrievalty of Norfolk, and he was prepared to serve, but failing strength obliged him afterwards to plead inability to carry out its duties, and his name was removed from the list.



## CHAPTER XIII

### EARLY POLITICAL LIFE

**M**Y Father's interest in politics may be said to date from childhood. Brought up in a family with strong Liberal tendencies, he must early in life have been imbued with the same beliefs. In a speech delivered in St. Andrew's Hall, at the close of twenty-one years of parliamentary life, he revived his recollections of early electioneering days:

The first thing I recollect, when I was at the mature age of seven attending a lady's school in Norwich, where I was undergoing the first part of my education, was the coming home of her husband, a strong Tory, who informed the scholars that the Tories had got in and the Radicals had been defeated. That was the General Election of 1837,

occasioned, according to the law in those days, by the death of the King, and resulting in the return of the Marquis of Douro and the Hon. Robert C. Scarlett.

We were told the Tories had got in, [he continued,] but we were not told, and I dare say we should not have understood it if we had been told, that it was by a very small majority, and a very lavish expenditure of money. I am inclined to think that even at that age I was rather a strong Liberal. The fact is I had a relative who used to be very fond of singing that old song, "The Trumpet of Liberty sounds through the World," written by a Norwich man.<sup>1</sup> Thus I was indoctrinated with Liberalism in rather early years.

On another occasion, my Father said he could recollect "the extreme indignation" with which he heard of the success of the Tory candidates at this Election. A Petition

<sup>1</sup> John Taylor.

## EARLY POLITICAL LIFE

was presented against their return, and, in the end Tory and one Liberal were declared elected. He amongst his curios a large silk pocket-handkerchief, the Norwich arms and the inscription woven in orange purple, the Tory colours, "Douro and Scarlett the promoters of the Norwich Manufactures," which was one of those distributed at that Election.

When my Father had to give evidence before the Norwich Election Commissioners in 1875, he said he "had things had very much improved," and roused their interest by giving some details of this 1837 Election, taken from a Blue Book, published in 1840, which incidentally referred to it. This was the Report of one of the Assistant Harbours Inquiry Commissioners (Mr. J. Mitchell, LL.D.) who, after his inquiry into the condition of the handloom weavers in Norwich, devoted some pages of his Report to the demoralization caused amongst them by the electioneering abuses of the day, and made special reference to the recent Election. The Tory party (the orange and purple) seem to have spent less money than their opponents, apparently from any access of virtue, but from greater astuteness in deciding the exact psychological moment at which it was necessary to begin to tempt the voters. Consequently, their opponents (the blue and white party), cooped voters longer—the synonym for removing them from Norwich, usually on to the Broads, or to distant public-houses, where they were treated royally, and brought back to the polling booth to record their votes, as in honour bound, for the party which had spent so much on them; or, if they could not be trusted to do this, kept away from temptation until the poll was closed. The following extracts cast a lurid light on the state of affairs at that time.

The last general election at Norwich afforded a striking view of the party spirit of the city, and of the practices by which the leading men have acted on the poverty, the necessities, and the frailty

and wickedness of the poorer citizens, many of whom are weavers, and their interests have much suffered in consequence.

The number of voters for the "purple and orange" candidates was 1,865 and 1,863; and for the "blue and white" candidates, 1,843 and 1,831, of whom 1,400 voted under the influence of the most open application of pecuniary temptation.

The money spent, according to the information given to me by two gentlemen who could not but know, was about £44,000.

The "blue and white" party spent more money than the "purple and orange" party; and this is attributable to what many consider to have been a blunder in their tactics, and which is thus explained.

The "purple and orange" party had felt secure that there would be no opposition; and if the "blue and white" party had kept quiet until close on the day of election, which was on a Tuesday, it is supposed that they might have taken their opponents by surprise, and snatched a victory. But they commenced operations on the Wednesday, being six days before the election, and began actively to buy votes, and to carry off the voters "into coop." They had thus the expense of six days to defray. But as soon as the "purple and orange" party saw what was doing, they sent off to London for money, which arrived on Saturday, and they had time to buy back their friends from the "blue and white" party; and those whom they carried into coop, they had to keep only three days, which was much less expense than keeping them six days. One of the chiefs of the "blue and white" party admitted the impolicy of their early declaration of a contest, but said that his views had been overruled in the committee.

The contest was carried on very openly. There was no hypocrisy, no concealment, on either side. There were 1,400 to be bought, and about them lay the struggle.

One gentleman stated to me that he himself had the distribution of money to the voters on the day of election. He sat at a table in a large room, having before him parcels coiled up of bank-notes of £10, of £15, of £20, of £25, of £30, of £35, of £40 value, all in readiness, that there might be no loss of time in counting. The voters, one at a time, entered at one door, passed through the room, and out at another door. Every man was asked what he had agreed for, and it was handed to him. One man would be so innocent as to ask for only £10; the next man would ask for £20, and both were paid with equal readiness. Then might come, perhaps, one

who would ask for £15, and it would be paid; but with a caution given to him not to spoil the market by letting anybody know that he had got more than £10. But the other sums were given. A grocer or other substantial tradesman looked for £40, and there were the cases of two professional men who each had £50.

The gentleman who paid all this money stated it with the most hearty frankness; and when he was told that the guilt of all these doings rested upon himself and on the other criminals who composed the committee, he laughed, consoling himself that he had many coadjutors with whom to support the burden.

Towards the close of the poll nobody could say on what side lay the victory; every vote therefore was sought out, and no money was thought too much. . . .

To the honour of both parties it deserves to be stated, that neither of them inflicted on the voters the guilt of the crime of perjury, by demanding the oath against bribery to be administered. The oath could not have prevented the voters from accepting the money, and it is devoutly to be wished that such oath may never be administered again.

To the glory of both parties, it deserves also to be stated, that they behaved with the most punctilious sense of honour towards each other. If a man had received £10 from the "blue and white" party, and a "purple and orange" committee-man had got hold of him, and bought him back at £15, the £5 only was handed to the voter, and the £10 was sent back to the "blue and white" committee. If a "blue and white" committee-man got hold of this voter, and bought him back a second time at £20, only the £5 would be handed to him, and the £15 would be sent to the "purple and orange" committee. So in other cases. It would have saved trouble to have kept a debtor and creditor account against each other, and only to have paid over the balance, and in such a systematic arrangement as was made, it is wonderful this mode of doing business was not adopted, instead of settling the cases one by one. It is an improvement which on a future day we may expect to see established. Such a system of buying and selling votes has a ruinous effect on the morals of the unhappy voters; a man cannot afterwards be on good terms with himself.

A contested election most seriously injures the trade of the city. Some of the manufacturers stated that they considered that it was equivalent fully to the loss of one month. . . .

The following evidence of Mr. James Spalding, an operative, will show the views of the men who still hold fast their integrity.

Q. "I presume that, like other people, you could have profited well by the last general election?"—A. "I never took any money for my vote; I would not do it. It would destroy my peace of mind, and blast my character. I could not show my face after it."

Q. "Do you see election money ever do any good?"—A. "Never; it does every man harm that receives it. There is no blessing with it; it is soon all spent in drinking and extravagance, and the man is worse off than ever."

Q. "Have you ever been put in coop at election times?"—A. "No, I never have. I never saw such work as at the last general election. In our parish of St. Martin-at-Oak, I do not think that there were above two or three who were at liberty. There were about fifty or sixty black-looking desperate characters going about to lay hold of the voters and carry them off to coop, and I was afraid to come into the street; I durst hardly go into my own garden. It was the same in all the other parishes in the city."

Q. "Would they have cooped you in some house in the city?"—A. "No; that would not have been safe at such an election as the last. The voters were carried off 'to coop,' twelve, fourteen, or eighteen miles down into the country, to keep them out of the way of the temptation of the enemy."

Q. "I presume that you would have nothing to fear as to eating and drinking whilst in coop?"—A. "No danger on that head, and only too much drinking; but I should have been in a prison; there would have been guards all round the house, to prevent any one getting out for fear of desertion to the enemy. The whole election system is very injurious to Norwich, and disgraces all parties. It is not purity of election."

But to return to my Father's reminiscences.

The next political thing I have a recollection of was the meeting in this great hall, when Mr. Cobden came down to the City, and Mr. Tillett took the chair. Thus, in that way, my political education kept going on.

This meeting, already referred to, at which his father, James Colman, his great-uncle, Jeremiah Colman, and his future father-in-law, W. H. Cozens-Hardy, were also present, was held on January 20th, 1846, and was convened

by the Mayor at the request of the Anti-Corn-Law League of Norwich. Five thousand people were said to have been present at it. Mr. Cobden's words to them were :

We are going to abolish the Corn Law. We will do it. You see the old edifice shaking now, but you will see it tottering and crumbling before another six weeks are over.

The importance of this meeting, held on the eve of the opening of Parliament, and in an agricultural district, was acknowledged. A special engine was chartered by the "Daily News," then just started, to convey its reporters back to London, and a second engine by the other London papers—the latter "performing the journey in four hours and eight minutes." Two days after the meeting, the Premier, Sir Robert Peel, in his speech on the Address, made the fateful announcement that his views had undergone a complete alteration, and foreshadowed the change of policy, culminating in the Act for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, which received the Royal Assent on June 26th, 1846.

Though my Father was too young at the time to have much to do with that great struggle in the 'forties, yet he never swerved from the Free Trade principles which even then he had adopted. In 1854 he wrote a letter to the "Norfolk News" on "High Prices and Free Trade," with the intention of showing that the former was not the result of the latter, but attributable to causes quite distinct. He never disguised his views, and in 1883, when elected an honorary member of the American Chamber of Commerce, he declined the honour, because, so he wrote :

It would appear from your circular and the general tone of the Journal sent with it, that your Chamber, if not decidedly in favour of Protection, has at least not made up its mind as to the Free Trade policy, regarding it still as an open question. I feel it would be scarcely consistent or desirable for any one so fully persuaded as I am in favour of Free Trade to seem to share in any doubt as to the right national policy with respect to this matter.

Of the General Election of 1847, my Father, continuing his same speech, said:

I distinctly remember, during the vigorous fight of 1847, being told by Mr. TILLET in a Committee Room somewhere in this neighbourhood, to run as fast as I could to Ber Street, with a message to the Liberal Committee Rooms. That particular fight very much impressed me.

It was a three-cornered fight in Norwich. The Marquis of Douro was the Tory candidate. The Liberals were far from being united, and Mr. (afterwards Sir) S. Morton Peto represented the Whig section, and Mr. J. H. Parry, a barrister, the more advanced section. Mr. Peto and the Marquis were the two elected.

In his same speech, my Father referred to the year 1848 as being "a memorable one politically in the history of this country." The spirit of unrest which swept across Europe in that year which witnessed the fall of the dynasty of Louis Philippe in France, passed over England too, rousing the movement of some ten years' standing into sudden activity. The Chartist agitation, voicing the discontent against grievances that pressed on the working classes, sprang into importance, and awakened the alarm of many peaceful inhabitants. This was felt to some extent in Norwich. The following letter to my Father, who was in London, from his great-aunt, Mrs. Jeremiah Colman, dated April 9th, 1848, gives some account of the state of feeling in the City.

I was very much gratified by yours of the 8th. To hear you were all well, and enjoying yourselves in these troublous times is a great comfort. I think a good deal about the Chartist Demonstration of to-morrow, but my mind is somewhat relieved by your account of the little that is thought and known about it by persons dwelling in London. Most sincerely do I hope all will end peaceably. We cannot expect while every Power appears to be deranged and dissatisfied that we should remain entirely at peace. As we went to Meeting this morning, Uncle was accosted by a Policeman



who said the Mayor wanted to see him at half-past twelve. Uncle attended the summons. Many of the magistrates were present. It was in consequence of an expected meeting of the Chartists to assemble on Mousehold—*Special Constables* are enrolled, and the Mayor has requested the Gents to meet him again at four o'clock. Uncle is one of those who think little of it, and believe it will all blow over. Some think the precautions very proper, and I am one of the latter class, for it would not do to be unprepared should any outbreak occur. I recollect my dear Father, when any national troubles arose, always said, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!"

On the envelope was scribbled in another hand-writing, doubtless her husband's, the words:

The meeting on Mousehold Heath is over—all quiet. It is all humbug. *One* delegate to London to-night or to-morrow morning. Suppose there will be room in London to receive him!

The Monster Petition, embodying the six points of the People's Charter, viz., (1) Manhood Suffrage, (2) Annual Parliaments, (3) Vote by Ballot, (4) Abolition of Property Qualification for Members, (5) Payment of Members, and (6) Equal Electoral Districts, was to be presented to the House of Commons on April 10th. Feargus O'Connor was expected to address the multitudes at Kennington Common, and then the vast procession was to march to the Houses of Parliament. Every one knows what a fiasco it all was; but at the time the wildest rumours were abroad. The Duke of Wellington made military preparations on an extensive scale, and a vast number of Londoners enrolled themselves as *Special Constables*. My Father, referring to those days, said:

It happened to be my lot to be spending a short time in London during the memorable demonstration of the 10th April, 1848. A good friend of mine wanted to take me to see the pictures in the National Gallery. I met him by appointment—noticing the various preparations in the streets as I walked along, for he had not calculated there was to be all that excitement, and when we got to the



National Gallery we found it closed. But I recollect that, still having a political leaning, I made my way in the evening to the door of the House of Commons. The Keeper of the Gallery at that time was somehow connected with the Eastern Counties, and making friends with him, I was conducted, without having an order from a Member, into the Gallery, from which I distinctly saw the great Petition rolled up on the floor of the House of Commons.

In regard to the Election of 1852 in Norwich—I still quote from his same speech—my Father said:

I don't know whether many here recollect the Election of 1852, when a large proportion of the Liberal party determined that they would have two Liberals to represent them, instead of a Liberal and a Tory as previously. On that occasion I rode on a steady old horse at the head of the procession, decorated with a very gorgeous blue and white band, and subsequently viewed the scene in this hall, not picturing to myself that I should ever stand in the position of Member for the City.

My Mother recollected seeing this procession, and used to tell us how handsome she thought my Father looked, adorned with his blue and white sash—"which would have much astonished and disturbed the Royal Commissioners of the present time" (viz., 1880), he said, alluding to it in one of his later speeches. The Election resulted in the return of the two Liberals, Mr. S. Morton Peto and Mr. Edward Warner, over their opponents, the Marquis of Douro and Colonel Dickson, though two years later Mr. Peto accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, in consequence of his firm's having undertaken some work for the Government, and at the subsequent Bye-Election, Sir Samuel Biggins was elected, and held the seat till 1857.

This was the General Election of 1857, when Lord Palmerston dissolved Parliament, having been defeated on a Resolution proposed by Mr. Cobden, condemning the policy of the Government in regard to affairs in China. He came back to power, however, and in Norwich the two Whig candidates, Viscount Bury, and Mr. H. W. Schneider,

defeated the Tory candidate, Sir Samuel Bignold. My Father supported the Whig candidates at their meetings, though not altogether in sympathy with them. They were not advanced enough in their views for him, and by the following year, at any rate, he was speaking of himself as one of the "Independent Liberals." Continuing his reminiscences, he said, referring to the 'fifties and 'sixties:

At that time we had not a Norwich Parliament, or a daily paper, or some of our speeches might have been handed down to the present day; but in the room over the porch of this Hall [St. Andrew's Hall] some of us settled great questions, such as the Currency, Education, the Church, Ireland, and things of that sort. Thus we kept the ball a-rolling, and so somehow or other I got to be increasingly a politician. I should like to say a word of what passed between 1852 and 1869. It happened to fall to my lot, upon many occasions, to have to communicate with our then Members of Parliament resolutions which had been passed at various meetings. I had a great deal of correspondence with the then Members for the City. Since then I have learned a lesson. I believe that in those days we made our letters very positive. We told our representatives not merely what we expected them to do, but what they were to do. I have come rather to the conclusion that if it were my lot to write those letters again, I should not write them exactly in the same dictatorial style used on those occasions. Depend upon it, that persuasion upon the whole is a much shorter road to gain the right end than dictation.

This was his view after having spent twenty-one years himself as one of the City's Representatives.

The "great questions," referred to in the above, were many and various. Prominent amongst them was Parliamentary Reform. As early as 1855, my Father referred to his going to a meeting with Mr. J. H. Tillett on "this new Reform Movement."

Of the Dissolution of 1857, already alluded to, he said he well remembered that:

Lord Palmerston, suddenly dissolving Parliament, appealed to the country with the cry of "Palmerston for ever! No Reform!

and War with China!" The result was that Lord Palmerston got a Parliamentary majority of eighty-five votes, but not many months afterwards his Government was turned out of office, and he did not return to power till after another Dissolution.

Educating the Whig Premier in the ideals of the more advanced of the Liberals was a work of difficulty, but the Reform agitation was kept alive for years by the many throughout the country who keenly supported it. The Reform Act of 1832 had admitted the middle classes to the suffrage. The working classes still remained outside, and it was on their behalf that the agitation was carried on. My Father, who had already been active in getting up petitions in favour of the Ballot, early in 1858 made his first speech in St. Andrew's Hall on the question of Reform. He urged the need of a wider suffrage, the advisability of accepting all they could get, even if not all they wished for, and the necessity of accompanying any reform with the Ballot:

It is of no use having votes if we cannot exercise them fairly and freely, without intimidation; therefore, the Ballot we must, and the Ballot we will have.

A year later another great meeting was held in the same hall, at which my Father moved the chief resolution:

All the leading statesmen of this country having in successive administrations pledged themselves to a measure of Parliamentary Reform, and session after session having passed, leaving these promises unredeemed, the time has come when any further delay would exhaust the patience of the people, lower the character of our legislators, and destroy confidence in public men.

The resolution clearly shows that strong feelings had been aroused, and in Norwich, as elsewhere, there was considerable friction between the Whigs and the more Radical section. On February 7th, 1859, some of the more advanced Liberals formed themselves into a "Committee of Independent Reformers," including my Father, who was its Chair-

man, Messrs. J. H. Tillett, John Copeman, Junr., Thomas Harmer, Josiah Fletcher, J. W. Dowson, Thomas Jarrold, J. D. Smith, the Rev. J. Crompton, the Rev. George Gould, and others. The next month they passed a resolution :

That the Ministerial Reform Bill is an insult to the intelligence of the nation, and utterly unworthy of the support of any who profess to be Reformers.

This was the Bill, denounced by Mr. Bright for its "fancy franchises," and for failing to include the working classes. It had been introduced on February 28th, 1859, by Mr. Disraeli, as a Government measure, during the short administration of Lord Derby between 1858 and 1859—he having become Premier after Lord Palmerston's defeat on the Conspiracy Bill and consequent resignation. The Bill followed close on the rousing agitation carried on in the country, with John Bright as its moving spirit. Lord John Russell opposed the Bill, and moved an Amendment on behalf of a wider extension of the suffrage, which was carried by 330 to 291. Lord Derby in consequence decided to appeal to the country. The result of the General Election was that the Tories came back in a minority, the Government was defeated on an Amendment to the Address, and Lord Derby resigned. After an unsuccessful attempt by Lord Granville to form a Ministry, the Queen sent for Lord Palmerston, who became once again Premier, remaining in office until his death in 1865. My Father had expressed himself on Disraeli's Bill with no uncertain voice:

I say it is a sham, and displays an audacity of which I did not think the Government was capable. . . . People are timid, and say that by admitting working men, property will be destroyed, and they talk of the *rights* of property, but it has its *duties* as well. . . . We want no revolution. We don't even want to destroy the British Constitution. Let it live and grow—but let it *expand*, too. . . . We talk loudly enough about France, and how public opinion

is kept down, but think not that four-fifths of our own countrymen are kept back from political power.

The news of Lord Derby's intention to dissolve Parliament had been received during a committee meeting of the Independent Reformers, when they promptly resolved:

That a Special Appeal be made to the Working Classes, in whose behalf the battle of Reform is now to be fought, that an Address to the Citizens be prepared, and that a public meeting be held as soon as possible, specially to promote the Organization of the Unenfranchised, in anticipation of the impending contest.

Of the new Palmerstonian Administration, my Father wrote in June, 1859:

I do not see how we can refuse to support the present Government. We must presume that such men as Milner-Gibson, and Gilpin would not accept office unless they were satisfied that Lord Palmerston and Lord John were disposed to give a good measure of Reform. . . . The appointment which perhaps Reformers would most object to is Mr. Gladstone's, but since our party mainly consists of business men, I think we must waive objection, and be glad to have him at his present post [Chancellor of the Exchequer], and hope his position may induce in him a more liberal tone.

Of his skill as a financier Mr. Gladstone had already given ample proof. The "more liberal tone" was yet a thing of the future.

My Father had no great love for Lord Palmerston. He found it difficult to believe, so he wrote three years later, they would get rid of the "deadlock and extravagance" as long as he was at the head of affairs. Lord Palmerston had not been installed in office more than a year, before it became fairly obvious that there was not much help to be expected from him in the matter of Reform. The Reformers in Norwich, however, endeavoured to keep the question to the front, and in the spring of 1860 a Common Hall was convened in St. Andrew's Hall for considering the question. In seconding the principal resolution, my Father said:

I give very little credit to those noble lords who at their Christmas meetings are for ever saying nice things to their peasants and then say all sorts of hard things of them in the House of Parliament. . . . A few years ago, as you well remember, a storm swept over the continent of Europe, and empires fell, and thrones fell, and despotisms fell. . . . If there should be such a storm, I for one should still have faith in this country, if her institutions are placed, not on the narrow foundations of peer and nobleman, but on a grand foundation embracing the whole of the middle-class with its enterprise, and the working classes with their strong determination, and sound common sense.

And at a meeting early in 1867, on what was called "National Crisis," when the country was again being roused by a Reform campaign, he said further:

It is said that if Reform were carried out, and if we were to admit a large number of workmen to the franchise, all the relations of this country would be altered, that capital would be swayed and that labour would carry everything before it. Be this may, it is a matter to be left for the future. There is no one who could venture to say that I am uninterested in the question, or that I came here to-night without feeling that at all events a question between capital and labour had arisen, but whatever it is, I am prepared to face it, because I believe that workmen have been for a long time kept out of the franchise, and that the time has come when they should be admitted to it fully, frankly, and fairly.

There had been one or two abortive Bills, but the feeling in favour of Reform had been growing. Above all, "the more liberal tone" had shown itself in Mr. Gladstone. The historic remark of his, on the Bill of 1866, had been made:

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side.

The strength of popular feeling forced the solution of the question on the Conservative Government of Lord Derby, who became Premier in June, 1866—succeeding to the short-lived régime of Lord John Russell (by that time Earl Russell), who followed Lord Palmerston in office, after his death in 1865. After some unsuccessful attempts, a

Bill was introduced by Mr. Disraeli in the Spring of 1867, which, after being greatly altered and liberalized by the adoption of suggestions from Mr. Gladstone and others, received the Royal Assent on August 15th, 1867. This "leap in the dark," as Lord Derby designated it, admitted not far short of a million electors to the franchise in England and Wales alone (Scotland and Ireland being settled by Bills passed the following year), and decided the question for a further period of seventeen years.

It is well for those who accept their suffrages now as a matter of course, to remember that this measure was only entered on the Statute Book after a long and strenuous struggle, led by those who, having votes already, were themselves disinterested; and in that struggle Norwich Reformers were not backward in taking their share.

To those who have followed my Father's views so far, it will be no surprise to hear that his sympathies went out, as did those of so many English people, towards the Liberal movement in Hungary, associated with the name of Louis Kossuth. Moreover there was a personal link. When my Grandfather was ill, in 1854, he underwent a system of massage, the treatment being carried out by a Hungarian exile, said to be of noble birth, who had taken part in the Insurrection of 1848. When Austria, the following year, by the help of Russia, had quelled the Army raised by Kossuth to free his country from the Austrian rule, he fled to England. It was through this Hungarian that my Father came into personal touch with Kossuth—"the poor exile," as he termed him. At their occasional meetings they must have discussed politics, the Hungarian's account, in a letter to my Father, being that "Governor Kossuth expressed himself highly upon your sound judgment in political matters."

In 1855 my Father offered Kossuth the use of his house in Lowestoft for a time, for which the latter expressed his gratitude, though unable to avail himself of it. An attempt



was made in 1856 to get him to lecture in Norwich, and my Father was one of a committee appointed to carry out the arrangements, but the plan fell through. My Grandmother always retained her interest in him:

Poor Kossuth, with his refugees, are so identified with a very sorrowful part of my life, and yours also, that I cling to the history of Hungary as connected with it.

So she wrote to my Father in 1880, after receiving a book about that country. And again, at the time of his death in 1894, she wrote to her son:

Kossuth is gone—almost *dear* Kossuth from so painful association. . . . I have been watching the daily accounts, and have never lost my interest in him. Such noble and suffering patriotism one would like to see rewarded.

The cause of Italian unity and liberty too, appealed to my Father, and when Garibaldi was in England, the hero of the hour, my Father had a good deal to do with an invitation that went from Norwich, asking him to visit the City in 1864, and said he "would esteem it a high honour if the General, and any friends that may accompany him," would stay at Carrow House during the visit. Negotiations were, however, broken off by the mysteriously sudden disappearance of Garibaldi from England, the cause of his departure, and the possible interference by foreign governments, being the source of much conjecture at the time.

In a speech delivered in 1893, when taking the Chair for a lecture on Nonconformity by the Rev. R. F. Horton, my Father alluded to the position of Nonconformity then, compared with half-a-century earlier:

I am inclined to think that in these days some of the younger Nonconformists hardly know how far Nonconformity has advanced.

He went on to point out that, fifty years ago, penalties, "sometimes very serious ones," were inflicted for the non-payment of Church Rates, that the Burial Laws were framed



without any regard for the feelings of Dissenters, and the Universities were still closed to them. The speech must have recalled lengthy and arduous fights on those and similar questions, in which he had taken his share, sometimes as one of the Committee of Independent Reformers (which by no means confined itself to the question of Parliamentary Reform), sometimes through his connection with the Liberation Society, which, founded in 1844, changed its first title, in 1853, to "The Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control."

My Father's interest in this last subject dated from early times, an entry in his Diary, when he was only nineteen, indicating not only his views, but the way in which he felt the controversy ought to be conducted. The reference is to "An Essay on the Union of Church and State," published by the Rev. the Hon. Baptist W. Noel in 1848, very soon after he seceded from the Church of England, and joined the Baptists:

1849, March 3. Finished reading Baptist Noel's Essay, in which I have been intensely interested. It is indeed a memorable era in the State-Church controversy, when such a book appears, and from such a man. It contains all the arguments of the Nonconformists in all their strength, and to their fullest extent. In addition to, and beyond this, there is such a spirit of brotherly kindness and Christian charity that it is enough to disarm criticism.

My Father's interest in the Liberation Society dated certainly from 1858, if not earlier, his friendship with Mr. Edward Miall, M.P., one of the leading spirits of the movement, being perhaps partly the cause and partly the effect. He was on its committee for some time, and used to attend its conferences, but retired from the former in 1875. Later on, though still retaining strongly the principles it upheld, he became less in sympathy with its mode of action, feeling that it was apt to be "out of season," as well as "in season," and distrusting its growing habit of extracting pledges from Parliamentary candidates, a habit

not confined to this society, and one on which he held strong opinions.

His views on a State Church were embodied in a speech in 1858 at a meeting of the Liberation Society. Referring to the alteration from its original name, "The Anti-State Church Association," my Father said:

Its friends deny that they ought to be called *anti* any Church whatever, as their object is not to oppose any Church, as such, but simply, as the friends of religion, and above all of religious freedom, to proclaim their conviction that all religion ought to be, for its own sake, free from patronage and control. It is said on very good authority, "No *man* can serve two masters," and it is equally true that no Church can serve two masters; and if any Church endeavours to serve its Heavenly Master and also a State that pays it, it makes a very great mistake.

The Church Rate controversy was another one in which my Father took a share. The agitation was no new one. It had broken out as early as 1834, and strong protests had been raised in some of the northern industrial centres against the levying of a rate for Church of England purposes on persons irrespective of their religious views. It was felt to be an anomaly and an injustice that a Church, possessing all the tithe and endowment of an Establishment, should have the right to levy this rate on Nonconformists, many of whom had to support their own Voluntary Churches, for which they asked nothing from the State. Those who felt strongly on the question of religious liberty and equality were roused. Many refused to pay the rate when levied, and had their goods seized in default, or went to prison. The movement continued to grow, helped by the fact that an increasing number of Nonconformists found their way into the House of Commons, and Motions on the subject were frequently before the House.

My Father, zealous for the cause, threw himself into the controversy, and in 1858 he and Mr. John Copeman were instrumental in getting up a meeting of "Friends of

Religious Liberty" to arrange for petitioning the House of Lords in favour of the Bill brought in by Sir John Trelawney for the Abolition of Church Rates, which had passed the House of Commons. He worked hard in getting petitions signed, but the Bill was rejected by 187 votes to 36, though he felt that this treatment of it by the Lords had "probably done the cause more good than harm." Various more or less unsatisfactory compromises were suggested. On one of these—a Government Bill submitted to the House of Commons during Lord Derby's administration by Mr. Walpole, on February 21st, 1859—my Father's views were emphatic. The following day he wrote:

I have just taken a very hasty glance at the Church Rate Debate. I suppose we have no right to be disappointed. I am not, at all events, for I expected nothing, which, I take it, is just what we have got. I see some of our friends in the House seem to give an "uncertain sound," and appear willing to accept the Government Measure. I am open to conviction, and if you can show me how the proposed Bill is to work I shall be glad: but my present feeling is to let the Government and the Country know at once that such a measure (begging the whole question) won't do, and I hope our Society [the Liberation Society] will speak out. The Landlord [a few words illegible here] won't pay it from his own pocket, but will get it (and with an increase, too,) from his Nonconformist Tenant, so what is now an uncertain tax will be made a fixed and a perpetual one.

Reflection doubtless only confirmed his views, for eight days later, at a Committee of the Independent Reformers, when he was in the Chair, a resolution was passed condemning it as "a complicated, compromising, and unsatisfactory measure," and urging the support of Sir John Trelawney's Bill, "which proposes the entire extinction of Church Rates as the only possible settlement of the long controverted and irritating question."

Two years later a Conference on the subject for Nonconformists in Norfolk was convened by my Father and others, and held in Norwich on February 6th, 1861. But

the end of the controversy was not yet. It was not until 1868 that Mr. Gladstone, who two years earlier had for the first time voted for the Abolition of Church Rates, brought in the Compulsory Church Rate Abolition Bill. The Conservative Government did not oppose, and it was passed the same year, and by enacting that no legal proceedings could be instituted against any person for the non-payment of the Rate, turned what had been an obligatory rate into a voluntary one.

Another sharp battle raged round the Census Bill of 1860. This Bill, a Government measure brought in under the Whig Administration of Lord Palmerston, related to the Census to be taken the following year. It contained a new provision that every householder, in addition to the ordinary information required, was to make a declaration of his own religious profession, and that of all other inmates of his house. When first introduced, this clause was made still more objectionable by imposing a fine in default of the information. A strong protest was immediately raised. It was contended that the question was inquisitorial, and such as no State had a right to ask, that it would lead to intimidation, and that the returns would be misleading, and therefore dangerous, as they would probably be made the basis of future legislation. My Father, in conjunction with Mr. Josiah Fletcher, Mr. Frederic Pigg, and Mr. John Copeman, issued a circular announcing that a meeting would be held on the subject, to urge people to sign the petitions against the Bill which ultimately poured into the House of Commons. The protest was successful. Mr. John Bright had taken a leading share in the opposition, and the Government felt the strength of feeling which had been aroused. When the Bill went into Committee, Mr. Edward Baines moved an Amendment, but the clause was withdrawn without a division.

Another prolonged controversy centred round the question of allowing Nonconformists to be buried in Parish

Graveyards with funeral services conducted by their own Ministers, instead of having them conducted according to the forms of the Church of England. A Bill to legalise this was drawn up by Sir Morton Peto in 1861, and my Father endeavoured to get petitions signed in support of the measure. It was a long time, however, before the movement was successful, and Nonconformists had to wait for the removal of this disability until 1880, when an Act to amend the Burial Laws was passed under Mr. Gladstone's Government.

One subject of special interest to Nonconformists was the Abolition of University Tests. By Acts, passed in 1854 for Oxford, and 1856 for Cambridge, Nonconformists had indeed been admitted as students to the Universities. This, however, was under disabilities (rather heavier in the case of Oxford than of Cambridge), and with hardly an exception the emoluments of the Universities, and of individual Colleges, were still confined to those who were members of the Church of England by conviction, or those who would lightly sign their names to anything and everything—and when ways and means depended on it, the temptation to do so must have been very strong.

In 1861 my Father spoke on the subject at a Conference in Norwich, and reminded his hearers of two Nonconformists who had, in successive years, been Senior Wranglers at Cambridge, but were unable to hold Fellowships because their religious convictions did not allow them to sign the Thirty-Nine Articles. The next year he seems to have been instrumental in getting up a meeting on the subject in Norwich, and seconded the motion that it was desirable that a "comprehensive measure finally to settle this question should be introduced."

The following notes, made by him for a speech, refer to one of the Motions before the House of Commons on Clerical Fellowships:

Now let it be clearly understood we don't ask to exclude the

Clergy, but we simply ask that they should not, because of their profession, be exalted to exceptional privileges. The Universities are, by their local Examinations, and courses of Lectures in our large towns, doing [? much] to meet the wants of the day. They have opened their doors to Nonconformist Students, who have not feared the competition. Incalculable good has thus been done, and believing as I do that Clerical Headships and Fellowships can be no source of strength, but rather of weakness and evil, I support the Motion.

In 1871 the University Test Abolition Bill, a Government measure by that time, was passed during Mr. Gladstone's Premiership. This was further liberalized by an Act of 1882, so that, subject to some few exceptions, the principle was sanctioned by the Legislature of making the Universities free and unrestricted by sectarian tests.

It is little wonder, in looking back at the struggles of all those years, my Father should feel that at least they had taught a lesson of patience. So, at a meeting held to celebrate the Tercentenary of the death of the Congregationalist Martyrs, Henry Barrowe, John Greenwood, and John Penry, who were hanged in 1593, he told his hearers:

Some people fancy not merely that an Act of Parliament is to do everything, but that the moment notice is given of an Act of Parliament, or a Resolution carried at some political assembly, thereupon everything is settled and carried at railway speed—the pace at which we live in these days. Our forefathers did not obtain their liberties in that way, and we as Englishmen have to learn a little patience, and feel that if the pace is not quite so fast as we should like, we must be patient and not be discouraged, but adhere to our opinions, through evil report and through good report.



## CHAPTER XIV

### NORWICH POLITICS

1859—1871: AGED 28—40

**B**EFORE taking up again the story of Norwich Elections, it must be mentioned that in April 1859, on the eve of the General Election, my Father received a Requisition asking him to stand for what was irreverently described by one of his friends as the “petty little Borough of Thetford.” This ancient Borough had then only 218 voters on its Register, but since the time of Edward VI it had returned two Members to Parliament, and its privileges were as yet untouched by Reform Acts. A few years hence its glory was to depart, for by the Reform Act of 1867 it lost one Member, and the following year (by the Act dealing mainly with Scotland) it was finally merged in a County Constituency. He felt obliged to decline the honour, his “time being too much occupied to undertake the duties of Parliamentary life,” but he rejoiced to feel “that Thetford is prepared to speak on the great questions now before the country, and is determined that it will not be merely the snug borough of two influential families,” and he hoped that “if, during the coming Parliament, the Borough be wholly or in part disfranchised, its acts may now be on the side of liberty and progress, both in ecclesiastical and civil affairs.”

There was one subject which greatly exercised my Father’s mind at that time, as indeed it must have exercised the minds of all citizens, of whatever political creed, who cared for the honour of their City. That was the bribery and

corruption which characterized the Norwich Elections. By 1859 there was a growing feeling that some means must be taken to check it.

In April of that year, on the eve of the Election, about a hundred young men met in the Committee Room at St. Andrew's Hall to consider the best means of supporting the candidature of the two Liberals. The meeting was addressed, amongst others, by my Father, Mr. Thomas Jarrold, Mr. S. True, and Mr. W. H. Dakin, and during the meeting the following resolution was adopted:

That the young men now present form themselves into a Vigilance Committee, and agree to use their best exertions to prevent the practice of Bribery, and the exercise of undue influence during the coming Election, and to secure the return to Parliament of Lord Bury and Mr. Schneider.

It is hardly surprising that this Vigilance Committee, "those Christian young men sent to prowl round the City," figured in the electioneering skits of the time. The return of the two candidates was secured, but to stop bribery in a week or two was more than any Vigilance Committee could accomplish.

The Election had followed the defeat of Lord Derby on one of the many Reform Bills brought into the House of Commons, this one not being sufficiently liberal to suit the temper of the House. He therefore dissolved Parliament, and the Elections took place in April and May of 1859. The two defeated Conservative Candidates in Norwich were Sir Samuel Bignold and Mr. C. M. Lushington.

It is clear that during my Father's three years' residence in Norwich he had come increasingly to the fore in the political world. His name this year, at any rate, appears in the political literature of the day. One electioneering squib, issued in the Conservative interest, entitled "Another Monster Humbug, or Easter Monday in the Market Place," began:



Of all the fine sights ever seen in this town,  
That of Monday has certainly done the rest brown:  
For of all the processions that's passed London Street,  
That beat them all hollow, except Hoffman's Fete.  
There was Mustard and Starch from the village of Stook  
Just pop'd in to give the poor Whigs a sly look;

and after numerous references to local lights, the verses ended:

Then look out for your rights which are still to be won,  
By voting for Bignold and Charles Lushington.

Those who have perused electioneering literature will doubtless agree that, however fiercely the rival sides may have anathematized each other, they had at least this in common—a total disregard for the laws of rhyme and rhythm. Nor was originality a strong point on either side, judging from the constant repetition of race bills and play bills as a basis of satire.

Parliament met on May 31st, 1859, and continued in existence until July 6th, 1865. But though other places might be untroubled with election worries throughout that time, it was certainly not so in Norwich, where there were two Elections, not to mention a Petition and an Inquiry.

Each party accused the other of bribery, and a Petition was presented against the return of the Liberal Members. In those days Election Petitions were inquired into by a Committee of the House of Commons. But before the Committee had tried the case, Lord Bury had again to seek election, for, as Lord Derby was defeated on an Amendment to the Address and resigned, Lord Palmerston again became Premier, and he appointed Lord Bury Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household. This necessitated his re-election, and on June 29th, 1859, he again defeated Sir Samuel Bignold, a second Conservative Candidate, Colonel Boldero, receiving hardly any support.

## NORWICH POLITICS 1859—1871

Meanwhile the bribery in the City was known to be flagrant that the matter was taken up by the Town Council. A Petition was drawn up, to be presented to the House of Commons by Mr. John Bright, beginning as follows:

The Humble Petition of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of the City of Norwich in Council assembled, sheweth—

That it is generally and confidently asserted that at the Election of Members of Parliament for this City, extensive systematic bribery was practised.

The Petition begged that a Committee, or Royal Commission, should inquire into the matter, and “particular into the sources from which the money so corruptly expended was derived,” and further that means should be adopted “to expose, punish, counteract, and prevent the practice of bribery at Elections.”

The Committee of Independent Reformers seconded the Town Council in its efforts. At a Conference held on June 24th, 1859, at which my Father presided in the Chair, a resolution was carried:

That it is essentially necessary, in order to prevent the further progress of Corruption in this City, that an enquiry should be made, before a tribunal—armed with the fullest powers which Parliament can confer—into the gross bribery practised at the late Election for this City. That this Committee entirely approves of the Petition adopted by the Council with this view, and rejoices that it has been entrusted to that able and uncompromising Reformer, Mr. Bright, the Member for Birmingham. That a Sub-Committee be appointed to prepare a statement of facts for the information of Mr. Bright, and other Members of Parliament, and to justify the motion for an enquiry.

My Father was one of this Sub-Committee (the others being Messrs. J. H. Tillett, John Copeman, C. Darkins, J. W. Dowson, and the Rev. J. Crompton), and also one of a Deputation, appointed at a subsequent Committee, “to proceed to London to communicate with the Govern-

ment on the subject of the proposed enquiry, and to urge the importance of a thorough investigation."

The Petition of the Town Council to the House of Commons failed, however, in its object, mainly through technicalities. In July the Select Committee met to inquire into the Petition from "Certain Electors of the City of Norwich" against the return of the two Liberal Members, Lord Bury and Mr. Schneider, and reported that, as bribery had been committed by agents of theirs, they were not duly elected. Had the Committee reported the prevalence of extensive corruption, a Commission of Inquiry would have followed almost as a matter of course, but in the absence of this it was difficult for the House of Commons to take action, as a special Act of Parliament would have been needed. In a letter from Mr. Bright to my Father, dated August 7th, 1859, explaining the position, he said:

I have consulted the Speaker and his Counsel, and more than one experienced Member of the House, and I regret very much to be driven to the conclusion that the opportunity for doing anything effective is gone by. I hope the writ will not be issued before next Session—to give the Constituency time to consider how much they have disgraced themselves before the Country.

It was time it should do something to reinstate itself in popular opinion when a school-boy of the day, asked by an Examiner what Norwich was famous for, promptly replied, "For Bribery and Corruption, Sir."

My Father must have been deeply disappointed at the failure of the Town Council's Petition. A few days before receiving Mr. Bright's letter, just quoted, he had written to his sister :

I am compelled to go to London about this troublesome Election business. . . . As regards the Election there is nothing fresh—our efforts now are directed to pushing on the Petition for an "Inquiry," which some are making an effort to throw over.

The Petition from the Town Council had failed in its

object, but the subject of bribery was destined within another three months to be again brought very forcibly before the Norwich citizens.

In November of the same year, 1859, just after my Father was first elected a Councillor, a dramatic incident occurred in the Town Council. The Election of Aldermen was the exciting cause, the ascendancy of either party depending on the result, and the Whigs and Tories being so evenly balanced that one vote might decide it. The excitement was intense when one of the Councillors entered the Council Chamber, and, declaring he had been offered £500 to vote for the eight Tory Aldermen, handed to the Mayor the halves of three bank notes of £100 each, which he alleged he had received as part of the payment. There was great excitement over the case, one of the least satisfactory features about it being the reluctance of some of those whose names were freely mixed up in it to allow the matter to be probed to the bottom. The agitation was by no means confined to the City itself. A London paper grew indignant over the attempt to "hush up the flagrant case of municipal bribery recently disclosed at Norwich." My Father was deeply stirred, and spoke in no measured terms on the subject before the Town Council:

You will excuse a Sunday letter on such a question as the present, [he wrote in reference to this Council meeting.]. . . I have not much hope that we shall succeed on Tuesday, but at all events we shall have the satisfaction of having done our duty, and tried to stop this fearful corruption.

The prophecy was a true one. The Town Council had taken steps, and brought the case before the Magistrates—only, however, to be adjourned by them—but after its first virtuous desire to prosecute and get at the truth, the Councillors determined by a majority of 28 to 19 to proceed no further. My Father of course voted in the minority. His speech, the first one he delivered in the

Town Council, when seconding an Amendment to the Resolution on the subject, revealed strong feelings:

I challenge any man to say that I do not stand here with clean hands, as perfectly unimpeachable as any man in this room. I call upon you if you believe bribery to be a good, honourable, and useful weapon of political warfare, to say so; but if you believe it to be, as I do, a vile, an atrocious, and an infernal thing—for no other word can express it—to let this enquiry go on. Let men see that there is a law for all, and that if any other case were brought before this Council as this case has been, it should be thoroughly investigated, no matter from what party it came.

He pleaded for a full investigation, so that the accused, no matter whether of high station or low might “stand at the bar of their country, so that, if innocent, they may take their places again in our midst, free from taint or suspicion,” or “if guilty they may receive the punishment they have incurred.”

He called on his Fellow Councillors “as you value English freedom, as you would have the esteem of a good conscience, as you would secure the permanent and lasting peace and welfare of this City, to do your duty manfully and honestly.”

Though foiled in the Council Chamber, there were citizens ready to guarantee a fund to sustain a further prosecution, and a Committee, of which my Father was Chairman, was appointed to take the management of the case. They petitioned the Government through the Home Secretary, hoping the case might be taken up by the Attorney-General, or that a Commission might be appointed to inquire generally into the corruption at Norwich Elections, both Parliamentary and Municipal. This attempt, however, failed, and technical difficulties in the way of a prosecution under the state of the law at that time, obliged them to give up the matter. The Report of the Committee, signed by my Father, April 19th, 1860, stated that:

Your Committee regret that they have not been more successful in their endeavours to secure the ends of justice; but at the same time they feel convinced that what they have already done has been useful in checking the bribery which has so long disgraced this City. The formation of a guarantee fund, which would suffice for further legal proceedings, if found advisable, has shown that there is a determination amongst an influential body of citizens not to allow any compromise with a view of screening the offenders. . . .

A useful lesson has been taught, and one which will not readily be forgotten, and it is earnestly hoped that none will be henceforth foolish, or criminal, enough to disgrace this City by any systematic act of bribery. Should such an attempt be made, by whomsoever or whatsoever party, your Committee trust that men of all shades of politics will be prepared to join them in a prosecution. They would, however, express a confident hope that the days of bribery in Norwich are past. They trust that the recent Parliamentary Election may be taken as an earnest of the future, and that none will again attempt to bring down upon our City the curse which has for so many years rested upon it.

The "recent Parliamentary Election," here alluded to, was the one which took place in 1860. It has already been stated that the two Liberals, Lord Bury and Mr. Schneider, were unseated the previous year on petition. The subsequent election of Lord Bury, after being made Comptroller of the Household, was also declared void by the Committee of the House of Commons, early in 1860, and the Writ for another election to fill the two vacancies was agreed to by the House on March 23rd, 1860. The Liberal Candidates were Sir William Russell and Mr. Edward Warner, and the Conservative ones, Mr. W. D. Lewis, Q.C., and Mr. W. Forlonge. My Father, in conjunction with Mr. Joseph Massingham and Mr. Frederic Pigg, issued a circular about the state of corruption soon after the Writ had been issued, in which they said:

The discussion in the House of Commons on Friday, upon the question of issuing the Writ for this City, cannot be perused by any right-minded citizen of Norwich without a feeling of shame.

Surely the religious men among the Electors ought to endeavour to remove the disgrace which lies upon us. With a view to an energetic effort in this direction, you are urgently requested to attend a private meeting to-morrow.

The Election was held on March 29th, and the two Liberals were returned by a substantial majority.

After this, Norwich had a respite for five years. The next contest was the General Election of 1865. The two Liberal Members, for whom my Father worked during the contest, again sought election. Their Conservative opponents were two strangers to the City. Considerable local excitement was brought into the fray by certain charges against one of the latter, charges which, it was alleged, had obliged him to retire from the Reform Club, of which he had been a member. The Conservatives challenged investigation; hurried visits to London were arranged; the Liberals proved their points, and many of the Conservatives withdrew their support. He determined to go to the Poll, however, but the result of the Election was that both Liberals were returned.

Before Parliament met again Lord Palmerston was dead. He was succeeded by Lord Russell, who resigned in 1866, and Lord Derby came into office until February 1868, when his place was taken by Mr. Disraeli. But a defeat of the Government on Resolutions moved by Mr. Gladstone in favour of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, hastened on a Dissolution, and the General Election took place late that year. This Election, resulting in the return of the Liberals by a large majority, was of special importance. It was the first one since the passing of the second Reform Act in 1867. In Norwich this meant a rise in the electorate from about 5,600 to about 13,300.

My Father was in the thick of all the Norwich election worries, which centred round the choice of candidates in the Liberal interest. The chances of a split were great—the Whigs wishing to run both candidates, and the Radicals



claiming the right to nominate one of them. It was the first time that most of the working men—many of them advanced in their views, and keen admirers of Mr. J. H. Tillett—had had votes, and they naturally wished to have a say in the important question of candidates. My Father was identified with the Radical section, but was most anxious to avoid a split. He felt they ought to show "a firm, but very peaceable front," and do nothing which would lead the more excitable of the Whigs to "urge the others to a course they would not find it easy to recede from." He wished each section to choose its own nominee by "a free selection, but not dictation on either side," and then he hoped both candidates would run together.

He was mentioned, and that curiously enough by the Whig section, as a possible candidate, but this was altogether contrary to his wishes. A letter from his father-in-law, containing the remark, "Your name has been so long before the public with regard to the representation of Norwich," implies it was not the first time the suggestion had been made. But three considerations made him unhesitatingly disclaim any intention of coming forward.

First: His engagements, he said, made it almost impossible, so that only "sheer necessity, and the most imperative feeling of duty could induce" him to do so.

Second: He would not take any position which might seem to supersede Mr. Tillett, with whom, he said, "I have always acted in the closest confidence of friendship, and whose political principles are similar to my own."

Third: He did not wish to do anything which might seem like dictating to the electors, and prevent their free expression of opinion in the choice of a candidate.

Matters advanced a stage when Mr. Tillett was formally adopted as the Radical candidate at a meeting of working men. But the distrust of the Whigs, about the advanced opinions which he was credited with holding, was difficult to get over. It was small wonder that an uncle should



commiserate with my Father on his "peck of political troubles." The stormy atmosphere, however, cleared in time. A meeting of middle class electors confirmed the choice of Mr. Tillett, and finally, at a large meeting held in St. Andrew's Hall, both candidates were adopted—Sir William Russell as the nominee of the Whigs, and Mr. Tillett of the Radicals.

The nomination took place on November 16th, 1868, my Father nominating Mr. Tillett. Sir Henry J. Stracey, Bart., was the Conservative candidate.

One of the souvenirs of that Election, preserved by my Father, was a flint—a stone of considerable size—thrown at a meeting at the Lamb Inn in the Fourth Ward. A number of roughs, at a given signal, had left the room, and as soon as he proceeded to take the Chair, they threw several large stones violently through the windows, injuring one man, and smashing a mirror on the other side of the room.

The Election placed the Conservative at the top of the poll, with Sir William Russell as his colleague.

Sir H. J. Stracey (Con.)	4,521
Sir William Russell (Lib.)	4,509
Mr. J. H. Tillett (Lib.)	4,364

The aftermath to that Election was a Petition, followed by a Royal Commission.

Under the new Act of 1868, Election Petitions were tried by Judges, and Norwich was one of the early cases tried in this way. The Petition was against the return of Sir Henry Stracey, on the ground of the number of "bribed, treated, and unduly influenced votes," and was tried before Baron Martin at the Shirehall, in January 1869. The Judge did not hesitate to give a strong warning to all political parties in Norwich:

There are several matters that have occurred that I do hope the respectable people in Norwich, on both sides, will take into their consideration before there is another Election—if, indeed, there

ever be another Election in Norwich—that they will endeavour to stop such proceedings, which are not merely a disgrace to Norwich, but a disgrace to the whole kingdom. . . . At the middle of the day of polling, Sir William Russell and Mr. Tillett, the Liberal Candidates, had a considerable majority, and there is no reason to believe that up to this time any corrupt vote had been given on either side; but from thence until the close of the poll I believe that bribery was extensively committed in order to procure the Election of Sir Henry Josias Stracey. So far as the evidence went, the voters who were bribed were of one class, viz., workmen, or labourers for daily wages. These people did not go to work that day, but collected in considerable numbers in and about public houses and beershops, and there waited to be bribed. . . . A number of these voters went to the poll in a gross state of drunkenness, some of them so drunk as not to know for whom they came to vote; and I have no doubt that a very considerable number of bribed voters gave their votes between 2 and 4 o'clock on the day of polling.

This was clearly not a report for Norwich to be proud of, but inasmuch as the Judge further reported that from various causes he was unable to state the number of bribed voters, or who the bribers were (with one or two exceptions), or what amount of money was spent in bribery, or the source from which it came, there remained obviously a good deal to be cleared up.

The Judge, while exonerating Sir Henry Stracey from personal knowledge of it, reported that, as bribery on his behalf had been proved, he was not duly elected; and further reported that there was reason to believe that corrupt practices "extensively prevailed" at the Election. The Attorney-General consequently brought in a Motion in the House of Commons, praying Her Majesty to issue a Commission to inquire into the existence of Corrupt Practices at Norwich. My Father was keenly anxious this should be well supported. The Motion was carried, and the Royal Commission began its sittings in the Autumn of 1869. The Commissioners were Mr. G. M. Dowdeswell, Q.C., Mr. Horatio Mansfield, and Mr. R. J. Biron. They

sat for thirty-three days, and examined about fifteen hundred witnesses.

My Father was one of those called into the witness box, and, as a large employer of labour, was closely examined as to any undue influence he might have exercised over his workpeople.

His evidence on the point may be of interest :

*A.* . . . we employ about 1,100 hands, including boys and a few women. . . .

*Q.* You are a strong supporter of Mr. Tillett, are you not?—*A.* Yes, I took an active interest in his candidature.

*Q.* Did you in any way canvass your workmen?—*A.* No, not in the slightest. I did not canvass them as workmen. I canvassed for all the parishes and the district in which they resided, but I did not canvass them as workmen on my premises.

*Q.* Did you abstain from doing so altogether?—*A.* I abstained from doing so altogether.

*Q.* Did a large number of your men vote for Mr. Tillett?—*A.* I have no doubt that they did.

*Q.* Did any of them vote for Sir Henry Stracey?—*A.* I have no doubt that some of them did.

*Q.* Have you never taken the trouble to ascertain?—*A.* I have carefully abstained from looking into the poll book to see.

This, it must be remembered, was before the Ballot Act, when it would have been easy enough to ascertain. My Father, however, was keenly anxious that his Workmen—so many of them newly enfranchised—should always feel perfectly free to follow their own convictions. He made this abundantly clear at a meeting before the Election, held at the Carrow Schoolroom:

People outside say, "There are so many votes at Carrow." Well, if there are votes at Carrow I hope they are conscientious votes: if they are not conscientious votes I hope they will not be given. I give to every man in my employ the same freedom which I claim myself, the freedom to exercise his political rights according to his conscientious convictions.

The Commissioners, after referring to the reluctance

shown by several witnesses to speak the truth, and mentioning cases of deliberate perjury, reported as follows:

The evidence taken by us shows that for a long time past there has been a considerable number of voters in Norwich open to corruption; and the tradition is still cherished of the high prices which were given for votes at former Elections. The greater proportion of the voters added to the register by the Statute of 1867 consisted of the poorer class; and the facts disclosed before us show that at the last Election there was a very large number of voters open to be bribed or influenced by corrupt practices.

The number of those "open to be bribed or influenced by corrupt practices" was, of course, a very uncertain quantity, and exact figures were, on the face of it, out of the question. One experienced electioneering agent placed the number at 1,500, or about an eighth of the electorate. The Commissioners seemed to have thought "the real number very considerably exceeded this." Others thought the reverse. A certain number of persons were proved to have given or accepted bribes, but at the same time the Commissioners did not consider that corrupt practices had "extensively prevailed" at the previous Election, nor at those of 1865 or 1860. Had they done so, it is more than likely Norwich would have been made notorious, as Great Yarmouth already was, by being disfranchised. No Writ was issued until an Act was passed disfranchising the Scheduled Voters guilty of bribery, so the Writ for another Election to fill the vacant place was not received until early in July, 1870.

Once again there was a difference of opinion between the Whigs and the Radicals as to who should contest the vacant seat. My Father supported Mr. Tillett, believing he had a right to stand again if he wished, especially as the Whig section was already represented by the sitting Member, Sir William Russell. The Whigs put forward Mr. Warner once again, but he ultimately withdrew in favour of Mr. Tillett. The place of Sir Henry Stracey, now dis-

qualified from standing, was taken by Mr. J. W. Huddleston—afterwards Baron Huddleston.

Under all the circumstances, the Election was not likely to be the best tempered one imaginable. My Father, in giving evidence before the Election Commissioners in 1875, said, in reference to the use of outriders, six of whom had been used by the Liberals during this 1870 Election, that he thought they were necessary then to protect Mr. Tillett from the roughs. There was a rumour that the carriage would be upset in the Market Place, and he thought no doubt an attempt was made. He added that eggs and flour were thrown at them, and "the scene at that moment was very disorderly."

Before the Election, a special Friday Service was held in the Cathedral, at which the Dean of Norwich (The Very Rev. E. M. Goulburn, D.D.), preached a sermon on "The Moral Atmosphere of a Contested Election," the congregation joining, not inappropriately, one feels, in the hymn, "The World is very evil." The Dean warned the citizens against the evils of bribery, defamation, libel, intemperance, perjury, and the "mother sin of all"—party spirit. It is obvious the times were felt to be seriously out of joint, and that the sober-minded citizens realized how much needed to be done to purify the public life of the City.

The Election took place on July 12th, 1870, with the following result.

Mr. J. H. Tillett (Lib.)	4,236
Mr. J. W. Huddleston (Con.)	3,874

There were naturally great rejoicings on the part of the Liberals. "We have won (under the circumstances) a *great* victory," was my Father's comment. A procession took place after the Declaration of the Poll, with banners, which informed the citizens that "Norwich is Redeemed." The rejoicings were, however, short-lived. A Petition was presented against the return of Mr. Tillett, and tried before

Mr. Justice Keating. It was proved that one of Sir William Russell's agents had committed an act of bribery in the 1868 Election. The Judge held that, as a coalition had already taken place between him and Mr. Tillett, the latter was in point of law responsible, and consequently was disqualified from standing again in 1870. In giving his judgment, the Judge expressed the belief that Mr. Tillett had been anxious "to conduct all Election matters in which he was engaged with the utmost purity, and free from anything approaching to illegality or bribery," and added, "I feel very great regret not only at the consequences to Mr. Tillett, whose intentions were so honourable and pure, but also that the decision has more results—the effect of giving a sort of triumph to that abominable system which has sullied the reputation of this city," which, he said further, would ultimately disfranchise it, if the conduct of the Elections were not taken out of the hands of some of the men who had been mixed up in them.

My Mother's comment, in a letter to my Father, was:

I have not the heart to write more than a line, for I am dreadfully distressed at Mr. Tillett's defeat. Still it is a moral victory, as the Judge declares him and his friends to be *pure*. He bears up wonderfully.

Mr. Tillett being disqualified from standing, my Father was immediately asked to contest the vacancy. Had he followed his personal inclinations, it is abundantly clear that he would have declined the honour.

What with the necessity of attending to my business here, and our wretched Great Eastern trains, [he wrote to the Liberal Whip,] few will find more difficulty in attending the House than I shall.

Before deciding, he sought the advice of one or two friends already in the House of Commons. To Mr. Edward Miall he wrote:

Will you give me a little advice, looking at the matter privately as well as publicly? I am pressed, as you may see, to take Tillett's

seat, and should have a very easy fight. But that is only the beginning of the trouble. . . .

Now, as to going and spending the Session in London, and sitting up night after night, I could no more do it than I could fly. Another thing which frightens me is the Committees on nobody knows what, nor for how long. Is it compulsory to serve on them, and if so, what time do they usually take?

If it were a question of being in London for testing divisions, it would be another matter, and I could generally manage to be up for a little time [? every week], though not always with comfort.

It is altogether a question of private or public claims, and I wish some good Fairy would come and decide them for me. . . . If this were the last Session of the Parliament, I would not hesitate, for I could stand a few months knocking about and then retire, but I do, and must, hesitate when the next dissolution may be postponed.

To his friend, Henry Winterbotham, whose acquaintance he had made through his brother-in-law, Herbert Cozens-Hardy, and whose death in Rome, two years later, cut short a most promising Parliamentary career, he wrote in a similar strain. Mr. Winterbotham, giving all the pros and cons, and not minimizing the amount of work, added in his reply:

Don't think I am dissuading you from coming. It is a noble career for any man who cares for something else than rank or wealth or ease. You may make it a really grand thing, but then you must work at it.

Before this reply arrived, however, my Father had virtually decided to say "No." In view of a meeting to be held the same evening, he wrote on January 16th:

I have thought the matter over very carefully, wishing to reconcile public claims with private ones, but I am forced to the conclusion that I shall be compelled to decline the invitation.

But strong pressure was put on him. It was urged that his candidature would unite both sections of the Liberal party, and in the end he gave way.

I have, however, been so strongly urged to this by the Liberal



Party generally, [he wrote afterwards,] and also by a considerable number of the working men of this City, that I have yielded to what I believe to be the call of duty.

In a letter to Mr. John Youngs, dated January 19th, 1871, announcing his decision, he wrote:

I am sure I need hardly say to you that the honour is not one which I have sought, for it involves considerable labour, and interferes with domestic comfort, nor are the necessary claims of my business and family such as I can put aside or neglect. But at the same time I feel that, as the Liberal Party of Norwich think that it is of importance to the cause that I should come forward at the present crisis, I do not feel myself at liberty to decline. In the event of my election, you will, I feel confident, not expect me to give that close attention to Parliamentary work which any one with perfect leisure would be able to do. That, however, is for the Electors to consider, and on my part I can only promise to attend to the duties as far as my health and strength, with other claims upon my time, will permit.

One reason had weighed a good deal with my Father. The Franco-German war was still going on. Paris was at the moment besieged by the Prussian Army, for the city did not capitulate until the end of January. European complications had arisen during the war, in which it seemed at one time that England might be involved. And, on the other side of the Atlantic, pressure was still being put on the English Government in regard to the Alabama Claims, and until the account for that was agreed to there was always the possibility of a call to arms. With wars and rumours of wars about, he felt it most important to retain at the head of the English Government a man like Mr. Gladstone, who would not fan the flame of international hatred.

This sad war, [he wrote,] seems to have split up Mr. Gladstone's supporters a good deal, and I should have been much annoyed if, by my refusing to stand, a Tory had got in. . . .

About the same time he wrote:



I am fairly staggered at the war spirit one often sees in men and papers.

My Father was prepared to give Mr. Gladstone a "cordial and hearty support," though not a slavish one, should any important question arise on which he differed from him. He described himself as "an independent supporter of Her Majesty's Government." He came forward "not as the candidate of a section, but taking the broad ground that all sections and creeds of the Liberal Party may unite, and thus succeed," and he went into Parliament untrammelled by pledges. He laid down the rule at the beginning of his candidature—one to which he always adhered—that:

In view of the many questions coming up for decision, on which different sections of the Liberal Party hold different views, I must be free from any pledges, save the general one of hearty but independent support to the present Government.

My Father felt keenly both the honour and the responsibility of entering the House of Commons. Although he had "fought against the idea very strongly indeed," and much wished "the call had not come at the present time," yet, he confessed, "the highest position I should ever desire to fill, would be to represent my native City in Parliament." So closely did he identify himself with Norwich, that he applied the term "native" to it, although it was not his birthplace, and when one newspaper spoke of him as "Citizen J. J. Colman" at the time of his candidature, he responded:

I am not at all ashamed of the term "Citizen"! Notwithstanding all that has been done in Norwich, there is a good history attached to the old City, and a great deal of honour attached to her name.

Historic associations counted for much with him, and he liked to feel he was associated with a city which had a record stretching far into the past.

My Father did not lightly rush into his new duties. Believing that "a very high and sacred trust is devolved

upon a representative," in entering the House of Commons, "one of the greatest assemblies, if not the very greatest which has ever met in the world," he could not give his votes "lightly for the day," but with the feeling that "a decision given in that Assembly affects not merely the interests of individuals, but of this country, and our colonies," and "has an influence upon the whole civilized world," and may affect "our descendants for many generations to come."

It had seemed at one time during the contest that the Liberal vote would be split, as the Labour Representation League put forward a candidate, Mr. George Howell. My Father would gladly have stood aside if there had been any chance of returning a nominee of the Society, and wrote to one connected with it:

I am most anxious not to do anything to prevent the success of the principle your League is labouring to promote. Indeed, I have urged on several of our friends whether it would not be possible for me to stand aside, that Norwich might have the credit of being the first to return a working man to Parliament. I could not, however, convince them that this was practicable, considering the peculiar circumstances of the constituency, and I have therefore come forward in the hope of promoting the union of the Liberal Party in our City.

In the end, Mr. Howell withdrew, feeling, he wrote to my Father:

My hands and tongue would be tied in a contest with so good a Liberal, and one whose aid has been often given to movements with which I have been myself identified for many years past.

My Father always had a great respect for him, and was glad when the time came for the two rival candidates to meet as Members of the House of Commons. In later years, too, he welcomed him among the guests at his sea-side home at Corton, a visit of which Mr. Howell wrote afterwards to my Sister:

I, too, remember the delightful visit to Corton. I was at that

time very low in health and spirits. The "sad sea waves" helped to cure me of both. I am often in fancy roaming along the beautiful walks, gazing at the waves and sky. But then the welcome made it the paradise it was.

About a week before the polling day, the Conservative candidate was announced, Sir Charles Legard, a stranger to Norwich. My Father was not very well at the time, but he was of course expected to enter into the contest with zest. "Yours Respectfully a thorow going Liberal," for instance, wrote to say that:

A few warm supporters of the Liberal Cause in St. Benedict's street Beg you to do them the Honour of Driving through their street, as the sight of your radiant Countenance will give them great pleasure."

The nomination took place in the Guildhall on February 20th, 1871. One reads that it was "a universal din," and "so complete a bear garden was never before seen in such perfection,"—a description hardly surprising when one knows the size of the Court Room, which was nearly full of supporters of the rival candidates before the doors were opened to the public. "A ramping, roaring crowd" then rushed in, and most of the speaking was reduced to dumb show. My Father was nominated by Mr. Tillett, and seconded by Mr. Henry Birkbeck and Mr. O. Springfield. A show of hands was taken on behalf of the rival candidates. The Sheriff declared it to be in favour of the Liberal, whereupon the usual form was gone through of demanding a poll on behalf of the other candidate. The Election took place the following day. The state of the poll was declared from hour to hour. At 9 o'clock my Father's majority was 282, by 12 o'clock 1,000, and at 4 o'clock, when the poll closed, as it did in those days, it was over 1,200. Dense crowds were in the Market Place. The figures were:

J. J. Colman, (Lib.)	4,637
Sir Charles Legard, (Con.)	3,389

It was not my Father's habit to get unduly elated at his successes, or at least if he did he never showed it, but a candid relation begged him to remember that "it is much more difficult to bear *success* well than *defeat*." At the formal Declaration of the Poll, in expressing his thanks for the good temper displayed, he said:

I have ridden about the City during several contests, but I may say that I have never seen an Election conducted with more good temper and forbearance than on this occasion. On only one occasion did I see any fisticuffs.

There was, of course, much jubilation on the part of the Liberals. "Hurrah for the Blues and Whites" was freely played by the band, and a great procession, organized by working men, paraded the streets, though this was against the new Member's wishes, and he took no part in it. His abstention was not, he explained in an Address of Thanks to the electors, from any "feeling of depreciation of our victory, or ingratitude to you who have worked so zealously for our success. I have simply had a desire to allay, as quickly as possible, the feelings of excitement and political animosity which have so long prevailed." He ended with the hope "that we enter on a new, brighter, and more tranquil political future for our old City."

The Election has an historic interest. It was the last one held in Norwich before the Ballot Act came into force. With that Act there passed away, not only the publicity of voting, but the public nominations, and the declaration of the state of the poll from hour to hour—fruitful incentives to bribery. These changes, ushering in a new order of things, were welcomed by no one more than by my Father.

His political life now entered upon a new phase. He had, it is true, been closely connected with the political life of Norwich in the past, and in touch, too, with that of the county. But henceforth, for a period of twenty-four years, without a break, he was to be in personal touch with the House of Commons as one of the Members for Norwich.





*Frederick James Coleman  
and his wife Coleman*



*Three Children  
in 1890*

## CHAPTER XV

### PERSONAL AND FAMILY EVENTS

1856—1873: AGED 26—43

**W**HILE my Father's time was fully engaged with business, public and other outside interests, my Mother too found her hands getting increasingly full. The claims of the Carrow Workpeople and their families, a claim she never ceased to recognize when assistance or guidance was needed in times of difficulty or distress, has been alluded to already. But her home claims were increasing too. Her husband's sister, with the thought of those years in her mind, says she thinks of my Mother as one who got through a great amount of work, and yet had the happy knack of never appearing in a hurry. Her six children—two sons and four daughters—the eldest born in 1859, and the youngest in 1869, occupied much of her time and thoughts. Thus she wrote to her brother Herbert, when there were five little ones to be cared for:

I feel my home duties very onerous now. L. is growing to an age which is very *impressionable* for good or evil, and when habits are formed that may prove ineradicable. R. and E. are still in their *play* time—they are full of life and high spirits—and they require much tact to direct their energy into harmless channels. H. is just beginning to think herself old enough to climb on chairs, or try to get up or downstairs, at the imminent risk of bruised, if not broken, limbs. The other day she was discovered on a narrow ledge looking out of a window at the top of the staircase, where, if she had fallen backward she might have injured her spine, and if she had over-balanced herself and fallen out she must have been dashed to pieces! I need not tell you that I had bars put upon this window







forthwith. Then there is "the Baby," who is master of all the household, of course, and he must have incessant watching, and cannot be left even when asleep. So do you not think that I am likely to be full of occupation for some years to come, with five little trots to manage! Seriously I feel the heavy responsibility which rests upon a Mother, and I do not think anything can justify her in handing over her little ones entirely to paid assistants.

If the care was heavy, her delight in it was great. Even from Letheringsett, "the old and ever dear home," as she described it in later years, she wrote to her husband, when staying there in 1869:

I feel as if I had nothing to do but to be idle! as I have neither you nor any of the children with me, except Laura, who does not want "looking after." It is all very well for a short time, but I shall soon long to be back to home duties, with their never-ending delights.

Any record of the home life would be incomplete without a mention of my Mother's friend, Miss Lucy Clarkson, "a most kind fellow-worker in domestic and maternal duties," as she described her. She was an inmate of the home for many years, helping my Mother in numerous ways, until the eldest daughter was able to take her place. With the children she helped to care for she has left a memory of never failing and devoted kindness.

The autumn of 1863 was shadowed to my Father and Mother by the alarming illness of their little son, then just two years old. He had never really recovered from illness caught in the summer in the Isle of Wight, and, when at Letheringsett, an attack of congestion of the lungs came on. The illness developed alarmingly. There seemed "only the faintest possible hope of his rallying," and the rally that did come was followed by a second relapse. His grandmother was summoned from Norwich just on the chance of seeing him alive once more. "If he be spared after this it will be almost past belief," wrote my Father, the child not being expected to live through the day.

I have had little night rest for the last week, [my Mother wrote, when their anxiety was at the highest,] and can hardly bear to snatch an hour or two even in the day, but I keep up at present and am too anxious to suffer from feeling sleepy. Mr. Fox's<sup>1</sup> kindness is indescribable. He sits up for hours each night, and watches the child with intense care.

My Father's words to his mother were:

These are indeed times to make one feel how dependent we are on God's help and power. If the dear child be taken, may we have strength to bear it, but if spared, grace always to remember the mercy which has rescued him from the utmost peril.

Happily the devoted nursing of my Mother, and the unremitting care of the doctors, were at last rewarded by recovery. But the memory of those anxious days of watching never left my Father and Mother, and the serious illness of any child they knew of was enough to bring it all back to their minds. He was already a subscriber to the Jenny Lind Infirmary in Norwich, but she now became a Life Governor of this Children's Hospital in gratitude for her child's recovery.

It was strange that they had to pass through a similar period of anxiety, only of shorter duration, in regard to their younger son, when he was just about the same age. Returning to Corton from Lowestoft, where they had been spending the evening with my Grandmother, they found the child suffering from a sudden and acute attack of croup. The account given by my Mother throws incidentally some light on my Father's character. In a letter to her mother she wrote:

Jeremiah never loses his presence of mind in an emergency, and he was able to hit upon the right thing to be done in every particular, and was like a nurse, carrying up hot water for the bath, etc., etc. I should not have known how to steam the room, but he remembered the pipe belonging to the fire-engine, and that fixed on the kettle-spout did beautifully.

<sup>1</sup> A doctor from Norwich.

Fortunately the attack, though accompanied by "considerable danger," passed off quickly, but the alarming suddenness of it—they having left the child seemingly in perfect health only two or three hours earlier—made an impression on them they could never forget.

My Mother was too devotedly attached to her children not to have many anxious moments about them. Thus, for instance, her eldest boy's propensity for climbing anything and everything, if a source of unmixed delight to himself, was not without its anxiety to her. Descent by means of a roof only added zest to the pleasure of getting out, so he was never daunted if the hour was so early that ordinary means of exit were closed:

I went at 6.30 (a.m.), [she records in one letter to my Father in 1871,] to stop Russell from going out, but the bird was flown! However I had him summoned in, as it was very cold, and a kind of snowy sleet was falling.

One of the things for which their children were most grateful during play hours was a beach made for them in the garden of Carrow House. The idea, since adopted even by municipalities, of bringing a few trucks of sea-sand to inland gardens was novel then. But to children living (happily for them) before the days of over elaborated mechanical toys, it meant bliss. An old apple tree in the centre, spades, pails, a few drain pipes, and water was all that was needed to complete the happiness, and provide a never-ending source of entertainment.

When any punishment was administered—and this was never of a drastic kind—it doubtless cost my Father and Mother more distress than their children. Thus she wrote to him in reference to their little son's pranks when he was aged three:

R. has again been turning the gas out, so I was obliged to carry the threat into execution, and send him to bed, and tell him he is not to come into the Library to-morrow. I expect you will not

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be sorry that it happens when you are not at home. I shall miss his dear little face many a time during the day, but such dangerous sport must be stopped.

My Father liked to have his children near him when he was at home. At the same time his anxious nature made him rather chary of having the sole responsibility of keeping a little tribe of youngsters out of mischief. His sister well remembers, when the children were tearing along the edge of the Esplanade Wall at Lowestoft, how he used to turn to her and say, "Now, Esther, remember *you* are responsible for them." In later years, warnings to his youngest daughter, then staying at her grandfather's, to keep near that part of the lake "where the water is not deep, and where if you *do* fall in you can easily get out again," and to remember that the dog there "does not know much of you, and may think such a little girl should not be too masterful with him," show that his anxiety was not easily brushed aside.

My Mother summed up her ideas on the up-bringing of children in a sentence to her brother only three years before her death:

I believe that parents do more harm by over-strictness than by over indulgence.

It was quite a trial to both Parents when school days first make a gap in the family circle. In a letter to her mother, in 1872, when the eldest boy first went as a weekly boarder to a school at Lowestoft, my Mother wrote:

Jeremiah was not here when Russell first went to School on the 18th, as he was obliged to be in Norwich, so to-day was the first leave-taking in a certain sense for him. It has been a great trial to him, as it seems like the first break in our family circle. He broke down thoroughly at saying goodbye to Russell, and has had a headache all day.

In a letter to my Father, when the time of departure drew near, she had written:

I have been busy all day, doing finishing strokes to Russell's things. . . . It is a sorrowful day to me, and the weather seems to sympathize, for it is dreary and rainy.

And the following day she wrote again :

I am so glad you wrote such a nice letter to Russell. Of course it brought tears to his eyes, and many more to mine, but with that exception he has been as merry as a cricket all day. I first heard him about 7 in the morning, singing "We won't go home till morning," and I could not but draw a contrast between his spirits and mine. Well it is a blessing that children do not meet troubles half way—they encounter them soon enough if they live to grow up. Russell's temperament is particularly "sunny," and I hope it may always prove a blessing to him, and never become a snare.

Although anticipating somewhat, it may not be out of place here to allude to my Father's views on education, as carried out in the case of his own children. His daughters were each sent for four years to the school at Laleham, Clapham Park, then carried on by Miss Pipe, and when the eldest one wished this to be followed by a time at Newnham College, Cambridge, her wishes were warmly seconded by her parents. Both sons were sent to a private Boarding School, Mr. West's, at Amersham Hall, near Reading. With regard to the elder my Father wrote to the Head Master :

So far as his future life is concerned I presume it will be mercantile, at all events that is what I should desire, and that he should in due time take his place in my firm. For this purpose a knowledge of arithmetic is essential, and the power of writing a good business letter. Chemistry is desirable, and the modern languages also.

In 1877 he was sent with a Tutor to study in Lausanne, and three years later to Carlsruhe, and afterwards to Cassel. In 1885 he went, in company with two friends, J. A. Harmer and J. R. Roberts, for an eleven months' tour round the world, my Father feeling that such a trip would mean an

experience and enlargement of views which would be invaluable to him, and of great use in his business life.

The same chance was given, some years later, to his younger son, Alan, but he had too little love for the sea to face a lengthy voyage. He also had been sent to Lausanne with a Tutor, going there first in 1883. It is clear, from one of Alan's letters in reply, that during the two years of absence abroad my Father followed his development with anxious solicitude, writing to him words of encouragement and advice, and wishing him to feel that in any time of difficulty he could always turn to his father and mother for ready sympathy and help. The three years between 1885 and 1888 were spent by him at Trinity College, Cambridge, where my Brother followed his natural bent—revealed even in childhood's days by his passion for playing with locks and keys—and went in for mechanics, studying at the workshops established there by his future brother-in-law, Professor Stuart. It was entirely in accord with my Father's views, as well as his son's own wishes, that he went from Cambridge to the Great Eastern Railway Works at Stratford, where his mechanical bent of mind found congenial surroundings. My Father doubtless felt, with a view to his future business life, that it would be eminently desirable for all concerned that he should be able to face the problems of the day from the point of view of an employee, as well as from those of an employer. Anxious to know how the experiment was succeeding, he went to investigate, and reported to my Mother :

I have utilized the day pleasantly and profitably by going down to Stratford to see Alan, and getting him up to dinner to-night. I was glad to take a walk round the Works, and see what has been going on, and the sort of work Alan has to do, and have no doubt it has been a very good thing for him. I had a short talk with one of the Foremen, who gave Alan a very good character for sticking to his work.

My Brother entered into the work thoroughly. The



grimy state in which he sometimes appeared without warning at Carrow House, having come down for a trial trip on an engine, showed that he did not shirk the practical part of engineering. Indeed he loved it. "This sheet is somewhat soiled," he facetiously explained to one correspondent, "as my weekly wash does not come off till to-morrow at noon." No doubt his son's delight in locomotives made my Father feel a special sympathy with engine-drivers.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the manner in which they carry out their duties, [he said in one of his speeches]. They have a great responsibility upon their shoulders, and there is no man in England who can fail to appreciate their services.

My Father was very constantly on the railway by force of circumstances. In his busy life he liked, too, at times to have breathing spaces by travels to foreign parts. Though he only once went beyond Europe, he not infrequently sought the much-needed relaxation by short trips on the Continent.

In June, 1863, he went for a trip to Switzerland, in company with Mr. Ebenezer West, Mr. Alfred West, and Mr. John E. Foster. The party was unfortunately broken up by the enforced return of Mr. West and his son, but my Father "thoroughly enjoyed the thorough change and rest, feeling the better for it already," when he had only got as far as Zürich. It was his first visit to Switzerland. Everything was fresh and interesting, and his letters to my Mother show that things did not easily escape his notice. He reached Zürich, "having managed to get in three baths during the 24 hours—once in the Rhine water at Bâle, the next in the tepid sulphurous waters of Baden, and once in the lake of Zürich." He "liked the appearance of the Swiss people far better than the French," and specially noticed their "honesty of look and cheerfulness," and the way in which "everybody seems to be at work with something of a useful sort, but some of the women who have



been in the fields all their lives have a mahogany look, as if they had roughed it." That which interested him most at Zürich was "the School—which here belongs to, and is controlled by, Government." (This was seven years before Board Schools were established in England.)

The building is a fine and handsome one. There are about 60 children belonging (at least those we saw) to the Middle Class. We went into three of the girls' rooms, which were well conducted—in one room about 50 were singing and doing it *well*, too. They kept splendid time and did not drop at all—which is more than the Letheringsett or Norwich choirs could say without an instrument.

On Sunday at Zürich he went to the English church where he heard "an unpretentious but thoroughly Evangelical sermon, as indeed we must have had from the text the good man took, 'For God so loved the world,' etc." He noticed "the Sunday is somewhat different to, and better, than Paris—in that the shops are not open in the same way, and you don't see everybody, *i.e.*, men, women and children off to the theatre, gardens or circus," though he "cannot say much, however, for the men or the soldiers—the latter (who I believe in fair numbers attend Church) adjourn as soon as that is over to the restaurants and café to smoke and play cards or dominoes." At Schaffhausen he saw the Falls of the Rhine, "incomparably the finest thing" he had yet seen in Switzerland, but, though impressed with their grandeur, he cannot forget that "even the Rhine is not master," for it has been spanned by a bridge, and boats cross and re-cross it within a hundred yards of the falls. He went on to Lucerne, where, having awoken at about 4 in the morning, he opened the shutters and "watched the light of the sun gradually catching the mountains, many covered with snow." The world-famous "Memorial to 300 or 400 Swiss Guards who were murdered in Paris by the revolutionary mob in 1792," he described as "a magnificent gigantic lion, hewn out of the solid rock.

and a grand piece of sculpture." From thence he went to Altdorf, which "derives its chief interest from its being the home of William Tell," and he thinks "if the story told about him be not true, it ought to be, for a brave man living oppressed in such a land should be inspired to heroic deeds."

A wonderful thunderstorm with peculiar coloured lightning, the electric bells in hotels, the custom of hanging out the feather-beds and clothes from the windows, "no doubt very wholesome, but it looks quaint," the costume of the women, "peculiar but picturesque," the botanical interest of the country, the absence of many familiar birds, and a German Service where the sermon was preached by an "old man with a great lace ruffle just as Queen Elizabeth is always drawn in," and where the tourists "made a hole in our manners by going in at the women's door, the men and women sitting on different sides,"—these were amongst the things that came in for their share of attention.

At Lausanne my Father joined his mother, sister, and Miss Harriet Copeman, going thence over the Tête Noir Pass to Chamounix, where he got his first view of glaciers—"alike curious, wonderful and beautiful." From Martigny he had gone with his sister to spend a night at the Great St. Bernard Hospice, where he records:

We were entertained not sumptuously but hospitably, one of the Monks or Brethren being in the room, and being, I must say, a most pleasant and gentlemanly man. We went to bed at 9.30, and at 4.30 this morning the Bell rang for matins, which began at 5, and some service was still going on when we left at 7.30. . . . With all the detestation of Popery, one cannot but admire these men who devote themselves thus to what they deem a duty. The place itself is certainly not inviting -much more desolate than I expected, and it was striking, as we ascended, to notice the way in which vegetable life altered. . . . In winter time water freezes in the bedrooms in  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour.

Roman Catholicism never attracted my Father, nay,

rather repelled him, but, staunch Protestant though he was, the sight of those Brethren of the Great St. Bernard strangely moved him. Perhaps it was because their lives were so wide apart and differing from his own—the one spent amongst the silent solitudes of the mountains, and the other amongst the busy haunts of men—but certain it is he often referred to this visit. Many years later he listened with the keenest interest to a description given at Aix-les-Bains by the Dean of Gloucester, Dr. Spence, of the solemn, silent, midnight service at the Grande Chartreuse Monastery, recalling, as he said, this visit, nearly thirty years earlier, to the Monastery on the Great St. Bernard.

Through all his wanderings, my Father looked forward to “union at home” at the end. He reached Carrow, bringing “a young companion in the shape of a St. Bernard puppy from the Hospice,” where he rejoined my Mother, who, with her three children and two sisters, had been spending the time in the Isle of Wight. Her trip had been less successful than his, for illness caught there by the children, and the recollection of a risky boating experience off the Needles, which sickened her for ever after of going on the sea, did much to detract from the delights of the place.

The following summer, 1864, my Father and Mother, accompanied by her sisters, Cecilia and Agnes, went for a trip to Scotland. The route included Edinburgh, Dunkeld, Blair Athol, Kenmore, Lochearnhead, the Trossachs, Inverary, Loch Awe, and Oban, and was reported by my Father to have been “a very pleasant one, notwithstanding the drawback of frequent bad weather.”

Their children were left in charge of his mother. Visits to her still remain happy memories, much enhanced by the spoilings meted out to them by one inmate of the house, Marie Blatti, a Swiss, who for many years, until the close of my Grandmother's life, cared for her with unfailing and devoted attention.

My Mother, who always looked upon the return journey as the best part of a tour, especially when her children were left behind, wrote to her mother-in-law, "I expect I shall enjoy *home* all the more after being at Hotels for a fortnight." The children were much in their Father's thoughts too. The following letter was one written to them during his absence.

Tarbet Hotel,  
Loch Lomond.  
24th June, 1864.

My dear little Laura and Russell,

As I promised to write you a note whilst I was away from home, I now send one which you must get Grandmamma or Aunt Esther to read.

I do not think you would like the weather in Scotland so well as Lowestoft, as it so very often rains and would keep you indoors. To-day we were to have gone up a high hill or mountain, but it is raining so fast we are obliged to keep in, and is so cold we are very glad to have a fire to sit by. This is a very pretty country, but there are a great many very high hills, and such rough roads, that I do not think Hector or Tom would go over them, and even your new donkey would not like them. There is no beach either where you could dig—at least not where we have been to. One day when you both grow older, I dare say you would like to come and see Scotland, or some other country like it, and I can tell you we shall like to have you with us, too.

The poor little boys and girls who run about in the wet hardly ever have any shoes or stockings on, but they do not seem to mind it, and run quite as quickly over the hard road and stones as you would on the beach or in the garden.

I am glad to find you are both quite well, and Ethel too. You may tell her, as she is a good little girl, she shall come down to prayers when we get home. I hope you are always good, and not much trouble to your Grandmamma, or Aunt, or Nurse. And now I dare say my note is long enough, so with my love and a kiss,

I remain

Your affectionate Father  
J. J. Colman.

In June 1867, my Father and Mother went for another





*The Gijffe Carton*

the hotel accompanied by her same sisters. The route indicated Paris where my Father's Firm was exhibiting the Exhibition. Neuchâtel, Interlaken, and Lucerne. It was a great wrench for my Mother to leave her children especially the five months old baby. She used to recall the delight as she neared Lowestoft on her return journey when the train drew up at the ticket-collecting platform and her eldest boy was unexpectedly handed into the carriage by James Uthing—one whose service in my Father's family extended over more than half-a-century, until closed by death in 1934. His extreme sociability, once summed up in his view of life, "I'd rather have a good old row than not be spoke to," had been amply sufficient to overcome the scruples of any ticket-collector who might think such platforms were meant for officials only. His faithful service, it may be mentioned here, as much in the capacity of nurse as of groom, was one of their children's happiest memories, and his devotion to all that concerned their interests only terminated with life itself.

The summer of 1869 again saw my Father in Switzerland, this time in company with his brother-in-law, Sydney Cozens-Hardy. Leaving behind him Norwich electioneering worries, then crowding thick and fast, he revelled in the change. "You have no idea what a place Switzerland is for clearing all cobwebs off the brain," he wrote home to his father-in-law. They went to Neuchâtel, Thun, Griesbach (where my Father met his mother and sister), and thence to Zermatt.

In the same year, 1869, my Father obtained possession of a sea-side home at Corton, about two miles to the north of Lowestoft, which became a veritable haven of rest to my Father and Mother, and where they always spent some months every year. Before that time they used to go to Lowestoft, first to No. 8 Marine Parade, and afterwards to No. 20 The Esplanade—leaving his mother to keep on the former house. My Father's earliest recollections of the







village of Corton dated from boyhood, when he used to ride along the beach during visits at Gorleston, the doctor having advised this exercise for him.

The house at Corton—Cliff House, as it used to be called, until they re-named it The Clyffe—is placed quite on the edge of the cliff, and, being the most easterly house in England, has an extensive and uninterrupted view of the sea at a point where an unusually large number of vessels of all kinds pass and re-pass on the water highway. It was built in 1848 by Mr. Holland T. Birkett, who, curiously enough, at one time lived at Carrow House, but it had changed hands, and was now once again in the market. My Mother, who loved an extensive view—so much so that her son-in-law used to tell her she complained even of the horizon line—never forgot her delight when, on a brilliant day, she first saw the view from that spot. Both she and my Father fell in love with it, but disappointment followed, for the house was sold to another bidder. Fortunately, however, this buyer did not retain it more than a month or two. It is said his wife was found to have a delicacy of the lungs, and the doctors of those days, not having discovered the efficacy of the East Coast air, peremptorily forbade her to live there. Consequently, the place was quickly again for sale, and my Father bought it.

We do not come into possession until Sep. 10th, [my Mother wrote]. Some of our friends think we shall find the place very lonely, but I believe we shall luxuriate in the quiet—it seems to me to unite the advantages of a country and a sea-side house.

Time only proved the accuracy of her prophecy. "London at its best," my Father thought, "but a poor substitute for Corton." In later years he gradually acquired more property, both on the north and the south, so that the garden was considerably extended, and in 1874-5 he enlarged the house, a work carried out largely on the lines of my Mother's suggestions, she having inherited a taste

for architecture from her father. She always liked to do things thoroughly, and while the alterations were under discussion she had a little wooden model made, in order to tell more easily how they would look. She had the valued assistance of two of those employed at Carrow, namely, William Spurgeon and J. E. Doggett, who, as heads of the brick-laying and the carpentering parts of the work, threw themselves whole-heartedly into anything that concerned Corton. My Father leaned, too, on the advice of the former with reference to the sea defence works, unhappily essential on that coast. The subject is one now much under discussion, and my Father's views may be of interest :

My experience in fighting the sea teaches me that it is easier to prevent mischief by timely measures than to repair it later on.

And in writing to a correspondent in 1897, he said:

Like yourself, I am having "very considerable trouble" about the Beach opposite my residence at Corton—indeed I have been fighting Father Neptune more or less for twenty or thirty years, and find it a tough job. . . . I may say that I think on the whole my work has been well done, but where any spots have been left weak a rough sea has been sure to find them out.

The garden at Corton was an infinite source of interest both to my Father and Mother. Her special taste for landscape gardening found there full scope, much of the garden being laid out from a common. The mixture of the wild with the cultivated, all running along the edge of the sea, the gorse, heather and bracken retained in all their beauties with the more cultivated shrubs and flowers, formed an unusual combination, and they both delighted in disproving the fallacy that nothing will grow on the East Coast. Judicious planting was able to cope with much in the way of climate.

The restful beauty of Nature meant a great deal to both

my Father and Mother. Society life had little attraction for either of them. His description of a London "At Home" as "an awful cram, and I did not stay very long," of a Ball at Buckingham Palace as "a pretty sight, of course, in its way, but not one I should specially go out of my way for," and his guiding rule of being "the last to arrive, and the first to leave," seem to sum up my Father's views on Society functions. While my Mother's verdict on an Evening Party in London as "a great crush—much noise—and little pleasure," shows she echoed her husband's views.

"Certainly I was never intended for fashionable life," she once wrote to her mother, "for it is to me the dreariest thing possible." But on the other hand, while mere rank counted for nothing, my Father and Mother liked to entertain those with whom they had interests and sympathies in common, and were glad to welcome such to Corton. Writing in 1858 to her brother Herbert, in reference to a lady moving in so-called "high society," my Mother said :

I have no desire to form her acquaintance, as I have heard that she is very haughty and uncertain in her manner, and you know I have no attraction towards those who move in such a different line of life. If it had been an invitation from any of those who stand high in the Literary or Intellectual world, I should have deemed it an honour to sit at their feet and learn wisdom.

And again, ten years later, she wrote :

We go up to London in order to meet Dean Alford, possibly Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, George MacDonald, Mr. Binney, etc., etc., at dinner at Mr. Henry Allon's. It was a temptation I could not resist.

No doubt my Father's instincts were towards a quiet home life, though increasing duties obliged him often to forego this. Before their marriage he wrote to my Mother:

In fact I sometimes fancy I shall be tempted to lead too quiet a

life, and not go out to all the duties that devolve upon one, . . . and I fancy I shan't be wishful to have too much to do with the bustle of Politics, etc. Now, if you see any danger of this, though 'tis a fault on the right side, you must correct it.

My Mother's reply was :

While I would a thousand times rather have you err on this side than on the other, I am sure I should be very grieved if the fact of your having a happy home made you a worse citizen, or a less active philanthropist. It will not do for us to lead a life of self-indulgence, for self-denial is often much more salutary. . . . Situated as you are, you will no doubt always possess considerable influence, and I know I shall feel the greatest pride and satisfaction in seeing you exert it on behalf of every movement likely to do good, whether civil or religious.

It will be readily understood that, with so many pressing interests, my Father's life could not be other than a busy one. Little touches in his letters reveal something of the strain even in early days. It was little wonder my Mother should write to him, in 1880:

When will the "rush" of your life know a little "hush!" Echo answers "When?"

A few years later comes the complaint from her:

We are almost done to death with meetings in Norwich, and we are going to run over to Corton on Saturday for a few days' sea air and quiet.

And when, in 1892, it was suggested that it would be better for his electioneering interests if he would see more of his constituents, he was forced to reply:

I am obliged for the hint which you have handed on to me as to my not going amongst the Norwich people enough. Perhaps if they saw my Engagements List they would understand that this was a thing which could hardly be helped.

Happily, his was not one of those restless natures that wear themselves out. When work did slacken off, during

holiday hours, and on Sundays, he knew how to cast aside outside cares, and enjoy quiet times. "Though they take me more away from solitude and home than yours," he wrote to his mother, in reference to the "necessary engagements of life," yet "they often make me wish for quiet and retirement rather than give a desire for increased bustle." And again:

I hope I may get to London in time for Mr. Pulsford's sermon. I am very fond of "Quiet Hours," both the book and the reality, and should like to have one in Bloomsbury.

Sundays were always kept religiously free from bustle and worry. When asked his views on the total abolition of Sunday Labour in the Post Office, while replying he was quite prepared to minimize it, but did not think it feasible to stop it entirely, he added:

Personally, I have very little care about the matter. A good many letters that I receive on Sunday are never opened till Monday, that I may have some rest as well as the postmen.

Business, public or social cares were seldom allowed to disturb that day of rest. One of his children still recalls, as a child, realizing the solemnity and gravity of death solely by the fact that the telegram, announcing the death of an uncle, involved her Father's journeying to London on a Sunday. This was such an unheard-of event. Indeed all his life, abroad as well as at home, my Father avoided Sunday travelling whenever feasible, anxious to make it, as far as possible, a day of rest for others as well as for himself.

The Sundays spent in the quiet of Corton were days of special charm to my Father and Mother. There was no Nonconformist Chapel in the Village when they first went there, but through his instrumentality one was erected, connected with the Free Methodist Denomination, the Foundation Stone being laid by my Mother in 1873. They had many friends among Nonconformist Ministers, and

liked to ask them to spend a few days by the sea, taking the Services on Sunday—usually the morning one at Lowestoft, and the evening one at Corton. At Lowestoft the Services were held at Chapels of different Denominations, the Congregationalist, Baptist, Wesleyan, and Free Methodist all coming in for their share. Among those who came, all valued friends, were Dr. Binney, the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, Dr. Allon, the Rev. Joshua C. Harrison, Dr. R. W. Dale, Dr. Stoughton, Dr. Guinness Rogers, the Rev. Edward White, and Dr. Berry.

Increasing years only added to the beauties and associations of Corton. His mother, writing to my Father in 1887, said of it:

The house and grounds have increased in beauty and seem almost too perfect for an earthly home. I felt it so, and yet know it need not steal the heart—that there is enough in every day life, and in business and public life, to give ballast in the most attractive surroundings.

It was at Corton, “by the ever-lovely, ever-changing sea,” to use my Mother’s phrase about it, that both she and my Father spent the closing days of their lives on earth.

## CHAPTER XVI

### FIRST PARLIAMENT

1871—1874: AGED 40—43

(LIBERAL ADMINISTRATION)

**I**Y Father took his seat in the House of Commons on February 23rd 1871, being introduced by Mr. Samuel Morley and Dr. Dalrymple:

Just a line to say I have very quietly taken my seat, and got the of the House, though with some danger of losing myself in corners.

This was his report to my Mother the same evening. The next day he added:

Of course on the first night I remained to the last, particularly as Winterbotham was to speak, as he did very well, and to the point. We were kept at it till about 12, and then I went off to rest. . . . My reflections and morals on this place I leave till I see you—the scene is too novel for much moralizing as yet.

He recorded his first vote in favour of the Repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, an Act passed in 1851 as a protest against the action of the Pope in the issue of a Papal Bull about the establishment of Roman Catholic Bishops in England. Feeling ran high at that time, in spite of Mr. Gladstone's opposition based on the ground of religious freedom, but the Act remained a dead letter, and was quietly repealed in 1871.

My Father entered the House when, under Mr. Gladstone's leadership, it was full of a reforming spirit, and



some very important measures were passed during his first Parliament. Mr. Bright might well say the task the Ministers had attempted was like driving six omnibuses abreast through Temple Bar, but, somehow or other, in the end many of them were squeezed through. In looking back at the five or six years preceding the 1874 Election, my Father commented on the "immense work" that had been done during that period :

The Irish Church was disestablished, the Irish Land Act passed, Purchase in the Army abolished, the Ballot became law, an Education Act—a very important measure, notwithstanding its defects—was carried, and the Licensing Law was amended.

The Irish Acts and the Elementary Education Act had become law shortly before his first Election. The others he was able to support by his votes.

The Bill for the Abolition of Purchase in the Army was one of the early measures which revealed to him something of the meaning of obstruction, and convinced him that life in the House of Commons was not altogether a bed of roses. In a letter to his wife on March 17th, 1871, he wrote:

You may imagine how angry I was at the Tories last night for forcing on some 6 divisions between 12.15 and 3.15 a.m., all to no purpose save as a trial of strength, when the same time might have finished all the fight on this horrid Army Bill. I begin to wish armies and officers were at the moon.

Three months later, however, the outlook was a little calmer. In a letter to his sister he records:

Parliament has got suddenly into smooth water. The Army Bill looked like lasting for weeks, but the alteration made on Monday has changed the whole course of the affair, and the fight has been practically finished without a division to-night, and the House is now deep in the question of some alteration in the lessons in the Prayer Book. I can from where I write hear their voices, and can see the Secretary of State for India (who does much of the ruling of 180,000,000 people) enjoying himself in a profound slumber.

But my Father was to learn early in his Parliamentary experiences that Bills are not got through Parliament even as easily as this. "The Lords have thrown the Army Bill out—more shame for them," was the way in which he expressed his views a month later. But they had over-stepped the mark. Mr. Gladstone took the drastic step of advising the Queen to cancel the Royal Warrant, the system of purchase being only authorized by this, and not by the law of the land. The Lords thus found their hands forced, and felt obliged to pass the remainder of the Bill dealing with compensation for officers; but the Bill all along had been the occasion of the bitterest wrangling:

We were told, [said my Father,] that the Army, the Country, and everything would go to wreck and ruin. . . . We endeavoured to make the army a national army, and to make volunteers and others entering it feel that they would rise by merit, and not simply by the purse. It is almost impossible for you to imagine the extraordinarily bitter fights that took place over that apparently simple question. We had this Colonel and that Colonel rising on either side of the House, so that it was a matter of great relief to the Members of the House, who did not take a personal interest in military affairs, to find at last that the Country was clear once and for ever of the purchase system in the British Army.

The Ballot Act involved another long and tedious struggle. One of my Father's notes about it, dated June 30th, 1871, was:

We got our division at last on the Ballot, viz., at about 3 o'clock, and I walked home in broad daylight, getting to bed about 4.

It was finally passed in 1872, but not until, in his opinion, "the noble Lords had done as much mischief to it as they could, by limiting the Bill to eight years," so that it had to be re-enacted at the end of that time. My Father's views, in looking back on the struggle, were:

We fought, I believe, for quiet and orderly Elections, and that the Electors might freely and frankly give their unbiassed opinions.

I believe in that sense the Ballot has answered, and answered well.

He supported the Motion for the Disestablishment of the Church of England, introduced into the House by Mr. Miall in 1871, believing, as he did, in its object. But he thought it impolitic of the Liberation Society to push on the question at that juncture, feeling "the Liberal Party for another Election on the new Franchise needs consolidation and not an element of division":

I am a Nonconformist, [my Father wrote,] but I am a Liberal too, and I fear the latter will lose more than the former will gain.

As the Motion was lost by 374 against 89, the Liberal Party was clearly not as yet consolidated on the question.

Before the end of the Session, my Father had time to find out some of the trials of Parliamentary life, worse in those days when no Twelve O'clock Rule was in force. Sentences which record that "talk is more the order of the day than work, and talk of a very tiresome sort," and that he has been detained in London for five days on a Committee on a Dublin Gas Bill, are enough to show that the life added a good deal of wear and tear to one who already had his hands more than full. My Mother too lamented the breaks it caused in their home life. "It is indeed most disappointing to have you away 4/7 of a week," she wrote of one of her early experiences. And as to congratulations given by friends on her husband's election, she said:

I felt that condolences would have chimed in better with my own feelings!

In 1872 my Father was asked to second the Address to the Throne, Mr. Gladstone, in sending the request, writing:

Your personal position and character and that of your constituency alike as I think recommend this arrangement.

He replied, asking a little time for consideration, feeling "to shrink from making my first speech in Parliament on such an important occasion, lest I should fail and thus bring discredit on the Motion intrusted to me." Meanwhile he sought the advice of one or two friends. "I am fearful the task will be an unusually difficult one this year," he wrote. This was mainly because the Nonconformists had not seen eye to eye with the Government on their Education policy, so to be eulogistic, without some reservation, was impossible. As my Mother expressed it in a letter to her brother Herbert:

It requires however great *taut* to express this whilst seconding the Address, without laying himself open to the charge of doing an ungracious thing. Still, I would rather speak out the truth boldly, than shirk the question on account of its being an awkward one to handle.

Her brother's views were quite in accord with her own:

It is much better that he should not conceal his opinions from the House. He is not a thick and thin supporter of the Government—one of the "Open your mouth and shut your eyes and take what I will give you" school, and I shall be rather surprised if he does not find himself in the opposite lobby to Forster several times this session.

Mr. Henry Winterbotham's advice was much on the same lines:

As you don't share the more violent views of the revolting Nonconformists, I can suspect no reason for your declining the honour. . . . Follow your own counsel—and I am sure a short simple manly straight-forward speech will do you good,—and the Government too.

In finally acceding to Mr. Gladstone's request, my Father wrote:

Whilst feeling my own inability to perform the task adequately, I will do my best, and do it heartily. There are some questions on

which, as a Nonconformist, I should probably be compelled to dissent from the Government in some votes of the Session, but, warmly supporting the general political policy, I shall be glad to testify this by supporting the Address.

He was keenly alive to the responsibility. Thus he wrote to Mr. Edward Miall:

I know it is an honourable position, and a responsible one too, and I confess to feeling nervous in the prospect of it. It has come upon me most entirely by surprise, so I can only do my best, trusting to the charity of my friends.

The mover of the Address in the House of Commons was the Hon. Henry Strutt. In describing my Father's part, my Mother wrote in a letter to her mother:

I am very glad to be able to tell you that Jeremiah got on very well indeed yesterday. He has often spoken with more apparent nervousness when there has not been half so much reason. I know he *felt* bad enough before he got up, and at first was stuttering, but after the first sentence he spoke fluently, and I could hear every word in the Gallery. I have no time to tell you more of what passed. . . . I felt dreadfully nervous till Jeremiah had got a fair start, and then I did not care, but took notes all the time, so that I am able to correct the newspaper reports of his speech before it is published in Hansard, as Jeremiah has been asked to correct it for that report.

One question of surpassing importance, which demanded a reference, was our relations with America, then strained over the Alabama Claims. It was ten years since the unhappy day when the vessel, just a day too soon to be stopped by a dilatory Government, left an English dockyard, and manned mainly by English sailors, and starting under the English flag, began its two years of privateering on behalf of the Southern Confederate States, during the American War between the North and the South. The vessel inflicted great damage on the commerce of the North, until it was sunk in 1864. Claims for compensation were sent in against the English Government, and a long chapter

of diplomatic correspondence began, until at length, in 1871, the Treaty of Washington was signed. By this it was agreed that the claims should be settled by a Joint Commission, to meet at Geneva, one Commissioner to be appointed by the Queen, one by the President of the United States, one by the King of Italy, one by the President of the Swiss Confederation, and one by the Emperor of Brazil. But at the beginning of 1872 it seemed as if the hopes of a peaceful settlement were small. England was roused by the enormous amount of the claims for indirect losses from America. Happily in the end these were not pressed. The Commission declared them invalid, the sittings proceeded, and a verdict was at last arrived at, fixing the damages to be paid by England at three and a quarter million pounds. But, at the time when my Father had to second the Address, these claims for indirect damage were just revealing how dangerous the situation between the two great nations might at any moment become. In his speech he expressed the strong hope that the danger might pass, and that America and England might "soon settle their differences by a fair and legitimate arbitration." But some few weeks later the tension was still great, and on March 9th, 1872, my Father embodied a suggestion on the subject in the following letter to Mr. Gladstone, to which he received a courteous reply two days later.

The importance of the American question is my excuse for troubling you with this suggestion. I imagine the answer expected in a day or two will be that the American Government cannot withdraw the claims, but that there is no intention to press them specifically or something to this effect. Would it not be possible to say in reply to this, "Then show your bona-fide intention not to press them by an agreement that the damages shall not exceed a certain fixed sum." What this sum should be is quite another question, but at all events it might be fixed so as entirely to *prevent* "indirect claims growing out of, etc., etc.," being included.

Amongst the many suggestions for settling this unfortunate difficulty, something like the above may have been made. If so, I

must apologize for troubling you, and beg you not to waste time by a reply. I think there is a growing feeling in the country that the American case may have been put forward in good faith, and that if there is not a little yielding on both sides we cannot hope for a settlement under the present Treaty.

My Father did not argue for peace at any price. Indeed in 1857 he even opened a discussion at the Y.M.C.A. on the question "Is war consistent with Christianity?" in which he maintained that though he did not "for a moment think lightly of the horrors of war," and though he might condemn "those aggressive wars in which increase of territory or increase of power at the expense of an opponent may be the main object," yet there were times when wrongs done by one nation to another could only be checked by the sword.

But five years later, at a meeting of the Y.M.C.A., he strongly warned his hearers about "the frightful war spirit which is apparently rife in the world." It was at the time, just alluded to, when the Civil War was raging in America, and when our own Country had narrowly escaped a rupture with the United States.

War is sometimes, [my Father continued in the same speech,] an imperious and frightful necessity, but the feeling which dictates much of our newspaper literature, and which would instil into our young men a desire for military glory for its own sake, is not the genius of Christianity. Christianity may accept a war as the last fearful alternative to guard a home and treasure dearer than life itself; but it does not say, "Oh, let's have a brush with the Americans and give those rascally Northerners a licking," and it is that spirit which I fear is making way amongst our young men, and which an Association like ours must help to check.

It was said by some that those who looked forward to the time when war should cease were visionary men. My Father's reply to this was:

It would be a dull world without such men. What is the mean-



ing of visionary men but men who have seen ahead of other people?

At a meeting on International Arbitration, held in Norwich in 1873, after the Alabama Claims had been finally settled, he rejoiced that the "question may now be considered, not the dream of visionaries, but one for the practical statesmanship for the day." He continued:

I cannot for the life of me understand the way in which some men speak of arbitration, as if it were something mean and cowardly. To my mind it is a far nobler spectacle than to see two armies fighting to the death.

He believed the escape of the ship Alabama to have been "a grievous wrong to America," not "a wilful one on the part of the authorities, but a real one nevertheless," and one demanding reparation, and he felt that "the patience with which Mr. Gladstone's Government, through good and evil report, carried the Treaty and its intention through, will long be remembered when many of the sharp and bitter things that were said of them are happily forgotten." In another place he spoke of it as "one of the grandest things Parliament has ever accomplished."

He said in 1892 that if there were any of his votes in Parliament he regarded with more satisfaction than others, it was those in favour of International Arbitration. He looked back to the time, only 45 years earlier, when the Duke of Wellington, then Premier, "felt it his duty to fight a duel, and seems to have thought the Government of the country could not have been carried on under the circumstances of the case unless he had sent the challenge." But he looked forward to the time when "as the days of duelling have passed, so will the days of wanton and needless war."

My Father had little faith in the belief that a large army is essential for maintaining peace, believing, on the contrary, that it is often provocative of war. His theory was



that other countries could retaliate in a similar way, and that:

Big armies are like lawyers—where one cannot exist, two can get a good living.

So, with armies, there was always the danger of their seeking work to do, and he feared there was sometimes a “disposition to turn defence into defiance.” Nor did he believe that more deadly appliances would check war:

It is said that when the Inventor of one of our modern guns was displaying its power some one said to him “You are making war too horrible to contemplate,” and his reply was, “No, I am making war impossible.” Now that plan of making war impossible by improving arms has been tried so long that the world is getting weary of it. . . . This game of inventing something stronger than our neighbour has not answered. King Uzziah (2 Chron. xxvi, 14-15) tried it 26 or 27 centuries ago, and that is quite a long enough trial.

In 1871 he declined to sign a memorial calling a meeting in favour of a system of “Universal Instruction in Arms for the People of this Country,” and five years later expressed the belief that “the military training in schools is an element of danger which needs to be guarded against.” He did not think that England’s one object should be to extend her Empire:

I am inclined to think, [he said in a speech in 1891,] that politically this country has quite enough in hand without feeling that we have to subjugate the world to the influence of England.

The Jingo spirit was very much opposed to his own ideas, and he never changed his opinion. As late as 1896, when asked if his Company would join some Empire League, an outcome of the Imperial Federation movement, his reply was that though it seemed to him “that the tendency to draw the English-speaking peoples together is stronger now than it was in 1889,” yet “as to the wisdom

of joining this particular League" he thought it would be well to ascertain first "if there are firms already belonging who are above the suspicion of any Jingo taint."

In 1872 the question of Jamaica, and Governor Eyre's conduct during the troubles there in 1865, was again before the House in the form of a Motion to allow the ex-Governor his legal expenses incurred in his trial. The strong feeling roused against the General, so ably voiced by John Stuart Mill, for the severity of the measures taken by him to suppress the Insurrection of the Negroes, found a sympathizer in my Father, who expressed his views on this occasion by voting against the Motion.

My Father was a warm admirer of Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., and supported his Peace Resolutions in the House of Commons. His death occurred with startling suddenness in 1888, when on a visit to Mr. Richard Davies at Treborth, and my Father, who had left this house only a day or so before, wrote afterwards:

I had left Treborth a few hours before he died, and shall always feel those few days I spent with him inspiring as an example of what a man's life and its close should be.

He recalled a drive, taken with their Host and Hostess the previous Saturday, which "took us literally amidst the hills and waters of Wales," when the conversation turned on Age, and Mr. Richard said, "People should not live too long." My Father added:

We little thought what was so soon coming, but, knowing how fully aware he was of his uncertain hold of life, I have felt since that the remark was a significant one, made as it was with cheerfulness and content. . . . It was, I think, a real expression of what he felt. He would not have wished to live a useless life, or one a burden to others.

## CHAPTER XVII

### SECOND PARLIAMENT

1874—1880: AGED 43—49

(CONSERVATIVE ADMINISTRATION)

**M**Y Father's second Parliamentary contest was in 1874. The General Election came with startling suddenness, though it was known it could not be long delayed. The Conservative candidates for Norwich were Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., and Sir Henry Stracey, Bart.

My Father nearly retired from the candidature. "Two days before the nomination," he wrote afterwards, "I was very near giving up the fight." Sir William Russell, the Whig member, retired, and my Father felt strongly that it was unfair for the Radical section of the Liberal party to put forward both candidates. Indeed, the previous November, he had stated strongly that he felt he and Mr. Tillett were "too much identified on ecclesiastical and many other questions" to make their joint candidature "right or expedient," and, further, that such a step would be "contrary to the fair and honourable understanding" entered into with the Whigs, that "if the advanced section of the Liberal party name one candidate, the old section should name another." He recognized, "most completely," the right of the Radicals to put forward Mr. Tillett (whose disabilities were now removed) in his place, in which case he promised to do his "best in supporting him." But he resolutely declined to stand with Mr. Tillett, until after the Whigs had tried to get a candidate, but failed. My Mother re-

counted the state of affairs in a letter to her brother Herbert, on February 3rd, 1874:

For three days our troubles and perplexities were very great, and Jeremiah was strongly tempted to throw up the whole thing. He felt pledged to the Whigs that he should not stand with Mr. Tillett, as he had told Sir Wm. Foster only last November . . . that they would not stand together. . . . So when Monday evening (Jan: 26th) came, and no Whig Candidate came forward, the point arose as to what must be done. Many strong, earnest Radicals of the trustworthy sort begged Jeremiah to allow himself to stand with Mr. Tillett, but he remained firm *not* to do so until the Whigs had had more time to find a Candidate, or had fully liberated him from his pledge.

Attempts to get a Whig candidate failed.

So by Wednesday, [my Mother continued,] Sir William liberated Jeremiah entirely from his pledge, and Mr. Birkbeck strongly advised him to stand with Mr. Tillett. If he had not done this, — said he would bring down two working men to contest the seat, and as *they say* he can carry many hundred votes, perhaps a thousand, this would have no doubt let in *two Tories*.

As a counterblast to some of the ladies on the Conservative side, who "dash about in their flaring colours, and canvass, etc.," my Mother recounted:

Our party said that I must drive about, so on Saturday and yesterday I have been with the children all about the City and bye-ways, not to "compel them to come in," but to see if the *sight* of a blue and white party of ladies and children would carry any votes of the free and independent electors! On Friday evening I went to the great meeting in the Hall, and was nearly suffocated with heat, but bore it as a martyr for the good of the Liberal cause! . . . The Liberals are very *hopeful* of winning both seats, and if one Tory gets in, it will no doubt be Huddleston. . . . Jeremiah looks very tired this morning, having been to four meetings on Saturday night and five last night. I am so grateful to Gladstone for the short notice!

There was great excitement over the contest. Mr. Tillett afterwards described it as "a wild Election." A large num-

ber of meetings were crowded into the short time, banners and torchlight processions took place, the Conservatives having the assistance of horse-riders from the Circus. The Tory candidates complained to my Father about a Bill issued in their colours, asking the working men to "Plunder for Stracey." They alleged it had been issued, not by himself, but by his party. In repudiating all knowledge of it he said at a meeting:

I am here to apologise for every gentleman fighting the battle on behalf of Liberalism if anything has been done or said disrespectful to Sir Henry Stracey or Mr. Huddleston.

He took the occasion, on his side, to repudiate the aspersions cast on the Liberal candidates by a placard posted over the City:

Vote for Stracey and Huddleston, and do not deliver your Country over to Atheists, Republicans, and Teetotalers.

Two changes marked the contrast between this and former elections. The nomination was now merely a formal affair, and the Ballot Act kept the result secret to the last. The Election took place on February 5th, 1874. The result was declared the following day:

J. J. Colman (Lib.)	6,138
J. W. Huddleston (Con.)	5,823
J. H. Tillett (Lib.)	5,776
Sir Henry Stracey (Con.)	5,290

It was perhaps my Father's greatest election triumph. When Liberals went down like ninepins before the great Conservative reaction, he was the solitary one returned for Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, out of a total of twenty-nine. A position which he afterwards found "rather melancholy when great and vital political questions arise, and I have to walk into the lobby as the sole Liberal representative of those Counties."

Norwich was not left long in peace. In February, 1875, Mr. Huddleston was raised to the Judicial Bench, and consequently another Election took place the next month. Mr. Tillett stood again, his opponent being Colonel J. Wilkinson of Highgate. My Father "fully expected" the seat would be won for the Liberals, and the result justified his prophecy.

J. H. Tillett (Lib.) 5,877  
Colonel Wilkinson (Con.) 5,079

Once again a Petition was filed against Mr. Tillett's return. It was tried in May before Mr. Justice Lush. He was unseated on the ground of the undue employment of paid messengers, Mr. Tillett, though exonerated by the Judge from personal knowledge of this, withdrawing his defence, because he felt that such men might not have given their votes honestly, and therefore, in the words of his Counsel, it would not become him "to struggle against the issue any longer."

Norwich was said to be divided into two camps at the result—"deeply grieved," or "most exultant." My Father, who was in London when the result was announced, wrote a line to my Mother:

I am too worried to write more, as whilst in the midst of this I have the news from Norwich which astounds and worries me.

She, too, was deeply distressed. In a letter to her brother Herbert she wrote:

I think I never felt so mortified at any political event as at the result of this Petition—the loss of an Election, or of the seat, is as *nothing* compared with the loss of *honour* to the Liberal party. I never could believe that Elections in Norwich *ought* to cost as much as they have done, but of course I could not prove it. Now, however, it is very evident that the money goes not only in printing and deluging the City with stupid placards, but in paying drunken wretches to pretend to deliver them! I am heartily sick of politics, and wish that Jeremiah had never been a candidate. From what

the paper says, I suppose there will be a Commission. If so, this will entail heavy expense on the Ratepayers, many of whom are innocent women, and all for the sake of proving what every one must now admit, that the Norwich constituency is a fearfully corrupt one. My hope is that the Writ will be suspended till the next General Election. I am so glad Jeremiah walked to see you on Sunday, for being all alone I know he would feel very depressed after receiving the mortifying news, and it would cheer him to have your sympathy and advice.

Mr. Justice Lush reported that, as the inquiry had ended by Mr. Tillett's withdrawing his defence when evidence respecting only two out of eight wards had been taken, he was not in a position to state as an ascertained fact that corrupt practices *did* "extensively prevail." But, he added

Inasmuch as it was proved that 116 persons were "set on" or entered as messengers in the 7th Ward, nearly all of whom were voters, and 36 in the 2nd Ward, many of whom were voters, that such employment was considered the ordinary practice at an Election, was resorted to by both parties, and excused, if not justified as a necessity, I see no reason to doubt that what was done in these wards was done in the others, and I am therefore of opinion that there is reason to believe that corrupt practices did extensively prevail at such Election.

The Attorney-General, following the usual precedent, therefore moved for a Royal Commission to inquire into the corrupt practices in Norwich. The Commissioners were Mr. J. M. Howard, Q.C., Mr. Patrick McMahon (who died before the Report was issued), and Mr. G. P. Goldney. They began their sittings in August, 1875, and inquiries were made into the Election of 1874 as well as that of 1875.

My Father's mortification and distress when he first learned of the "Messenger Trick," as it was termed, was great. He had no suspicion of it "in any shape or form," as he told the Commissioners, until the early part of 1875 when there was a Municipal Bye-Election, and a relative



then told him he had heard "there was a tendency to too much employment on both sides." Among all the charges and countercharges, statements and contradictions, that came out at the time of the Commission, this at least seems clear, that if the one side was bad the other was certainly no better. How far the system of colourable employment extended was a question of much contention. The difficulty of ascertaining how many messengers had been employed, how many were necessary in view of the belief held, whether rightly or wrongly, that the Post Office Authorities would not undertake the distribution of Election Literature, how far the money was accepted for *bona fide* work done, and how far as if given with an ulterior motive—these and other points all made it difficult to estimate the evil. It must be remembered that before the Corrupt Practices Act of 1883, with its stringent provisions for publishing accounts in detail, it was very much more difficult for candidates, even with the best intentions in the world, to discover anything improper in the conduct of their Elections. Still my Father frankly admitted, on the evidence brought to light before the Commissioners, that there had been colourable employment on the part of the Liberals as well as of the Conservatives in the Election of 1874, which, it need hardly be said, he deeply regretted.

In notes for a speech in the House of Commons on the Norwich and Boston Corrupt Voters Bill, when it was proposed to suspend the Writ for the Norwich Election for a certain period, he gave his views on the situation:

Mr. Speaker, I am sure I shall not ask in vain the indulgence of the House in the difficult position in which I find myself placed. My duty is two-fold—on the one hand to say nothing which may seem even indirectly to palliate illegal or corrupt practices, and on the other hand to put my borough and constituents in a proper light before the House and the Country. . . .

That any of my constituents, whether friends or opponents, should have overstepped the limits within which an Election should legally and fairly be conducted I greatly deplore.



But it was only fair the House should remember, he said, "that Her Majesty's Commissioners have expressed their satisfaction that neither treating, intimidation, nor direct money bribery were resorted to by either party."

Some seats in this House are very easy and comfortable ones, [my Father continued,] where one political party has paramount influence which the other party does not care to dispute. Hon. Members who occupy such seats are very much to be envied. Very little of personal or party feeling enters into their Elections; and I doubt not there are some honourable gentlemen here who know only from report what a sharply contested Election is, and the feeling it produces. Unfortunately, Norwich is not a place of this sort. . . .

Coming now to the general facts as to Norwich, I may state that under the enlarged franchise there have been 5 contested Elections; and that the results of the enquiries relative thereto may be summed up broadly thus: that no direct money-bribery has been discovered except in 1868, but that in the last two Elections there has been excessive, or, to use the phrase of the Commissioners, "colourable" employment.

Now, Sir, as to the bribery in 1868, it was committed by certain of my political opponents (with the exception of the single act of an agent *not his own*, but the agent of the candidate with whom he coalesced), and there is no doubt that it was flagrant in character, but I am bound to say that it was not serious in extent. . . . I believe it to have been the act of but a few individuals; and I feel convinced that the results were of such a nature as to prevent such a practice ever being again resorted to. . . .

Regarding the single remaining corrupt practice, colourable employment, I can only repeat what I said to the Commissioners themselves, that I believed both parties had been led astray, but that good would come from the enquiry. . . .

The state of affairs in Norwich, after all, had much improved, and the cost of Elections, which my Father maintained was a fair index of their purity or otherwise, showed that many other places needed reforming as much as, or more than, Norwich. Legislation on the subject was needed for other places besides his own City, and he had suggestions to make on the subject:

If this House will do one or two very simple things it may do more to stop corruption than in whole sessions passed in framing Acts which lawyers afterwards find out are so constructed as to define, but not punish, practices which are "illegal, but not corrupt, and do not void the seat." Let uniformity and explicitness in Election accounts, with adequate publicity for the details, be insisted on; let it be enacted that any subsequent payment shall be deemed corrupt, and void the seat; and a great step will have been made towards securing the purity of Elections.

Let me use my own case as illustrating this point. The Commissioners pressed me, not unfairly, as to why I did not put my hand on this particular item of expenditure for messengers. I could only reply that the accounts were not sufficiently clear, several items being put together, so that this particular one, not standing out by itself, did not attract attention or excite surprise. . . .

Then again as to after-payments. Unfortunately both in my own case and in that of my former colleague [Baron Huddleston], now removed from this House to a serener sphere, we had some experience. If the truth is to be told, published returns do not give the whole cost, and I fear a good many members of this House must confess that after-payments have been heard of in other places than Norwich. To leave this matter in its present state is not fair to candidates or constituents. If a man refuses to make such payments, he is appealed to whether he can allow a friend, who has wished to serve him, to lose and suffer. He is appealed to as a man of honour, and in nine cases out of ten he is forced to pay, being told, and truly told, that the lawyers say, in their own phraseology, "it is only illegal—not corrupt." If the House will say such payments shall not be made—that instead of being debts of honour they shall be deemed payments of dishonour—our Election laws will be relieved of a blot, and our political contests will be brought a long step nearer purity.

One other suggestion I will venture to make with reference to "colourable employment"—that it should be compulsory upon agents to hand in lists of all persons paid for Election purposes, the names of such persons to be struck off the lists at the polling booths, so as to make it impossible for them to vote; and that the omission of paid agents of any sort from such lists should void the seat. . . .

I trust this House will hesitate before it deprives the City which I have the honour to represent of the right of self-government, which was accorded to it more than 8 centuries ago by Charter

of Henry I, and thus take away from a large body of respectable and incorruptible voters one of the principal attributes of citizenship. But I am sure I may with confidence leave that aspect of the matter to the right feeling of this honourable House, when I have mentioned that even the Commissioners' estimate of the number of venal voters, which I have excellent reasons for believing is much too large, leaves more than five-sixths of one of the largest constituencies in England without the slightest imputation on their electoral honour.<sup>1</sup> This is clearly seen, even from the results arrived at by the enquiry, for a sufficient number of honest votes was given to neutralize all the efforts made by those who sought to corrupt the constituency. . . .

I should be wanting in candour if I did not recognize the fact that the Government has not shown any disposition to use its power for severely and harshly punishing a City which has not exhibited much sympathy with it; and I may be permitted to say that the penalty which it proposes to inflict will in my judgment fully meet the justice of the case.

Let me not be understood to plead that Norwich should be whitewashed, for on one side a corrupt intention was confessed, but I do ask that she may not be condemned as the sole offender against electoral purity. . . .

I would submit that Norwich labours under disadvantages unknown to some other constituencies. Her politicians of past generations have addicted themselves to indefensible practices which have become traditional, and it takes a long time for traditions to die out in Norwich, for she is an old-world City, lying as it were in a corner, very much out of the way of modern and progressive influences. Nevertheless, considerable progress has been made, and that even in the present generation. The old traditions *are* dying out: money-bribery is gone, treating is but a shadow, and intimidation has departed. Among other old Election observances, the chairing of members, which gave rise to scenes of riot and confusion, such as are so graphically described in the recollections of Lord Albemarle,<sup>2</sup> has been discontinued. . . . I have myself, in my early days, witnessed scenes in comparison with which even the ridiculously exaggerated descriptions of the incidents of recent contests seem tame and spiritless. And now, as a last blow at the

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<sup>1</sup> The total number of voters on the Register was 14,953.

<sup>2</sup> "Fifty Years of my Life," by George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle.

irregularities once so common, I believe that Her Majesty's Commissioners have given its quietus to the last remaining corrupt practice they could find, colourable employment. . . .

If I have any influence on future political contests, whether as candidate or elector, it shall be my earnest endeavour to join with the best men on both sides to remove the stigma that now attaches to her name, so that she may have the honour of being equal in purity to any constituency in the kingdom. I believe such a consummation possible, and more devoutly to be wished than any party triumph—a result more to be desired than even the honour of a seat in this House.

My Father, when giving evidence before the Commissioners, made several additional suggestions for ensuring the purity of Elections, which he had drawn up after consultation with his brother-in-law, Sydney Cozens-Hardy. These were:

1. To prohibit the use of public-houses as Committee Rooms (except with the Returning Officer's sanction, if no private room were available);
2. To prohibit the distribution of voting cards or circulars to voters individually, the formal instructions about voting being sent by the Sheriff;
3. To prohibit the preparation of street lists of voters and canvas books (by whatsoever name called) for the direct purposes of the Election;
4. To have stringent regulations as to bands and processions;
5. To legalize the employment of cabs in boroughs (the law then being vague, and different for county and borough constituencies);
6. To allow no person to be twice on the register;
7. To empower the Election Judges or Commissioners to place the costs of an Enquiry on whatever parties were guilty of corruption.

It will be seen that he was most anxious for some drastic changes in the conduct of Elections. No one welcomed

the Corrupt Practices Act of 1883 more than he did, embodying as it did many of his own ideas.

He told the Commissioners, when asked if he could "see a way out of the difficulty that exists in conducting Elections in Norwich," that he did see one, "if the Candidates will come to an honourable understanding that the expenditure should not exceed a certain sum, and that they will not pay anything beyond that sum." He said he was quite prepared to enter into such an engagement with his opponents, and was "willing, if necessary, that the expenses should go through a joint Committee of Conservatives and Liberals, and let them take the contributions from the Candidates on either side." The Commissioners pressed him further on this point.

Q. Suppose afterwards you found that you had been led into dishonourable expenditure, would you feel bound as a man of honour to pay it? A. I should feel bound not to pay if an arrangement of that sort had been made.

Q. Would you resign your seat? A. Certainly.

*The Chairman.* It would be a most magnificent thing to do, and I believe you would do it.

One thing my Father was clear about, that in future he would do his utmost to check the lavish expenditure, which had characterized the Election of 1874, and which he told the Commissioners he extremely regretted.

'That there was a lavish expenditure I fully believe, [he told them,] and that it is most objectionable. I suspected lavish expenditure, but as to deliberate corruption I did not anticipate it.

These suspicions about lavish expenditure, it is only fair to my Father to state, were roused before the Commission began, and indeed before the Petition which preceded it. In December, 1874, he began to make enquiries, when he found that the total joint expenses of the Liberal Candidates (including everything) amounted to nearly £4,500, much more than he had anticipated. He would have en-

quired earlier, but a heavy extra pressure of work, partly caused by the death of a Partner, and his own ill-health, helped to cause the delay. Though assured that no payments of a corrupt nature had been sanctioned, yet he was, he said, "driven to the conclusion that an expenditure was incurred, which I, as one of the Candidates, would not have sanctioned," and that "the whole way through, down to sub-agents and clerks, a system of lavish expenditure has grown up, which I cannot but regard as demoralizing to the Constituency, and which threatens to sink us lower unless vigorously checked." He was determined on his course of action. Writing three years later, he said of it:

It is only by such resolutions as I have made about the purse strings that Norwich matters can be got right, and I mean to get them right as far as I can do so, and not allow, or be liable for, improper outlays such as the '74 Election undoubtedly was.

It was an intense satisfaction to my Father to feel that at the next Election, in 1880, his hopes were realized. He was able to write afterwards:

In Norwich we emancipated ourselves entirely, on *our* side, from this heavy expenditure, just before the Act that compelled the limitation of expenses came into force.

The Liberals then forestalled this Act, by reducing the sum to within a little of the amount allowed by it. They limited their cavalcade to a modest carriage and pair, dispensed with bands, torches, processions, and the customary machinery of a Norwich Election, had only one Central Committee Room, and trusted to volunteer workers instead of paid agents. Several years later, in a letter to Mr. R. S. Wright, referring to the joint expenses of both Liberal Candidates at that Election, my Father wrote:

Fortunately we have turned over a new leaf, and the expenses of Mr. Tillet and myself in 1880 were under £1,500,<sup>1</sup> and *no concealed expenditure* beyond it.

<sup>1</sup> This should be £1,554 19s. 8d.

Their opponents, on the other hand, both strangers to Norwich, had to say goodbye to the City, meditating over a substantial defeat, and a still more substantial bill. Those who can recall that Election will remember the "Dance of the Demon Figures: A Woeful Ballad," which appeared after the Contest, and assumed a prominent place in the Election literature of the day, with its refrain referring to the four figures in the total of this bill:

A great black 6, a great black 4, and a great black 9, and a 3.

All the masquerading side of Elections was very contrary to my Father's wishes. He pleaded for political earnestness with which to counteract it. Speaking in 1876, he said:

I want that the steam of our politics should not depend upon purple or blue lights, or outriders, or bespeaks at the Circus; but that on both sides, whether Conservative or Liberal, there should be some strong political feeling.

Processions and torches he abhorred. Alluding to one procession in the 1874 Election, he told the Commissioners:

I said when I got home that I never felt such a fool in my life, and I hoped I should never be in one again.

In 1895, in declining a request for some torches, he wrote:

It is quite true that there have been torches used at Norwich Elections many years ago, but I always protested against their use, and since the Corrupt Practices Act forbade the payment of such expenses, I have uniformly declined to have anything to do with torchlight processions. The spirit of that Act is clearly against the use of torches and banners—and I think wisely so—and I could, therefore, come to no other decision than to decline your request.

And on one occasion, when a distinguished Liberal Politician visited Norwich, and a torchlight procession was organized in his honour, my Father resolutely declined to take part in it.



Parliament decided, on the Report of the Norwich Election Commissioners issued in the spring of 1876, to suspend the Writ for filling the vacant seat during that Parliament, so the City was partially disfranchised, being represented by one Member only until 1880.

The second Parliament in which my Father had a seat, between 1874 and 1880, was very different from the first. Mr. Gladstone immediately resigned after the verdict of the constituencies, and Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister. My Father's opinion was:

He has a majority of 60 at his back, while a large portion of our minority are Irish members on which we cannot depend. I therefore believe we are going to have a pretty long run of Tories in office.

In January, 1875, Mr. Gladstone retired from the leadership of the Liberal Party, his place as Leader in the House of Commons being taken by Lord Hartington. In a letter to Mr. A. J. Mundella, M.P., just at that time, my Father wrote:

Don't you sometimes feel disposed to follow his example, and say that there is something better to do and live for than the strife of Political parties?

Still, if he sighed sometimes for a life free from political worries, he did not give up the struggle. Only two days later he wrote:

With reduced numbers and the loss of Mr. Gladstone as leader some may despair, but I have faith still in the future.

He bade his hearers, in a speech about the same time, not to give way to inaction:

Suppose the Liberal Party forgets for a moment the question of its leader, and thinks of its policy and its duty. The Hour will bring the Man. It brought Mr. Gladstone a few years ago, and for aught I know it may bring him again, should his life and health be spared. . . .



The only thing that makes me sometimes anxious is the habit which sometimes comes over people who have no earnest political aspiration. . . . I would sooner see a faith in political questions wrongly directed than none at all. . . . Don't take your cue from the fashion of the hour, from the talk in the shop, the gang in the public-house or factory, but think it out, and study it in yourselves.

The first Session of the new Parliament, that of 1874, was not a very remarkable one. There was a Licensing Act, my Father's comment being that "if the objectionable part of that Bill had not been withdrawn, it would never have become the law of the land," and a Public Worship Regulation Act, to which, he said, "as a Nonconformist I have given my support, because I believe it to be an honest effort to put down the frightful evils of Ritualism in our midst," though he afterwards declared that "it will require something much holier and stronger than the Public Worship Regulation Act to quench Ritualism; in a word, it will require Free Church Protestantism, such as Nonconformists hold." He supported Mr. Trevelyan's Motion for extending the Household Suffrage to the Counties, a Motion which was lost by 287 to 173.

In a speech delivered to the 3rd Ward Liberal Association my Father reviewed the political work of 1875. He described the Session as "not altogether an idle one." The Artisans' Dwelling Act (giving Corporations, under certain conditions, compulsory powers of purchase for improvements, and facilities for providing accommodation for the Working Classes) he believed was "on the whole a good Act," and the Labour Acts passed that Session he thought would do good. He added:

The Conservative Government claims them, and I am sure we do not wish in any way to disparage their work; but it should be borne in mind that they were not unassisted by the Liberals.

My Father approved the principle of giving compen-

ation for tenants' improvements, embodied in the Agricultural Holdings Act passed in 1875, though his comment on it was:

But the House took care, or somebody took care, to put in at the end a little clause that a landlord could contract himself out of the Act if he wishes. I need not say that landlords, as a rule, do so.

The Friendly Societies Bill, passed that Session, he described as "a step in the right direction."

One subject that roused much opposition in the Recess, leading to its withdrawal, was the Fugitive Slave Circular, ordering British captains to restore to their owners slaves who came on board British ships. Though the law had been the same it had remained virtually dead.

But, [to quote my Father's words,] it has remained for the present occupants of the Treasury Bench, who have been ever singing the praises of their own party as in an especial sense guardians of the English flag, to proclaim before the civilized, and I think I may say uncivilized world, that a slave, free when he steps beneath our flag on English soil, is still a slave if he only finds that flag on an English ship.

In the autumn of 1876 my Father asked the question, "But what has become of the Session? What have we done?" His answer was:

Well, we began, or rather the Premier began, the Session by transforming the Queen into an Empress; and the Session ended by the Queen's making the Premier into an Earl. We did a few things besides that.

My Father had voted against the Bill giving the Queen this title. In one speech he said of it:

After all it may be found that this title, which was carried through with such a high hand, may not redound to the honour and stability of the Empire, though we were told in the House of Commons that such was to be its effect. In the face of the fearful Indian

famine, it will be seriously asked of the Government why money has been spent lavishly, as far as we can judge, on this very empty title.

One piece of legislation that year, with which he sympathized, was the Merchant Shipping Bill, a measure forced on the Government by Mr. Plimsoll, which inaugurated a better time for merchant seamen, by giving some criteria as to the state of vessels sent to sea. My Mother was keenly interested in this. Writing to her husband from Corton, she said:

We see too much of the sea not to feel for the poor sailors. I am glad you are staying to support Plimsoll. I care more for his Bill than all the hundred and one other measures which the House has passed this Session. I wonder Norwich has not had a meeting about it as the chief City of *three sea-board counties*. Surely we have more interest in the well-being of sailors than places like Birmingham, but I fear Norwich is not so easily roused by philanthropic objects as by political squabbles. At any rate, I hope to see a speech from you in Friday's paper!

Amongst other subjects in the House of Commons that Session were Mr. Osborne Morgan's Burial Bill and a Motion for the Abolition of Flogging in the Navy, both of which my Father supported, and the usual Motion for the adjournment for the Derby, which he opposed, as he did systematically.

The interest and anxiety of the Session of 1877 centred round the Eastern question, and the impending war between Russia and Turkey.

The Spring of 1876 had witnessed a rising in Bulgaria against Turkish rule, which was suppressed with fiendish cruelty by the Turks. Mr. Gladstone came out of his retirement to rouse the country on the question of the Bulgarian Atrocities and the inhumanity of Turkish rule. Meetings were held in many parts of the country, and early in September a Common Hall was held at Norwich on the subject, attended by men of all parties and creeds. It fell

to my Father's lot to move the chief resolution. In his speech he said:

The object of this meeting is not to embarrass the Government, but to strengthen its hands. We must not omit from our recollections that Eastern affairs are rather a tangled skein. Twenty years ago the English nation was almost to a man in favour of the maintenance of the Turkish Empire as against Russia. . . . Men change their opinions, parties change their cry, and circumstances may make nations change their views. I imagine that the English nation has resolved this—that she will not now go to war to maintain the Turkish Empire. . . .

As practical men, we ask that the Turkish Government should do some things that may be unpleasant to them, but which they ought to be made to do. We desire that compensation should be given by the Turkish Government to the survivors in this fearful struggle. We desire, again, guarantees that the peace of Europe shall not again be disturbed by oppression on the part of the Turkish Government. And, as I have read from the leading articles of the "Times," Great Britain has the right and the duty to speak at the present moment. We desire another thing, and that is that those who have been guilty of these atrocities—the individuals themselves—should be brought to condign punishment.

But how is this to be done? Are we to declare war? I am not for throwing that fearful responsibility upon a meeting of this sort, nor am I desirous that the Parliament of England should take upon itself such a fearful responsibility without due consideration. But we have a right to ask our Ambassador in Constantinople, and to press upon the Government of this country, to use its diplomatic endeavours to enforce these demands upon the Turkish Government. . . . I am not here to say that this country is prepared to declare war on this question; but I am prepared to say this—we have a great army and a great fleet, we have seen in history how armies and fleets have been moved to support dynasties or to maintain our material interests, and this much I may also say that there are crises—and there may be crises again—when we may have to do something more with our army and our fleet than simply to maintain the material interests of this country. I pray God this crisis may never come. . . . I trust that by diplomatic endeavours these fearful atrocities will be put to an end. . . . I have strong hope that the Government of this country, backed as it will be by

a united people, will be able, without the intervention of arms, to bring peace and prosperity to our fellow-Christians in Turkey.

This then was abundantly clear—that if the fearful alternative of force of arms had to be used, my Father had no hesitation in saying that, whatever we had done in the past to bolster up the Turkish Government, this time all our influence should be used to check its cruelties.

The country, for a time, was deeply roused against Turkey, and roused, my Father felt, by high motives. In a speech delivered to his constituents towards the end of January, 1877, he said he declined to believe it was roused only by disappointed bondholders, who could not get the interest on their money.

But doubts had already been raised whether the Prime Minister's sympathies were not on the side of Turkey. At that time, when Mr. Gladstone declared the country was waiting for the decision of the Ministry, my Father said:

I do not know whether for many years past any more solemn issue has been presented to the House of Commons than will come before us in the discussion on the Turkish question.

The "solemn issue" came before the House of Commons in May, shortly after the declaration of war between Russia and Turkey, when Mr. Gladstone moved a Resolution—one of a series of which some were dropped—condemning the conduct of Turkey. My Father wrote of it to his wife the following day, May 8th:

You will have seen in the papers the description of last night's scene in the House—a most extraordinary one, and one which, it is to be hoped, will not be repeated for many a long day.

He was one of those who voted with Mr. Gladstone in the minority of 223 against 354. Earlier in the year he had said:

I hope that the coming Session will at all events show that some considerable portion of the English House of Commons has no

jealousy of Russia, if Russia is prepared to do that which is right and honourable towards the Christians who live near her.

It was never my Father's policy to anathematize his opponents. Thus, while totally opposed to Lord Beaconsfield's policy at this juncture, he had the honesty to remind his hearers (in a speech delivered in January, 1878) that he was not unmindful of the fact "that during the American war, Lord Beaconsfield, the then leader of his party in the House of Commons, did his country good service in checking the efforts of many of his party to drag this country into an interference between the Northern and Southern States." At the same time on the present crisis my Father expressed his opinions strongly, believing that:

There is a suspicion, whether right or wrong, that Lord Beaconsfield is determined on a warlike policy, whilst the country is determined upon a policy of neutrality.

He felt that if the Premier were allowed to force this country into a war it did not wish for, it would mean "a despotism such as no free country would permit," and he hoped the Constituencies would express their feelings so strongly "that no Ministry would dare to drag the country into such an infernal conflict as that would be which we must wage if we fight on behalf of Turkey."

Soon afterwards, on February 8th, 1878, a vote was taken in the House of Commons on the Grant of six millions, asked for by the Ministry towards the expenses of "increasing the efficiency of the Naval and Military Services at the present crisis of the war between Russia and Turkey." The Debate had been a long one, and the tension was great. On February 5th my Father had written to my Mother:

The Debate as you see "drags its slow length along," but will not close to-night. Gladstone spuke extremely well last night, and to a crowded House all the time. We are to be beaten by a very big majority—such is the talk.

My Father had expressed his distrust of the Government's warlike policy by supporting Mr. Whitbread's Motion in the House of Commons, on December 13th, 1878, censuring their action in regard to Afghanistan; and Sir Charles Dilke's Motion on March 31st, 1879, criticizing their actions in Zululand before the war ("this miserable Zulu war," as he described it) which took place that year. With reference to South African affairs he voiced his feelings in a speech to his Constituents in February, 1880:

I will remind you that one of the idols of the Tory party just now is Mr. Cowen, the member for Newcastle, who is a man noted for the eloquence of his speeches. Now I heard Mr. Cowen make a most eloquent speech in the House of Commons in favour of the annexation of the Transvaal, and that speech had a great effect on my mind, and the minds of other Liberal members who, like me, voted with the Government on that question. If that speech were to be made now I am inclined to think that it would have no such effect as it had when it was delivered, for London newspapers—and not Radical ones either, for "The Times" is one—are now telling us that perhaps after all England has made a mistake in the course pursued in annexing the Transvaal.

In his Election Address at the contest of 1880 there occur these words:

Enjoying the blessings of freedom ourselves, we are bound to respect the liberty of others. I am opposed, therefore, to all unjust wars and needless interference in the affairs of other nations. The policy of the present government has resulted in embroiling us in cruel wars in Africa and Asia, and it has left Europe in a condition which can only be regarded as an armed peace.

The next sentence touched on the financial position of England, a side of the question on which my Father had a good deal to say.

I profoundly distrust the financial policy of the government—a policy which has added materially to the national taxation, and threatens to increase our future burdens.

The great increase in military expenditure alarmed him.



Nor did he approve of two ways designed to meet it, namely, by adding to the National Debt, which he described as a very easy way of hoodwinking the country as to the "real state of its finances, . . . by postponing the evil day of payment, instead of paying the bills when they become due," and by charging the expenses of the Afghan War on the Indian Exchequer. He supported Mr. Fawcett's Motion in the House of Commons condemning this latter course. As Lord Derby had expressed it, this "gunpowder and glory business is a very costly piece of business," and my Father ridiculed the idea that spending money on war material was good for the country.

Some people fancy, [he said,] that the money passing from one hand to another is not wasted; but the fact is that money spent in shot and gunpowder to blow men into the air is wanton waste and nothing else.

At the time of commercial depression during the latter half of the decade now under review the cry of Protection was revived. My Father, who had no faith in this panacea, reminded his hearers that commercial depression was no new development since Free Trade was introduced. He pointed them back, by way of example, to the "thirty-one years, although a period of profound peace, during which the Corn Laws were in force (1815-1846), which was a time of almost unparalleled distress in England, when Trade was stagnated." In a speech in 1879 he said there were some "mutterings about Protection," minor members of the Government "whispering words indicating they had a longing and lingering affection for it," while their chiefs denied the possibility of re-introducing such a thing. He hoped the country would not be deceived into it.

It will be found generally to be the case, [he said,] that everyone who produces some article wants it protected, but he does not wish articles that he consumes protected.

As flour milling was part of his business, my Father



knew something of the state of the corn trade at that time. He knew that "from  $\frac{1}{3}$  to  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the wheat consumed in this country has come from abroad." This might seem hard on the farmers, but he believed it was good for the people at large, for it was essential for the prosperity of the country that its people should have good and sufficient food. He compared the farmers with those market gardeners who complained because they could not get such good prices for their lettuces and cabbages in London as formerly, for, as they were unable to meet the demand, these were now imported from Cornwall and France. But my Father maintained the result was greatly to the advantage of the people generally. In 1880 England was suffering from "one of the worst harvests known for a century," but he pointed out to his hearers that thanks to the Free Trade policy its people had been fed "at no greatly enhanced cost above what they would have been called upon to pay for food if the harvest had been a good one." On the cause of the trade depression at that time, he spoke at a meeting in January, 1879, in reply to a speaker who professed to be "very much surprised that Radicals should attribute the present depression to the present Government," maintaining that the statement was "simply a party cry." My Father replied:

Radicals know what they are about, and are able to discriminate between what causes and what aggravates a disease. They admit that over-production, and other causes, have damaged English trade, but they say that until we have an assurance of peace, and men are at the head of affairs who desire peace, trade will not revive, and commerce will not prosper. What do the farmers think of the present state of affairs? There was a time when a war meant war prices; but it is not so now. With new markets open, and a depression of trade, war now means depressed prices. The agriculturists of this county are mistaken if they think war has not had a damaging effect on prices. Depressed trade means that the industries of the country are not in active operation, and that agricultural products cannot be paid for at the price they ought to command.

Foreign affairs absorbed so much time and attention in this Parliament that home affairs had to suffer. Thus in reference to one Session, that of 1879, my Father's comment was that it was an "unprofitable subject, for nothing was going besides sitting up late and passing a few unimportant Acts."

Members of Parliament have a good deal of Committee work of one sort or another. In 1874 my Father was put on a Select Committee, dealing with a Bill to regulate the Sale of Food and Drugs, which became law the next year. This entailed a good deal of work. Another Committee on which he served during this Parliament had to consider a Bill asking for powers to make a Railway in London, involving the destruction of the King's Weigh House Chapel, then situated in Fish Street Hill, endeared to my Father as having been the one of which Dr. Thomas Binney was the Minister. Some of the members were apparently not so well versed in the methods of Nonconformists as he was. Thus he reported to my Mother, on April 1st, 1879:

The Committee takes up one's thoughts as well as time. . . . Railway matters as to the underground have not much of interest, so I won't dilate on them, but I understand we are to have some curious and amusing episodes soon as to Weigh House Chapel, with Mr. Morley and H. Richard as witnesses. I fancy the other members of the Committee will be rather at sea on the point of Trustees, Deacons, etc.

The following extract, written the next day, will show the conscientious way in which he entered into his Committee work:

Our Committee gets on a little faster. . . . I went this morning to the London Hospital to inspect the route proposed to be taken, and then walked back to the City, so as to see for myself all the pros and cons.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THIRD PARLIAMENT

1880—1885: AGED 49—55

(LIBERAL ADMINISTRATION TO JUNE 24TH, 1885)

(CONSERVATIVE ADMINISTRATION FROM JUNE 24TH, 1885)

**T**HE Dissolution of 1880, which proved to be the death blow of the great Beaconsfield Administration, came in the end with little warning.

My Father and Mr. Tillett were again selected to contest Norwich in the Liberal interest. The "Citizen Candidates," as they were called, were first in the field. On March 17th my Father wrote:

I shall have, I suppose, to fight a strongish battle here, though at present no opposition is announced—but I don't expect to escape scot free.

Within two days the Conservative Candidates, both strangers to the City, were announced. They were Mr. Henry Harben, Chairman of the Prudential Life Assurance Company, and the Hon. F. B. Massey-Mainwaring. The City was flooded by Canvassers from a distance in the Conservative interest, who, whatever their connection with the Company, were commonly known as "Prudentials." Their ignorance of local persons and places led to some amusing incidents, and afforded welcome material for the electioneering humorists of the day. The hero of the hour on the Liberal side was the juvenile grandson of a well-known Radical, who, when asked by one of them the way to the

Hall where a Conservative Meeting was to be held, promptly replied, "You can't do better than go straight on,"—thus sending him in diametrically the opposite direction.

The Election took place in Norwich on March 31st, 1880, with the following result, announced about 8.30 the same evening, the poll in those days still closing at four.

J. J. Colman (Lib.) . . . . .	6,549
J. H. Tillett (Lib.) . . . . .	6,512
Henry Harben (Con.) . . . . .	5,242
Hon. F. B. Massey-Mainwaring (Con.)	5,032

This Election was very much quieter than the one in 1874. The result to the Liberals, especially considering the new lines on which they fought it, already referred to, was, my Father considered, "immensely satisfactory."

The electioneering cry that "the Tories came in with six millions to the good, and went out with eight millions to the bad," had formed a rousing battle cry in the Country, when millions were less lightly thought of than nowadays. My Father rejoiced, he wrote, to think that the Liberal success in Norwich was "only an advanced wave of a great tide of Liberalism, which will surely sweep the present Government with its tinsel Foreign Policy out of office." The Country gave its mandate with no uncertain voice, and Lord Beaconsfield resigned before the meeting of Parliament. The Queen, after seeing Lord Hartington and Lord Granville, sent for Mr. Gladstone to form a Ministry, and he took office as First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In reviewing, nearly four years later, the first Session of the new Parliament, my Father referred to some of the legislative Acts.

The Employers' Liability Act, passed during the Session of 1880, he described as "a fair and just Bill." He added:

For myself I am happy to be able to say that at present I have

not had any experience of that Act; but if the passing of it removes any injustice, and puts the working man on a better footing in case of injury, I for one am perfectly satisfied, and glad that I helped to pass it.

The Burials Act, passed the same Session, which he supported, dealt, he felt, with "a question on which the Non-conformists have asked for justice for a long series of years before."

If the Session saw some useful work, it also saw, one infers, a good deal of wasted time. In one letter my Father was goaded to write from the House of Commons to my Mother :

We are having an awfully weary day here to-day, talk—talk—talk—till one gets sick of human nature for being such a set of fools.

One question, raised this Session, formed the basis of many troublous scenes, until finally set to rest in 1888 by the Affirmation Act. Mr. Bradlaugh, elected at the 1880 Election, claimed the right to affirm, instead of taking the usual oath, when being sworn in as a Member. In a speech delivered in 1884 my Father gave his opinion on the question :

No citizen of Norwich will assume that I have the smallest sympathy with the tenets which Mr. Bradlaugh is supposed to represent. . . . But I am bound to say it is not for us to stand in the way of the rights of the Constituency of Northampton. In voting—if the question comes in that form—that Mr. Bradlaugh be permitted to take his seat, I should do so with the firm belief that I am doing nothing to injure religion in any respect.

The Session of 1881 was largely devoted to Irish affairs, which indeed were to take up a great deal of time and attention during the whole Parliament, involving the consideration of very knotty problems—how to deal with the disturbed condition of the Island, the agrarian outrages, and

the organized obstruction in the House of Commons. "The House as insane as ever," was one of my Father's comments written during a sitting that lasted forty-one hours. Four years earlier he had supported resolutions intended to deal with the obstruction, for "the House of Commons," he said, "is after all an assembly of business men for the transaction of business," and he thought it should not tolerate having "all its proceedings obstructed by two, three, or five men, out of six or seven hundred."

In 1880 the Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill, an attempt to secure tenants from cruel and needless evictions, which the Government felt to be an important measure, had been passed by the Commons, but thrown out by the Lords. My Father expressed his opinion, in a speech in 1884, "that not a little of the disturbance which has occurred in Ireland would have been prevented had that Bill been allowed to become the law of the land." He added :

But the next year we did pass an Irish Land Bill—a Bill which I trust will produce fruit in future years in the pacification of our Sister Country.

It was an attempt to settle the grievances between tenants and landlords. Writing to my Mother, on August 11th, 1881, in reference to this Bill, which had occupied so many hours during the Session, my Father expressed his relief:

To-day has been after all a storm in a tea-pot, and the Land Bill is through *without* an Autumn Session.

In looking back on the fights over the Bill he stated in a speech delivered in 1882 :

The last Session brought out what was admitted by foes as well as by friends—the mastery of detail, and the mastery of temper, which Mr. Gladstone showed over the Irish Land Bill.

The year 1882 was marked by events of tragic import, both in Ireland and Egypt.

On May 6th, the Irish National movement, so much to the fore during this Parliament, received a crushing blow by the assassination in the Phoenix Park at Dublin of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the recently appointed Irish Secretary (in the place of Mr. W. E. Forster, who had resigned), and of Mr. Thomas Burke, the permanent Under Secretary. It needed much more than the repudiation of this act by the leaders of the movement to check the effect on the English people when the news of the crime became known. Two years later, my Father spoke of this year as being "stained by the frightful crime in Ireland which disturbed very much the arrangements which were then before the House." He had, it need hardly be said, expressed his horror of this and of the other crimes which stained the history of Ireland during those years. He supported Mr. Gladstone's Government in their coercive measures of 1882, feeling as he expressed it:

We were compelled, unfortunately, to devote a great deal of time, and I believe the time was properly devoted, to the passing of the Bill for Prevention of Crime in Ireland.

But later on he came to feel there was a better way of trying to check crime than by means of Coercion Acts. Four years later he admitted:

I am bound to state that votes have been given in the House of Commons, in promotion of a coercive policy, by myself and other Members of the Liberal party, which would not have been given had all the facts been made known. Undoubtedly if votes were given to put down crime, that crime was committed in answer unfortunately to other crime.

And in 1887, in criticizing the more stringent coercive measures in the Crimes Bill of a Conservative Government, he said:

The bulk of the Liberal party did not know, till taught by one or two prominent individuals, more particularly Mr. John Morley, that coercion was not going to the root of the matter. . . . But



Liberals have learned the lesson that coercive measures are not a remedy for Irish evils, for they only touch the surface, instead of going to the root of the disease.

Replying to the taunt that Liberals had altered their position, he maintained there was good reason for their change of front:

A few years ago we did not understand, as we understand now, the question of Irish land. We did not formerly realize the fact that the Irish tenants have been paying extortionate rents, in many instances to absentee landlords. Knowledge has since come to us from different sources—Commissions, the Land Courts, and statements in the House of Commons—of the sufferings of the Irish tenants.

In June, 1882, affairs in Egypt had reached an acute stage, and action was taken by the English Government to quell the Insurrection under Arabi. Shortly before the first shot was fired, the Right Hon. H. C. E. Childers, then War Secretary, paid a short visit to my Father at Corton, from July 8th to the 10th. My Mother, writing to her mother on the latter date (the day when the English Fleet took up its position at Alexandria, and the French Fleet sailed away), said, in reference to his visit:

I do not think Mr. Childers will be at all surprised if they have to go out of office in the autumn. . . . He told us that just before coming down here he had heard that *everything* was ready for war with Egypt, and he thought the best way to save the country from war was to be thoroughly prepared for it. Nothing now was required but the lifting of a finger and the troops could be sent off with all that they require. He had arranged at Jeremiah's suggestion that the Lowestoft telegraph office should be kept open all Sunday, and at about 6.30 a message was brought up by horse, and he was doubtful whether he might not have to travel back by the 8.40 p.m. train. We sent him up to Lowestoft in time for that train, but he found it was not necessary to go before this morning, so he returned.

The following evening, July 11th, my Father, who had



gone up to London, wrote to his wife from the House of Commons:

So far as Foreign news is concerned there is a hope that the Egyptian affair will not be serious, at least for us—but the letting out of water is always serious, and so is the beginning of gunpowder.

On that fateful morning the bombardment of Alexandria had already begun.

In reference to the following year, 1883, my Father said of the Session:

People say it was wasted. But I am not prepared to assent to that. The Session of Parliament which passed the Agricultural Holdings Act, the Patents Act, the Bankruptcy Act, and the Corrupt Practices Act was not, in my judgment, by any means a wasted Session.

The two Sessions of 1884 were notable for the new Reform Bill, by which the County Franchise was extended, which became law during the autumn. My Father of course gave his support to it, and also to the Redistribution of Seats Bill, passed the following year. His account of the introduction of the latter Bill was:

The Scheme is too big for description in a hasty note. Suffice it now to say that a good many single seats will be introduced in new Boroughs, and some big ones divided, but Norwich remains untouched.

The obstruction in the House of Lords to the County Franchise Bill had deeply roused the Liberals, and many thought it was time to put an end to the Upper House. Though my Father thought there was a good deal to be said in favour of a Second Chamber, yet, he maintained, in 1888, there was “nothing to be said for one based on the principles of the present House of Lords,” and he felt “there could be no more illogical or unsound principle than that upon which the present Upper House is founded

—the hereditary right to legislate for this great country." He was not imbued with the idea that a title and brains necessarily go together. Once he expressed the views to my Mother, referring to some Parliamentary Bill:

The Bill is in Committee for Friday in the Lords, and I may be compelled to stay—at all events I must stay to-morrow, as I have to try and put a few grains of common sense into the heads of two noble lords, and this may take all my time.

The Session of 1885 was one of great anxiety, owing to events in the Soudan, and the possibility of a war with Russia.

The news of the fall of Khartoum, and the death of General Gordon, reached England early in February. On March 2nd my Father in a letter referred to the affairs in Egypt, and to Mr. John Morley's Amendment to Sir Stafford Northcote's Resolution, condemning the policy of the Government, which ran as follows:

That this House, while refraining from expressing an opinion on the policy pursued by Her Majesty's Government in respect to the affairs of Egypt and the Soudan, regrets the decision of Her Majesty's Government to employ the forces of the Crown for the overthrow of the power of the Mahdi.

**My Father's comment was:**

You will see by the Division Lists that I did not support Mr. Morley, though I felt a good deal of sympathy with his Amendment, and it was not without some hesitation that I determined how to vote. On the whole it appeared best to me (as you will see it did also to not a few others among the Radical Liberals) to follow the line Mr. Gladstone announced—viz., the direct negative to the three Amendments. This course appeared to me to be specially incumbent, in consequence of the defection from the Government of many who call themselves Li[berals], but who in the matter of war p[olicy] vote with the Tories. At the same time I sympathize fully with the feeling of aversion to the war . . . and think it should be concluded as speedily as is possible.

In January, 1884, he had expressed his views on the occupation of Egypt in the following words:

So far as Egypt is concerned, I confess I am not able to say that Englishmen have no right to take care of the highway to India and Australia. I have faith in the remarks made by Mr. Chamberlain at Newcastle the other day, when he said that in being in Egypt we are there for no purpose of our own, we are there to secure good government, and then get away as fast as we can. But we have to take care that good government is secured. The way to some of our most important possessions is through that country, and I cannot feel that we should be justified in saying we have no interest in Egypt at the present time. I hope, however, there will be no desire to extend our Empire. I fancy some of our Conservative friends have a kind of thirst for universal Empire. I have been reading a sermon recently preached by the Dean of Norwich—who is a very zealous Conservative. In an eloquent and thoughtful passage the Dean shows very strikingly that the four great attempts at universal Empire in the past have failed, and that the Persian Empire, the Babylonian Empire, Alexander's Empire, and the Roman Empire have all come to naught. When reading it, I thought this surely is a lesson for Englishmen. We have an Empire large enough; we don't want to extend it; we want to rule it wisely and well, and for the good of the natives under our rule, but we don't want any dream of universal Empire.

The Controversy with Russia had reference to the Russian advances in Central Asia. While the British and Russian Governments were arranging for a Commission to settle the dispute in regard to the boundary of Afghanistan, the state of affairs had been made more critical by the Russians' attacking the Afghans at Penjdeh on March 30th, 1885. Three weeks earlier my Father's belief had been that "though we may have 'tall talk' with Russia, I doubt if it will come to anything more than that." On the 23rd he wrote:

With reference to political matters, all one can say is that the situation is still an anxious one. I still would hold to the hope that there is too much common sense on both sides to allow of war being actually engaged in—but when I was in town last week I

found there was in the House of Commons, and amongst those best informed, a considerable amount of anxiety.

When the case had become more critical still, my Father still hoped "the threatened cloud might be dispersed and that it will not again be our lot to engage in a terrible and fearful strife," but his one consolation was that if war should come, in waging it for India, England would be doing so "for a great country committed to her charge," and not for "supporting a tyrannical and corrupt power like Turkey." On May 7th he reported:

On the question on which the Division took place on Tuesday night, when there was, as you will have seen, only two majority, I understand, but not from the Whips, Gladstone was very worried. . . . The Tories are terribly angry, whether because they honestly think Russia has got the better of us, or that they think the Government will appear better in the face of the country having avoided war, I don't know. At all events they will do what in mortal men lies to harass the Government during the next few days. . . . All I can say is that it seems to me the next few days are extremely critical, and though I am down here [at Corton] stocktaking, the Whips know that I am ready to come up at any time.

The crisis, as far as Russia was concerned, happily passed, but the crisis as far as the Government was concerned came unexpectedly the next month. An Amendment on Mr. Childers's Budget was carried by a majority of twelve, on June 8th, 1885, and Mr. Gladstone resigned.

It was my lot on that occasion, [said my Father,] to stand where I could see the frantic delight of the Fourth Party and the Irish Party.

The following day he wrote about the situation:

Politically we have got into a sudden mess. . . . The latest rumours point to the idea that Lord Salisbury is to come in as his party wish to have a few months of the spoils of office, and so perhaps it will be. The Liberal Party on the whole are not cast down as to the *ultimate* result, by which I mean the result after the General Election.

Writing on the 22nd of June, he stated:

On the general political question, at the time I write this, nothing is settled positively, but it looks very much as if the Conservatives would not succeed in forming a Government.

Lord Salisbury, however, did succeed, but remained only a few months in office, my Father's comment on the new Ministry being:

There are plenty of titles in the new Cabinet. Lord Salisbury should have remembered that because a man is a lord he is not necessarily a fit ruler of the country.

## CHAPTER XIX

### FOURTH PARLIAMENT

1885—1886: AGED 55

(LIBERAL ADMINISTRATION)

**P**ARLIAMENT was dissolved in the late autumn of 1885, and the General Election took place in November.

Since the previous Election the Liberals in Norwich had done an important piece of organizing by forming an Association in 1883—the Liberal Three Hundred—which became the official organization of the Party. The Executive Committee had to look out for a second candidate, as Mr. Tillett declined to stand again. Attempts made to get another Citizen Candidate failed, and the Liberals had to go further afield to find a colleague for my Father. The choice fell on Mr. R. S. Wright (the late Mr. Justice Wright), than whom no more loyal colleague could have been found. His quick repartee and skill in dealing with difficult questions, for which my Father always maintained a legal training was needed, was a source of unmixed admiration to the latter, whose caution made him detest being bombarded by sudden questions needing sudden answers.

Mr. (afterwards Sir) Harry Bullard stood alone in the Conservative interest. My Father fully expected, he wrote, “a vigorous contest” in the “difficult two-against-one contest.” The Right Hon. G. O. Trevelyan was one who came to help the Liberals at a Meeting in October. The

Election took place on November 25th, with the following result:

H. Bullard (Con.)	7,279
J. J. Colman (Lib.)	6,666
R. S. Wright (Lib.)	6,251

It was an unprecedentedly large poll, 13,600 persons having voted. My Father was much disappointed that Mr. Wright was not returned with him:

Thanks for your telegram of congratulations, [he wrote to one correspondent,] but I want some amount of condolence as well.

Mr. Wright, who came straight from the Declaration of the Poll to tell the news to my Father at Carrow House, and whose philosophic calm over his defeat was a lesson to all candidates in such a position, summed up his views in subsequent words to my Father, of which those who knew him could not doubt their genuineness:

It would have been entirely intolerable to me to have got in without you. It is much best as it is.

During the Election my Father, as was his wont, worked in some of the County Constituencies as well as his own. A letter referring to "a meeting at Wisbech in support of Mr. Rigby, another meeting at Attleborough in support of Mr. R. T. Gurdon, a third meeting at Lynn in support of Sir Wm. ffolkes, and another meeting last night in support of Sir Savile Crossley," gives some idea of what he had on hand. It was little wonder he suffered from hoarseness, and could only fulfil some of his engagements with difficulty, nor that he should be led to exclaim in a letter to a fellow-sportsman, Mr. J. A. Hardcastle:

Oh! the bother of these meetings! What is to become of my partridges and pheasants meanwhile? They will surely wish there were annual Parliamentary Elections in the month of November.

The election of his brother-in-law, Herbert H. Cozens-

Hardy, for North Norfolk, by a large majority, was one bright spot among many disappointments during that Election.

In Norwich the Liberal Party, believing that illegal practices had been resorted to, and anxious to prevent a recurrence, lodged a Petition against the return of the Conservative Candidate. It was tried in March, 1886, before Mr. Justice Denman and Mr. Justice Cave, who, while exonerating Mr. Bullard personally, reported that as a case of bribery by an agent of his had been proved, he was not duly elected, and was disqualified for standing for seven years. The possibility of another General Election in the near future made it specially difficult to get a candidate to contest the vacant seat, and the Liberals decided not to fight it. So the following month Mr. (afterwards Sir) Samuel Hoare, who stood in the Conservative interest, was returned unopposed.

This Parliament, elected in 1885, consisted of 333 Liberals, 251 Conservatives, and 86 Home Rulers. The key of the position was therefore in the hands of the last. The Liberals had lost heavily in the Boroughs, but the newly-enfranchized Electors in the Counties had largely supported them. My Father's views on the position the latter might take in the future were sketched in a letter dated December 16th, 1885:

Suppose the Parliament does little or nothing for the Agricultural Labourers—how will they vote next time? Some people have expressed the opinion that they will become more extreme than ever, but I am not quite sure of this, and feel that perhaps they may say, "We get nothing from the Liberals as we expected, and may as well go with the Farmers and Parsons again." At all events, whichever it may be, I fear the Agricultural Labourer will find this Parliament not so good an one as he expected.

Parliament met in January, 1886. In the Debate on the Address Mr. Jesse Collings carried his "Three Acres and a Cow" Amendment, so Lord Salisbury immediately re-



signed, and was succeeded by Mr. Gladstone. My Father's comment in a letter to my Mother, written on January 27th, the day after the Government's defeat, was:

As to last night's doings, all feel in a fog, and though the Amendment was one we were bound to vote for—if voting at all—nearly every one feels it is a step in the dark—and it was very noteworthy that the cheers came from the Irish and not from the Liberals.

On April 8th, 1886, Mr. Gladstone, in a speech of three and a half hours' duration, before a crowded House, asked leave to bring in his Bill for the Better Government of Ireland. Thus the Home Rule Controversy became the question on which the Government was to sink or swim. "Only time for a line," wrote my Father that day to his wife, "on this historical afternoon. I have a very good seat, and that is something important." His comment the next day was:

I think on the whole the reception of the Scheme is satisfactory—a grim necessity, no doubt, but [it was] felt that it, or something like it, is inevitable.

The Bill was soon followed by its companion measure, Mr. Gladstone's Land Purchase Bill. On April 14th my Father reported to my Mother:

You will have seen that the Land Bill is to come in on Friday, but there seem so many surprises now, that we hardly know from day to day what will happen.

A month later, when the split in the Liberal Camp was shown to be serious, and the Liberal Unionists, as they elected to call themselves, were massing together, my Father wrote, in a letter dated May 11th:

Politics look queer again, but on the whole I am not sure that in the long run it is not better that Chamberlain should be where he is than support the Bill.

My Father never had any faith in Mr. Chamberlain as a Political Leader, even at the time when he was at the

height of his popularity amongst the Liberal Party. He thought his speeches and writings "more sensational than sound."

On May 31st my Father's news was:

You will see we are suddenly in the midst of Storm, and it looks as if Dissolution is certain.

The five-lined Whip, urging the attendance of all M.P.'s for the Division on the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill, was for June 7th. In the early hours of the following morning the Government was defeated by 341 votes to 311, and two days later the Dissolution of Parliament was announced.

My Father had supported both these Irish Measures. On April 30th he had written in reference to them:

My intention is to support the measures Mr. Gladstone has brought in. No doubt alterations will be made in Committee—and probably important ones—but as to the 2nd Reading I feel no doubt as to what I ought to do.

Complete severance between England and Ireland, he was clear, was not to be thought of.

Geographically, [he said in a speech in 1884,] Ireland happens to be very near our shores, and it would be a bad thing, both for Ireland and England, if she were separated from the United Kingdom. I am not prepared to do anything which will tend in that direction.

But he believed, as he expressed it in his Election Address of 1886, "that a measure which shall give to the Sister Country control over her local concerns, due respect being paid to Imperial interests, is an absolute necessity, and that only in this way can good legislation for both countries be efficiently secured." Difficulties were suggested by many in regard to the Ulster Protestants. To these he replied in June, 1886, to a correspondent:

With respect to the special point you raise—of the Ulster Protestants—I am quite convinced (and I have had personal testimony

from several gentlemen living in Ireland to this effect) that the fears entertained by this class will prove to be as groundless as in the case of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, when similar fears were very freely expressed. Further, I may say that I entertain the reasonable hope that the association of Protestants and Roman Catholics in work for common ends in the Irish Parliament will do much to banish the bitter sectarian animosity of the North of Ireland, which has been grievously discreditable to the common Christianity of both the disputant sections.

My Father felt that though this short Parliament had unfortunately split up the Liberal Party, yet it had done good by laying the foundation for a better understanding between the English and the Irish, a foundation on which he hoped in time "a noble structure" would be raised.

## CHAPTER XX

### FIFTH PARLIAMENT

1886—1892: AGED 56—61

(CONSERVATIVE ADMINISTRATION)

THE General Election of 1886 took place in the summer. It was rumoured my Father was going to forsake Norwich, and stand for a division of Norfolk. In a letter to a friend he wrote:

It is Norwich or nothing, and I shall not *fret personally* if it is the latter.

Indeed, it was largely loyalty to Mr. Gladstone that made him consent to stand, so that, if elected, he could give him his support in the difficult work he had on hand. The split among the Liberals on the Home Rule Question made it more than usually difficult to get candidates on that side. Mr. Tillett at length consented to be nominated, in conjunction with my Father, so, to quote the words of the latter, there was "thus, at the least, promise of a spirited contest."

Mr. Samuel Hoare stood in the Conservative interest, with Mr. Clare Sewell Read—with whom my Father was always on friendly terms, not at all lessened by having to fight him in a political contest.

On July 1st, in the thick of the fray, after a meeting at which the Right Hon. James Stansfeld, M.P., had been the chief speaker, my Mother reported in a letter to her youngest daughter, then at School :

Last night the people would drag your Father and Mr. Tillett home, so the horses were taken out, and they, with Mr. Stansfeld, Ethel and me were pulled along London St., by the Market Place and St. Stephen's to Mr. Tillett's house, where we dropped him, and then we were taken by Queen's Road to St. Catherine's Hill. Here we got out, and wished the people good night, and walked home down Butter Hill and the Grove, but the people would drag the empty carriage home, with Bradley [the coachman] sitting in state on the box! The row of shouting and singing was decidedly deafening, and we were very glad to get into our quiet home. It was not at all to your Father's and my taste, as you will well believe. We are so busy that I have hardly an hour to call my own.

My Father, finding time to send birthday greetings to this daughter the same day, the eve of the Election, wrote:

I shall have a different day to yours, but it remains to be seen whether it will be a day for congratulations or the contrary. At all events, I am not going to fret myself if the result is an adverse one, except that I shall feel if Norwich is lost other places will be lost too, and then it will be a bad thing for the Liberal party.

The Election took place on July 2nd, 1886, with the following result:

J. J. Colman (Lib.)	6,295
S. Hoare (Con.)	6,156
J. H. Tillett (Lib.)	6,119
C. S. Read (Con.)	5,564

As for Norwich, [my Father wrote in a letter dated July 5th,] you know that I never looked for any very great result. We have done the best we could, but I am afraid the Liberal Dissentients are more numerous than some of our sanguine friends thought a few weeks ago.

He much regretted Mr. Tillett's defeat, especially as it would have been prevented had some of the plumpers used their votes for both Liberal Candidates. My Mother in a letter to her mother wrote:

To us it is most annoying that there should have been 99

plumpers for Jeremiah. If these Electors had split their votes by giving equally to the Liberal Candidates Mr. Tillett would have been in by a majority of fifty.

This defeat meant the close of Mr. Tillett's active political life—a life of storm and stress, in which he had fought 6 contested Elections (in 1868, 1870, 1874, 1875, 1880 and 1886), had been defeated 3 times, had had to stand the brunt of 3 Election Petitions, once as Petitioner and twice as Defendant, to say nothing of 2 Royal Commissions. For a time he was at once the most hated and the most revered figure in the political life of Norwich, and party feeling ran very high during his candidature.

My Father used to look back upon talks when a lad with Mr. Tillett as amongst his earliest recollections of political matters. At the time of the latter's death, in 1892, there appeared among the notices in the newspapers about him an unsigned one by my Mother, who knew him intimately. Those who recalled him only as a politician, with his fine commanding personality and gifts of oratory, knew only part of him, and she was anxious that the other sides of his character should not pass unnoticed. She wrote of him:

Those who knew Mr. Tillett simply as a public speaker and a politician can have little idea of what he was to those who were admitted into the inner circle of his friendship. Everyone in Norwich knows that he was one of her leading citizens, a man of mark, and even till the last year of his life his name carried power and weight with the people. He was ever a true friend of the poor, the troubled, and the tried. In his political work he strove to raise the working classes by *trusting* them, and to this end he strove to obtain for them the right to vote for representatives to the House of Commons. But he never spoke to them of the franchise as being the panacea for all ills. He strongly believed in Christianity as the only power which could raise man to the right level.

To quote a hackneyed expression, Mr. Tillett was a "born orator." He had many natural advantages—a tall and commanding figure; a fine, broad, and high forehead; piercing dark eyes (though

so shortsighted as never to be seen without spectacles); a powerful and yet pleasant voice; a great command of language, and, above all, the gift of enthusiasm by which he could sway a great multitude. Could the walls of our old St. Andrew's Hall speak they could tell of many thousands at a time carried away by the spell of Mr. Tillett's eloquence.

There was another view, however, in which the peculiar mixture of a many-sided character was seen. He was equally at home in conducting Bible Classes, where only a few men or women met for studying the Scriptures. In this work he took great interest, and in the latter part of his life, especially, his time was principally occupied in continuous study of the Bible, and of books in different languages which threw light upon it. His great delight was found in tracing analogies between things in the natural and the spiritual world. Although not an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature, or at all scientific in his tastes, he yet enjoyed, above all things, studying such subjects as the foreshadowings of the Resurrection shown in nature's spring-time, or in the life-history of a butterfly, or the analogy between the effect of sunlight on the healthy growth of plants and animals and that of moral and spiritual light upon man's higher nature. No one can have attended such lectures as he gave to small classes or larger societies without wishing that all who try to teach others would adopt the same plan of illustrating abstruse subjects by things which can be seen and felt. He never dealt in religious platitudes, and he abhorred all cant. To him Christ was all and in all. He deprecated long elaborate creeds, and he has often been heard to express his dislike of Chapel Trust Deeds in which a past generation strove to bind the present one to its own formula. He once had, as a young lawyer, to prepare a Trust Deed for a small Chapel on the Norfolk coast, built by a benevolent Norwich lady, in which the doctrines to be taught were laid down with great precision—in fact, it was a system of divinity, put into legal form, according to the views of this good lady. Mr. Tillett used to say that he was thankful he had not to declare his own assent and consent to all these articles, and he pitied the Pastor who would be asked to do it. Let us hope the days of such Trust Deeds are passing away.

In the House of Commons Mr. Tillett seldom took part in the Debates. He entered the House too late in life to fall into its ways, and he never became acclimatized to its atmosphere. His own habits of life had become stereotyped before he entered Parliament. He

led a most simple life in Norwich, always dining very early and taking a daily constitutional walk round the garden at Carrow Abbey, where he lived from 1861 to 1885. He had measured the paths so that he might know when he had completed his self-assigned task of so many miles, and then he would return to his study. He ended the day by a light supper, and retired early to rest. All this was of course upset by life in London, and there is no doubt that the late hours in the House of Commons helped to diminish his strength more rapidly than the added years would have done had they been spent in Norwich. . . .

Mr. Tillet was one who made few friends in the strong deep sense of the word, but his friendships, when once made, were life-lasting. He enjoyed quiet earnest talks with those whom he thus loved and trusted, but he was naturally reserved, and shrank from large social gatherings. It was in the hour of trial that he proved the depth of his kindly feeling, and he had all a woman's sympathy for sorrow.

"His life was gentle; and the elements  
 "So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,  
 "And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"<sup>1</sup>

His useful life is now ended on earth, but he leaves to the young people of his native city a most precious legacy in the lessons which they may learn from his example. His marked characteristics were intense love of study, and a desire to use his mental and spiritual power for the good of his fellow-citizens. One piece of advice he often gave to those who were beginning life, and this was to make a practice of keeping a common-place book in which to enter extracts from every work that they read. He went so far as to express his conviction that no book was worth reading unless some extracts could be found deserving a place in this manuscript book. His influence over young people was great, as it well deserved to be, and there are hundreds in this city who have cause to rejoice that they were brought into contact with him, and who will join with the writer of this short tribute in saying:

"He was a man. Take him for all in all,  
 "I shall not look upon his like again."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare: "Julius Caesar," Act 5, Sc. 5.

<sup>2</sup> Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act 1, Sc. 2.



During the Election Contests of 1886, and indeed for long after, many hard things were said by Liberals against those who had broken away from them. But this was never my Father's plan, and he deeply regretted the personal element so often brought into the discussions.

Personally, [he wrote in June of that year,] my influence, as far as I am able to exert it here, is always for union among Liberals. Even if we have our differences we need not magnify them, and ought not to.

And again later he wrote :

You know I am, in political matters, for peace and moderation, and hate the quarrelsome spirit I see so many evidences of all around.

At the same time he admitted the Liberal Unionists did not always make this easy. Thus he wrote to a correspondent in 1889 :

I fully agree, as you know, with your policy of "not accentuating the split." But I must confess that sometimes one's temper is sorely tried, in the House of Commons especially, with the conduct of some who used to call themselves Liberals and Radicals, and it is a hard task not to show resentment. As to the arch offender [you know] pretty well that, even when he was at the height of his popularity with the Radical party, I never felt the least confidence in him.

The so-called Round Table Conference began its sittings early in 1887. Its members, Lord Herschell, Sir William Harcourt, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. John Morley and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain met to confer in the hope that the divisions in the Liberal Camp might be settled. My Father hoped something might have been accomplished by the Conference. He thought :

Even if it does no good in the sense of any further outward step towards union being taken, I think it is pretty clear it won't do any

harm, but will tend towards a better understanding in the House itself.

The result of the General Election of 1886 had been disastrous to the Liberal Party, and Mr. Gladstone resigned, being replaced by Lord Salisbury as Premier. This result was not unexpected by my Father. On June 3rd he had written to Mr. Arnold Morley:

In 1874 Norfolk, Suffolk and Cambs. (boroughs and counties) were swept by the Conservatives, the only exceptions, *i.e.*, the only two Liberal Members being Brand and myself, the former as minority representative for Cambs.<sup>1</sup>

In 1885 the same 3 Counties, inclusive of the boroughs within their boundaries, gave 14 Liberals and 8 Conservatives.

You must look for these latter figures to be seriously altered back for the worse.

Little was done during the first Session of the new Parliament, but the second Session of 1887 was memorable for the passing of the new Crimes Bill for Ireland, a Government measure. My Father voted against it, partly for reasons already stated, and partly because he felt it had been demonstrated that coercion had failed in its object, and so a new system of government ought to be tried in its place.

In December, 1886, Lord Randolph Churchill had resigned the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer as a protest in favour of economy in public administration. This was followed by revelations of the incompetency, coupled with the extravagance, that characterised the administration of our national defences, both naval and military. My Father had never reposed much trust in Lord Randolph, but he frankly admitted "he has done great and useful service in

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<sup>1</sup> Cambridgeshire returned 3 Members for the undivided County until 1885, when it was divided into three divisions, with 1 Member for each, under the Redistribution of Seats Act.

pointing out the waste and extravagance going on in our military and naval affairs," and felt sure that "if he would do what he could to promote economy with efficiency he would find no carping critics among the Liberal Party."

A revived Jingoism during this Parliament again gave my Father the opportunity of expressing some strong views against the thirst for Empire. A musical item in the programme of one meeting he attended, the song, "The flag that waves o'er every sea, no matter when or where," reminded him that it was one he used to sing a quarter of a century earlier. He added the comment that the English flag had to wave over a great many more places than it did at that time, and that if the nation did not take care they would allow it to wave in places where they would have a very hard job to protect it, and where it might lead to disastrous international quarrels.

The Session of 1887 included other Parliamentary work for my Father, as he was on two Committees, one dealing with the important Bill for the Manchester Ship Canal.

He welcomed the Local Government Act of 1888, establishing County Councils, and looked on it as "a step towards something further." He thought it "a great and grand experiment in local self-government," and though he saw defects in the Act he "did not sympathize with the view that the Act is a sham." When the first County Council Elections came on, he was most anxious that Members should be elected representing various classes and shades of opinion.

While I should regret, [he said in a letter to Mr. R. H. Inglis Palgrave,] to see all the 57 Norfolk seats occupied by 57 County Magistrates, which would practically mean handing the whole thing over to one class and one party, I should equally regret to see 57 new and untried men returned, even if they happened to be all of the political and ecclesiastical party to which I belong.

But to carry this out meant co-operation.

It is no use, [he said in a letter to another friend,] the Magistrates of the County talking about keeping party politics out of consideration, if, as soon as a Liberal Candidate appears, a Conservative is nominated to oppose him.

In a speech on behalf of the candidature of his friend, Mr. S. N. Delf, my Father touched further on the question:

Being a Nonconformist I feel it desirable that there should be a few Nonconformists on the County Council. Probably Churchmen will smile at this idea, but if the County Council should be of the same class as the County Magistrates there will be very few Nonconformists upon it. The time will come when there will be an extension of Burial Boards in different districts, when something will have to be said about Churchyards, and when various Educational matters will arise, and then we shall need the presence in County Councils of good, sound, sturdy Nonconformists, who will say what they think on these questions.

The idea was expressed that the County Councils would have little to do. But my Father felt from the first "that if the County Councils comprise men of ability, representing different interests, fresh work will soon be found for them."

Though he was sounded as to whether he would allow himself to be nominated as an Alderman in a County Council, he felt he had too many irons in the fire already to accede to this request.

In reviewing the Session of 1888 my Father referred to Sir Charles Russell's Motion on the right of holding public meetings in London. He felt that:

Though the Liberals did not succeed in carrying that Motion, the time occupied in the Debate was not mis-spent, and the determination shown by the Liberal party to uphold the right of public meeting in London will bear fruit in the metropolis and elsewhere.

He held strong views on the imprisonment of the Irish M.P.'s, which followed the Crimes Act, and expressed himself forcibly. Thus he wrote to Mr. Schnadhorst in February, 1889:

I need hardly say that I view with indignation the treatment of Mr. O'Brien and the other Irish M.P.'s, and consider that Mr. Balfour's administration of the Crimes Act of the Government is calculated to drive Irishmen to the desperation which they have hitherto happily avoided.

He believed Mr. O'Brien to be a man of high honour, and was indignant at the taunts thrown at him by Mr. Balfour. Indeed of one of the latter's speeches, delivered in February, 1889, my Father said:

I must confess that my blood boiled, and I would rather not say all I thought when I read it. Mr. Balfour, we must remember, is a responsible English statesman, and he is a responsible statesman by the votes of English Electors.

Of the law under which the extensive Evictions were carried out in Ireland at that time, my Father said it might be a written law, but it was not a law sanctioned by justice, and he believed the laws relating to tenants needed to be changed.

Politics in the year 1889 were not altogether smooth sailing, if one may judge from glimpses seen in letters from him to my Mother.

July 15, 1889. As to Politics we get more angry each day, but I suspect if the truth were to be told, the row between Government and their supporters is more than that between the Tories and Liberals.

July 23, 1889. A precious mess now about these Grants, for it *looks* as if Mr. Gladstone will be divided from several of his Colleagues on the Front Bench, and then where this will lead to no one can tell.

The reference was to Royal grants for Prince Albert Victor and Princess Louise of Wales. My Father said at the time he did not share the very strong feelings against them held by many Radicals, and that in any case he would be guided much by Mr. Gladstone, whose "long Parliamentary experience, and thorough knowledge of the Nation

and of the Constitution," ought, my Father contended, to give his judgment great weight. The subject of Royal grants had come up very early in his Parliamentary life. In 1871 he had voted for a reduction in the grant to Prince Arthur "rather as a protest in favour of general economy," but to go further and refuse the grant did not, he said, "commend itself to my judgment." He added:

My belief is that the Nation is bound to provide for the Royal family in consideration of the virtual arrangement which was entered into at the commencement of Her Majesty's reign. Moreover I think that the way in which the Queen fulfils her private duty, the example she sets, and the way in which she fills the post, is more than a compensation for that outward show which is sometimes complained of in a constitutional sovereign.

He had a high appreciation of the way in which Queen Victoria filled her position. Many years later, in 1886, he said though "regret was expressed sometimes that the Queen had not come forward so frequently on public occasions as might be fitting," yet he thought they ought to remember that she has "duties, responsibilities and occupations which none of us can thoroughly understand." And though some people might complain the Queen had a preference for certain statesmen, yet my Father felt "it is only just to recognise that this preference has not interfered with her rule as a constitutional sovereign." Once, when in the chair at a political meeting, he very nearly walked away because he disapproved of something which was said derogatory to the Throne, although the speaker was his own guest at Carrow House. On the whole he thought it best to remain where he was, but he gave vent to his feelings at the end by publicly dissociating himself from the remarks. Needless to say relations were somewhat strained over the supper table on the return from the meeting.

The Tithes Rent Charge Recovery Bill of 1889 was another cause provocative of temper in the House that

year. On August 14th my Father, writing to my Mother from the House of Commons, gave vent to his feelings:

We are *almost* swearing to-day—internally I think we are doing so, and I hardly know which is doing it the most, Tories or Liberals—the former brought up about a Bill they don't like, and the latter at Government backing out half way instead of the whole way.

Then came a sudden calm. Two days later he could report:

All's well that ends well, and the Session is practically over—Tithes Bill being gone.

In the same year, 1889, a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the working of the Vaccination Acts. With the appointment of that Commission, and the modification of the existing laws that was the outcome of it, my Father was in warm sympathy. It was a subject in which many of his Constituents took a special interest, for in 1882 the subject was brought into prominence in Norwich owing to the deaths of some children, due, it was alleged, to vaccination, and the Local Government Board sent down an Inspector to hold an Inquiry. Before the Public Inquiry took place my Father caused some private investigations to be made by some one in whom he placed confidence. He was careful, in thus trying to get at the truth, to give an opportunity to the medical man specially inculpated to put his own side of the question in answer to a printed pamphlet bringing charges against him. My Father's view, after learning the Report of the Inspector, was:

Though it admitted the laxity of the Norwich Vaccination Officers, it did not, in my judgment, speak as strongly as it should have done with reference to the cases brought under review.

His position was that though he was "not prepared to consider vaccination otherwise than as useful and beneficent on the whole," and though he submitted to re-vaccination



himself, yet he felt that parents who had conscientious objections ought to be protected by the law. Moreover, he thought the law as it then stood—the so-called compulsory clauses not being universally obligatory, as the rich man could evade them by fines, while the poor man had to submit—was both illogical and unjust. In 1887 he was asked to take the matter up, and he wrote to several M.P.'s, including Sir Joseph Pease, with a view to getting the law altered.

July 5, 1887.

Dear Sir Joseph,

An Anti-Vaccination Deputation yesterday came to see me, and in the course of conversation your action in the matter was mentioned—a Motion you had on the paper, but I believe had no opportunity to move.

But what I specially write about is this. A few years ago,<sup>1</sup> in writing to the Norwich Anti-Vaccinators, I had said I would support "some arrangement, if one could be made, whereby the Parents, when registering the birth of a child, might secure its exemption from Vaccination, by protesting their serious objection to the performance of the Operation."

My friends asked me whether a proposal embodying this suggestion could not be usefully brought before Parliament. And I undertook to have a word on the subject with a few members who were interested in the subject, amongst whom is yourself. I shall hope therefore to have some talk with you about it, before long, when I meet you in the House.

Yours faithfully

J. J. COLMAN.

My Father backed a Bill for modifying the law as it then stood, and also expressed his views by speaking, as well as by voting, in the House of Commons.

In the autumn of 1890 there came a staggering blow to the Irish Cause with the revelation of the sordid story connected with the private life of the Leader of the Irish Home Rule Party. My Father's views on the subject, expressed in a letter dated November 21st, were that:

<sup>1</sup> In 1883.



Personally I have a strong feeling that, both in the interests of morality, and as a matter of advantage to the Home Rule cause and the Liberal Party generally, Mr. Parnell ought to resign his leadership.

During the first few days, when Mr. Gladstone remained silent, waiting for some communication on Mr. Parnell's side, my Father, who, as one of their number, had probably better opportunities of gauging the feelings of Nonconformists than Mr. Gladstone, felt it his duty to let him know how strong the feeling was that had been roused amongst them on the subject. It was not that he felt this was confined to Nonconformists, but he knew their opinion would tell heavily on the fate of the Irish policy when it had to be settled at the Polls.

*Private.*

Carrow House, Norwich.  
20 Nov., 1890.

Dear Mr. Gladstone,

First let me say I do not write this to trouble you with needless correspondence or for any reply unless you desire, and then for no public use. I simply write because in the uncertainties of this unhappy "Parnell Affair," I think you ought to know the view Nonconformists take of the position.

It is, I think, this—We do not desire that the Irish cause or the Liberal party should suffer for Mr. Parnell's fault, but we know that if he persists in remaining at the head of the Irish Party, and if the Irish Party generally take the attitude many of them do, of insisting on his continuing their Leader, the following will be the effect on very large numbers of Nonconformist Electors. They will say:

"We will not trust the Irish nation to Mr. Parnell, and by his remaining as Leader we see he is the Dictator of Irish opinion, and the Irish members who support him and speak of his honour, etc., are no more worthy of support than he is."

On the other hand, if Mr. Parnell retires and the Irish demand remains unabated (as no doubt it will), the Liberal Party here will say, "The man you called Dictator, and to whom you ascribed all the desire of Ireland for Home Rule, has retired, but the demand remains the same, and must be granted," and they will say this with effect.

I refer you to two extracts in to-day's "Times," from Dr. Clifford, and the "Methodist Times." I do not discuss whether they are right or wrong, but simply assure you they speak the views of the overwhelming majority of the English Nonconformists.

You will I know excuse me for troubling you with this.

Yours faithfully

J. J. COLMAN.

On November 20th my Father had expressed to another Liberal Politician some of his views on the situation:

I just want to write you a line on the present position of this Parnell affair. If I judge the matter aright, some, at all events, of the London Press, both leader writers and correspondents, are utterly out of touch with Nonconformist feeling in the country. . . .

I should not mind predicting, that if an Election came on in a moderately short time from now, if Parnell persists in his present position, the chances of winning seats in such constituencies as Lowestoft, Ipswich, Lynn, East Norfolk, S.W. Norfolk, is practically hopeless, though a week ago there was a fair prospect in each of these cases.

When writing on December 10th, 1890, he said he was "quite prepared to say that if Home Rule was right, and Coercion wrong, a month ago, they are still respectively right and wrong now, in spite of all that has passed," but in discussing the political atmosphere with a correspondent on December 16th my Father took a very pessimistic view as to the effect of what had happened.

I am sorry to say, [he wrote,] I sympathize very much with your serious view of the situation. In fact I am afraid that Liberalism in the country has, for the time being, received a desperate blow. And unfortunately the action of a large section of the Irish people doesn't tend to lessen the difficulty.

In 1891 the Committee of Selection of the House of Commons appointed my Father a Member of a Committee on Railway Rates and Charges. As, however, his Firm was petitioning against Bills which would come before the Committee, he felt the only proper course was to ask to be

discharged from serving. In a letter written to my Mother on March 18th he referred to the incident:

I was put on a Railway Committee of a good deal of interest and importance. I knew nothing of it till last night, but as we are petitioning against the Bills I imagine I am not [? properly] "qualified" to serve. I have seen some of the Authorities to-day, and imagine I shall be struck off the list.

The action he took was quite independent of, and prior to, any objection that was raised by the Railway Companies. But as the question was brought before the House of Commons, through a correspondence which ensued between Lord Stalbridge and Sir John R. Mowbray, Bart., my Father put his position clearly in a letter to the latter which was read before the House, for, as he explained in a letter to another Member, "I don't want the Railway Managers to think that I wished to keep in an anomalous position." Sir John Mowbray, in his reply to my Father, stated:

I read your letter to-day to the House. Every one appreciated the way in which you acted, and I think the House at large was entirely satisfied.

In 1892 my Father completed 21 years of service as M.P. for Norwich, and the Liberal Party made this event the occasion for a Presentation. It took the form of replicas of the silver-gilt rose water dish and ewer presented by the Hon. Henry Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, to the Norwich Corporation in 1663. The dish was in the main a gift from the Liberal Party, but my Father was gratified to learn that some of those who took no active part in politics, or were even his political opponents, including the Bishop of Norwich (the Right Rev. the Hon. John T. Pelham) and Mr. Robert Fitch, had specially wished to be allowed to subscribe, as friends, if not political supporters. The ewer was given by members of the Gladstone Club, of which my Father was President. The dish was presented

at a Meeting held in St. Andrew's Hall on April 26th, when the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P., an old friend of his, took part in the proceedings. My Father was much touched by the many kind things said on that occasion. "I only hope and trust I shall not be spoiled by over-much praise," he said, and he looked back on the gatherings as "a very pleasant memory." Mr. Mundella's testimony was that "there is no man in the House of Commons—I say it without hesitation—who is more thoroughly respected than your senior member, Mr. Colman." And he added, in sketching his characteristics:

I heard one of the most eloquent men on the Episcopal Bench a few Sundays ago describing what ought to be esteemed as the noblest characteristics in public men. And first, he said simplicity. I know no truer simplicity than is in my honourable friend. And next, sincerity. I think no one could ever charge him with insincerity. And third, sympathy. Thank God he has never been wanting in that. And fourth, readiness for service. He has always been faithful to his duty and ready to serve.

My Mother described the Meeting in a letter to her brother Herbert the following day:

I very much wish you could have been with us last night. It was a crowded meeting—over 2,000, I imagine, and great numbers stood all the time at the end of the hall. . . . It was a great ordeal for Jeremiah and me, and I dreaded it much beforehand, but when it came to the point there was so much kind feeling expressed that we could not but feel gratified. The present is a copy—"replica" is the technical term I suppose—of the rose water dish and ewer from the Corporation plate of this old City. The donors could not have chosen anything Jeremiah would have liked better. The dish was given last night, and the ewer will be presented by the Gladstone Club to-night.

The Gladstone Club function took the form of a dinner, and among those who took part in the speeches was my Father's old friend, the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers.

Amongst the kind expressions received at that time was

a letter, from which it may perhaps be permissible to quote, from the Rev. J. C. Harrison to my Father, whose friendship with him, and also with my Mother's family, had been of long standing, and whose charming personality always made him specially welcome when he came to Corton as a guest at The Clyffe.

It is a great thing to remain steady in principle and stainless in character for twenty-one years, and so to have the testimony of one's own conscience and in that the commendation of God himself.

But it is, perhaps, a more *remarkable* thing to fill a public and responsible position for twenty-one years, and through all that time to live in the very midst of the people whose representative one is, to have their eyes fixed on one, and their opportunities of knowing all and criticising all unchecked for a moment, and at the end of such a period to hear them one and all say "Well done"—that, I say, is a very great, a very remarkable thing,—one's own judgment and the public's verdict the same,—and yet that, my friend, is the honour and the gratification which has fallen on you. I do congratulate you very warmly and very sincerely, because I feel that you have deserved it all. . . . I have not been merely an outside acquaintance, but I have spent days under your hospitable roof and have seen you in the midst of your own family. For what a man is in public, we may *honour* him, but only for what he is at home can we *love* him, and I can offer my dear friend both honour and love.

## CHAPTER XXI

### SIXTH PARLIAMENT

1892—1895: AGED 62—65

(LIBERAL ADMINISTRATION)

THE General Election of 1892 came in the summer. The result, placing the existence of a Liberal Government at the mercy of the Irish Nationalists, did not surprise my Father as much as many. He had expressed his belief on May 9th "that the Liberal majority is not likely to be the big one some people fancy."

During his Contest he endeavoured to impress on the Electors "the vital importance of straight and square support to the two candidates, and through them to Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule." His colleague, whose selection by the Liberal Association had been ratified at a Public Meeting, was Mr. James Bedford, of London, who stood as a Liberal and a Labour Candidate.

An unpleasant feature of the Contest was the publication in the "Norfolk Standard" of a paper marked "Private and Confidential" which had been drawn up by my Father as Chairman of the Norwich Municipal Charities (General List), and was intended for the consideration of his Fellow Trustees only. It referred to a new Scheme for the administration of some of the Charities, and as it touched on questions arousing a good deal of local interest, upon which there was considerable difference of opinion, the publication of it on the eve of the Election seemed obviously intended

to influence those voters who were not likely to agree with his suggestions. His comment on the affair was :

That political zeal has in this matter and in some quarter overcome discretion and fairness is, I think, perfectly certain.

He felt that the publication of the Memorandum, from whatever source, was "a gross breach of confidence," and that it was "an unfair way of fighting a political battle," an opinion which his Fellow Trustees endorsed by passing a Resolution in which they "deeply deplored its unauthorised publication."

Though the Election was a comparatively quiet one, my Father regretted that the opposing party should again have had recourse to four horses and postillions. This kind of playing-to-the-gallery method he thought unworthy of the seriousness of an Election, and one bringing back methods of the older electioneering days, in which both parties had indulged, which it was most important to try to obliterate. The Election took place on July 6th, with the following result :

S. Hoare (Con.)	7,718
J. J. Colman (Lib.)	7,407
J. Bedford (Lib.)	6,811

My Father's views on it were embodied in letters written at the time. To his cousin, Jeremiah Colman, he wrote:

You will see the result of our Election, and that I am second instead of at the top.

I have had some few personal matters of difficulty in the contest, as to pledges I would not take, and with reference to my action re some Norwich Charities, but, broadly speaking, I come to the conclusion that there is a strong feeling amongst a great many quiet citizens of at least apathy, if not hostility, about Home Rule."

In another letter he gave as his opinion :

And I must come to the conclusion that in Norwich distrust of extreme legislation, and also doubt about Home Rule, are the reasons why I am second instead of first on the Poll. . . .



I am afraid we must come to the conclusion that, taking the country through, there is a stronger feeling of distrust as to the Irish than we calculated upon. And, to a great extent, this is the fault of the Irish party themselves. In addition to the disruption respecting Parnell's leadership, we can none of us help feeling, I think, that the way in which the quarrel is kept up takes away materially from the sympathy with the Irish nation. I don't say that this is a just feeling, but it is not an unnatural one.

Parliament met in August, and Lord Salisbury's Government was defeated on the 11th of that month. He resigned, and the veteran leader, Mr. Gladstone, again took the lead.

The interest of 1893, as far as Parliamentary history was concerned, centred round the new Home Rule Bill, introduced by Mr. Gladstone on February 13th, and subsequently rejected by the House of Lords. My Father was never very sanguine about the issue.

Queer times here, [was his report from the House of Commons to my Mother, on March 3rd, 1893,] and progress very slow. I can't understand the confidence some people feel that "all will come right" with Home Rule, etc., etc.

On April 21st he wrote again:

Here we are at another stage in this Bill. I wish I could think it the final one, though no doubt it is a necessary one. . . . I have been trying to learn about next week, and hope not to have to come back, but the glorious uncertainty of the law is, I think, nothing compared with that of Parliament.

On May 31st, writing to my Mother in reference to Mr. Gladstone and the Bill, he said:

I had a chat with Mr. G. . . . He said he believed he was kept strong enough for his work through the Prayers of the people, and is as intensely in earnest as to the Bill as man ever was about anything. How he will stand it all I do not know, and I judge from a talk with Herbert G. his family don't know how he will get through the work.



Liberal M.P.'s were kept hard at work in the House of Commons. An uncertain majority to be reckoned on made constant attendance imperative, and pairs were difficult to get during that phenomenally long Session. Breathing spaces were hardly earned. To one fellow M.P. my Father wrote on August 26th :

Our pair is till the end of September except for the 3rd reading of the Home Rule Bill. . . . I have been luxuriating in the rest, and hope you have done the same—only I fear I rather crowed too much over some friends who have had to stay in town.

On August 30th he was in the House to hear Mr. Gladstone's speech in moving the 3rd Reading of the Home Rule Bill.

I got up to the House about 12.30, [he wrote to my Mother,] so heard the greater part of Mr. G.'s speech. He was in good voice, and though it was less of an "Eloquent Oration" than I had expected, it is interesting to have been here. The House itself, however, to-day is calm and quiet—much more than it will be on Friday.

The same account was given the following day :

The House is quietness itself again to-day, and one can hardly realize that such an historical event will be taking place to-morrow night, when I daresay we shall have a scene of wild excitement, at least amongst the Irish.

The 3rd Reading of the Home Rule Bill was carried in the House of Commons by 301 against 267, giving a majority of 34 for the Government.

My Father's views on the Session, expressed at the end of the year, were :

The House of Commons has passed 2 measures of first rate importance—the Home Rule Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill. One of these has been completely rejected by the House of Lords, the other has been mutilated and largely spoiled.

The Parish Councils Bill was introduced in 1893, though not passed till the following year. My Father rejoiced when it became law, and believed that it would do great good in the long run, but he thought, "there is a probability of anticipating too quick results from it." He was one of those elected to serve on the Parish Council at Corton, feeling glad, he wrote to another member, "if we can, all together, do anything for the good of Corton."

The Session of 1894, partly concerned with the passage of this Bill, was not a very serene one, the Liberal Party being considerably disorganised, and the tension between the two Houses considerable. Letters from my Father to my Mother during those months reveal something of the strain :

Feb. 14th, 1894. Temper seems to be calmed down again here to-night, and certainly there seems in the Lobby and House no sign of intense quarrel between the two Houses—in fact I have still an idea it, *i.e.*, the "War to the Knife," won't come during the next few weeks. . . .

Feb. 15th, 1894. Politics are getting warm now, and I expect we shall have plenty of bad temper during the next few days. The expectation just now is that this Parish Council Bill will take 4 nights.

March 13th, 1894. . . . To make amends I have just heard from the Whip that he has paired me if needful to the *end* of April. I wonder whether this will cover the Election, and whether I am having my closing time in the House of Commons. I think it quite possible that it is so.

May 8th, 1894. You will see there is to be a good deal of excitement on Thursday night, and the Government don't expect even a majority of 14 this time. . . . I am *very* sorry I can't be at home to wish you many happy returns [of your birthday] in a more emphatic way than by letter. . . . Perhaps another year Parliament may not be an obstacle.

July 27th, 1894. I have escaped to the Division Lobby from the House amidst a disgraceful scene, and I suppose we are to have a continuance of them.

Meanwhile there had been a change of Leadership for the

Liberal Party. On February 14th, 1894, my Father wrote, "I am sorry to say by universal consent Mr. Gladstone seems visibly to have aged." On March 3rd his resignation of the Premiership was announced, and Lord Rosebery took his place. My Father did not hesitate a moment in giving a loyal support to the new Premier, whom he had on two occasions welcomed as his guest at Carrow House, once in 1888 when he came for some shooting, and again in 1889 when he came to make a political speech.

Will you allow me, [he wrote to him immediately after he had accepted office,] to congratulate you on the high position you have attained, and at the same time to say I think the Liberal Party owe you a very deep debt of gratitude for taking the Premiership at such a difficult time?

The Liberal Party dragged on through the spring of 1895, though without very much life in it. On February 9th my Father, in a letter to my Mother, voiced the feeling of the House:

You will have seen there was no *triumphant* division last night for the Government. . . . The general consensus of opinion is increasing that the Liberals will get a thrashing at the next Election, in fact I don't come across any one who thinks very differently.

In April he was much interested in hearing the closing speech of the Right Hon. A. W. Peel (now Lord Peel) as Speaker of the House of Commons, his interest being increased by having entertained him as a guest at Corton both in 1892 and 1894. His description of it was given in a letter to my Mother on April 8th:

You will see in the Newspapers the account of Mr. Peel's speech on resigning the Speakership—a very good one and delivered splendidly, with good voice and without a hitch in a word. Altogether the scene was one which impresses itself on the memory, and I am glad to have been [present].

On June 7th, 1895, my Father reported to his wife:

There is not much political news, but I must confess at the moment dissolution looks less immediate than it did a short time back, so I fear my time of release is not just yet.

The strain on him that Session was much increased by my Mother's illness, and when his "time of release" came—a time she had so often looked forward to—it was three days after her death.

The close of the Parliament came in July, for the Government, defeated on a side issue in reference to the supply of cordite during a debate on Army Reform, determined to resign, and Parliament was dissolved on the 8th. Lord Rosebery went out of office, and after the Dissolution Lord Salisbury again came back to power. This had not been unexpected by my Father. Indeed just after the General Election he had written, on Sept. 27th, 1892, in a letter to Mr. Schnadhorst:

I am bound to say that I look to the early future with a good deal of anxiety. If we had not had Mr. Gladstone's name as leader last July, the voting in the Eastern Counties would have given a very different result, and as the next Election will probably be fought without his leadership, and under new circumstances and combinations, a Liberal majority in these counties seems to me very unlikely.

He prophesied further that, when the Conservatives came back to power, they would be a number of years in office—a prophecy which time has not belied.

## CHAPTER XXII

### RETIREMENT FROM PARLIAMENT

1895: AGED 65

THE Election of 1892 was the last one in which my Father took part. As soon as it was over, he felt it only fair to warn the leader of the Liberal Party in Norwich he was not likely to contest the seat again. He wished it to be clearly understood he did not consider the Constituency bound to ask him to stand again, nor, in such an event, should he feel bound to accept. If the Parliament were a long one it was extremely unlikely, at the age he would then have reached, that he would wish "to continue the responsibilities and cares of the office." Nor even if it were a short one would he be likely to do so. At the last Election it had been mainly his loyalty to Mr. Gladstone, and the hope of enabling him to settle the Irish question, which made him, he said, "subordinate my own feelings to what I hoped might be the advantage of the party generally." His feelings remained unchanged. Eight months later he said he could "scarcely conceive of any circumstances arising which would make me prepared to contest the City."

Probably under no circumstances would he have stood again when the time came, but one thing which certainly influenced his decision was what he described as "the growing custom on the part of different societies to obtain replies to series of questions, and to extract pledges with respect to legislative proposals, from candidates at Parlia-

mentary Elections." This "fresh misery," as he called it, he much disliked.

Is it not better, [he had asked in 1885,] to accustom the new voters to choose their candidates by their principles rather than their promises?

It was said of my Father, "half a promise from him is better than a whole promise from many candidates," and there was a good deal of truth in the remark. He was once being driven in a Constituency, far from his own, represented by a Member of a very advanced Radical type. My Father asked the driver if the Member were likely to be returned again, and was amused at the reply, the quick "O, yes!" followed by the meditative aside, "Leastways he will if he does all he's promised." The glib way, as my Father described it, of "promising a lot of things which are neither possible nor desirable," in which many candidates indulged, was very different from his method.

Nor did he think the habit of exacting pledges was "a good augury for the future." Of course he recognized that people had the right to try to promote their own views, and to ascertain the general principles of candidates before voting for them. But this was quite different from the "system of cross-questioning them, and tying them down to this, that, and the other." This growing habit of forcing categorical questions on candidates, to which a definite answer of "yes" or "no" was expected, leaving no room for all the side issues on which so much often depended, and making them test questions, so that votes were withdrawn if they were not satisfactorily answered, was not, he felt, the way to get the best candidates. His advice, as given in a speech in 1891 in regard to Municipal Politics, to which he thought the same principles applied, was:

Get a man in whose principles you believe, and a sound supporter of the party to which you belong, and then give him your hearty support, your fullest confidence, and trust him to exercise his judg-

ment. . . . It is not by restrictive action that great principles have been carried into effect. If there had been anything of that sort in vogue at the time of the agitation over the Corn Laws, the abolition of them would not have been achieved. A certain amount of freedom was vested in the great leader of that time, Sir Robert Peel, and so the reform was brought about. The Electors would do much better to give their representatives a proper latitude than to tie them down to a rigid uniformity of opinion.

One great danger of the system of Test Questions, as he clearly saw, was that when voters abstained from voting, because a candidate could not go quite as far as they did in some particular view, it frequently happened they let in the opposing candidate, whose views led him diametrically in the opposite direction. This, in his opinion, was very prejudicial to the interests of good legislation and true progress.

Nor was the danger limited to one class of Associations. With Temperance Societies, Labour Leagues, Disestablishment Associations, and Anti-Vaccinationist Societies all running their particular tenets as Test Questions, my Father felt there was a grave danger of splitting up the Liberal Party, so that the solution of problems, or parts of problems, on which all were agreed, had to be postponed indefinitely.

Doubtless those who asked my Father questions sometimes got unexpected and unwelcome replies. To one who inquired if he did not think there were persons incarcerated in lunatic asylums who ought to have been left out, he promptly replied he knew nothing about that, but he was perfectly certain a good many were left outside who ought to have been in.

During the 1892 Election he had what he described as "a correspondence with a Temperance Organization, productive of none too amiable feelings, at least on my part." Not only in his own Constituency, but in others, he thought "the extreme demands put forth by the teetotalers do



mischief." Such questions as those of Sunday Closing, Local Option, or Compensation, he had found very difficult to answer categorically, without appearing evasive, for to his mind everything depended on the details of the Bills dealing with them.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing remarks that my Father was out of sympathy with the movement for counteracting the crying evils of intemperance. But while supporting it by his sympathy, financial help, and votes in the House of Commons, he had his own views as to the best methods of trying to establish that change in the habits of the people which all Temperance Reformers have at heart. While frankly admitting their good intentions and devoted labours, and the right to follow their own judgment, he sometimes felt that their zeal out-ran discretion, and put back the solution of this difficult problem, instead of hastening it on.

On the Sunday Closing Question his views were embodied in a letter, dated December 13th, 1888:

I have at least never yet seen my way to support the complete closing of Public-houses on Sunday by Imperial enactment. I would gladly see the hours during which these houses are open on Sunday very materially reduced; and I have given my vote in favour of allowing *each locality* the power even to close its own houses entirely on Sundays. But I am of opinion that no good can come of attempting to force the closing on unwilling districts, and I could not therefore support the Sunday Closing Bill as it stands.

Unless public opinion were educated up to this point he felt the danger of forcing on a reform which might either lead to a reaction in the other direction, or else to subterfuges for evading the law.

My Father, though not always in agreement with the policy of the United Kingdom Alliance, with which Sir Wilfrid Lawson has been so closely identified, supported his Local Option Resolutions in the House of Commons for giving the inhabitants of a district the power to re-



strain the issue or renewal of liquor licences, thus giving more direct control of licences into the hands of the rate-payers. But he did not consider it wise to entrust this to a *bare* majority. Thus he declined to support a Bill for England on these lines, but willingly gave his support to one for Wales on different lines. Writing in 1891 he said:

I must say that my present feeling is that I cannot vote for a Bill which, if I read it aright, will confer on a bare majority the power to close all public houses within a year with no sort of compensation.

The question of the exact proportion of the majority, to whom such power should be entrusted, he admitted was "a moot point."

Nor could my Father see his way to oppose all compensation to those whose licences were withdrawn. But this was a totally different thing from supporting such amount of compensation as might happen to be fixed by a Licensed Victuallers' Association. So he explained to his Constituents in 1892:

I voted against what I deemed the extravagant, not to say outrageous, proposals in the Local Government Act, in what were popularly known as the Public-house Endowment Clauses, and any proposal on such lines should have my strong opposition. I wish also to say this—the excessive pretensions which have been put forth by many of the licensed victuallers and brewers are such as tend to alienate, rather than conciliate, those who desire to deal justly with their claims. For instance, we all know that during the past few years private breweries have been turned into public companies, some of them at extravagant rates, and to say that the compensation for doing away with any of the companies' houses must be such as to recoup the shareholders for the fancy price at which they took the houses over, is, in my opinion, an absurd proposal, and not to be entertained for a moment.

And though, as he said to a correspondent on May 15th, 1890, "my position is that the licensed victualler should be paid some equitable compensation," yet he added:

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I must demur to your phrase "a full recognition of their legal rights and interests." I have never admitted that they have a "legal" claim.

Still he thought, in cases where the licence was not withdrawn on the ground of misconduct, that:

The settlement of the vexed licensing question, so much to be desired in the interests of temperance, is likely to be rather retarded than forwarded by the refusal to consider any moderate and equitable scheme of compensation.

He quoted as an analogous case the payment made by England to liberate the slaves in her possessions, a payment which it might be argued was based on no legal claim, but one which accomplished a work which would otherwise have been hopelessly retarded. He felt, too, that in his own case, as a private individual, or as representing a Firm, he had been able to close some public-houses, but this would have been manifestly impossible had he declined to give any extra money as compensation, beyond what the actual buildings were worth. Thus in a letter dated May 7th, 1892, he put his position:

Since my Firm removed to Carrow they have closed 6 out of the 9 Public Houses which formerly existed within a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile of the Works (only 2 of these 6 forming part of the present Factory premises); at Trowse 3 have been closed out of 6, which did exist there; at Corton there is now 1 instead of 2. . . . But we had to give more than the places were worth apart from the license. If I had said, "I won't give a fraction more than the place is worth," there would have been more public-houses open to-day than there are, and I should have regretted the fact.

He did not say "that the Public should be asked to pay at the rate I have had to pay for closing the houses referred to," but he contended for "the expediency and in certain cases the justice of some compensation." To the question, "But where are the funds to come from for this purpose?" he replied:

I think the Rates might pay something, but there is another and better source, viz., the trade itself, through the increased charge for licenses to those houses which remain.

My Father believed that lessening the number of public-houses would lessen the amount of intemperance. He used to quote a case that came under his notice, when, after having made a short cut for the people in the Village of Corton, a working man was heard to say, "That path saves me in a week"—because previously he could never resist the temptation of entering the public-house which he was obliged to pass daily. But he believed there was another way, quite as important, of coping with the drink problem, and that was by providing counter attractions in the form of coffee-houses. He showed his practical interest in this by putting one up at Corton, with a Bowling Green attached, and, in conjunction with his Partners, another at Trowse, besides giving facilities for his own Workpeople at Carrow to obtain non-intoxicating drinks on the premises. In the early days of his Parliamentary life he supported the Habitual Drunkards' Bill of Dr. Dalrymple (facetiously known from his labour in the cause, as "the Habitual Drunkard" by his fellow Members in the House), and my Father approved of the legislation for restricting the sale of intoxicating drinks to children. Sometimes he took action in other ways. Thus, though keenly interested in encouraging thrift in the young, he refused to subscribe to a Juvenile Oddfellows Lodge, because he thought the close connection between the Lodge room and a public-house very undesirable. And he declined financial assistance to a Radical Working Men's Institute because the room was opened on Sundays for the supply of intoxicating drinks.

Disestablishment is another subject often made a Test Question for Parliamentary candidates by its supporters. My Father's views in favour of it, as already indicated, were

sufficiently strong and definite, but his opinion, as he expressed it in 1885, was:

When there are so many great questions before the Liberal Party, I doubt the wisdom of making the Disestablishment of the Church a test question for candidates.

In that year it so happened that a friend of his, an ardent Liberal, in whose political judgment he had the greatest confidence, was rejected for a Constituency on this ground. My Father wrote regretting that the Nonconformists should reject so good a candidate, because he did not, on this question, "go the whole way they want immediately." Perhaps the 20 years that have elapsed, leaving the question as unsettled as ever, may show the wisdom of his views.

To be pressed to give pledges on Labour questions he disliked as much as to give those on Temperance ones.

I have always, [he wrote in January, 1893,] been ready to support Legislation on Radical and on Labour lines, provided it seemed to me to be for the general welfare, but I am not prepared to take any pledges to favour specially the projects of any section of the Party.

My Father was glad to feel, so he said in a speech in 1892, that:

The Labour legislation of the Liberal Party has been towards equality between man and man.

But in this, as in other matters, he felt that:

Something more needs to be done to complete the edifice, to finish the work on which the Liberal Party has been engaged.

As early as 1874 he explained some of his views on Labour questions to a Deputation from some Trade Societies. Though legislation was necessary to protect the Workmen, he had more faith in mutual consideration between Employers and Employed, and he told the Deputa-

tion then, "as an Employer of about 1,500 Workpeople," that he believed "all differences of opinion between Employer and Employed might, if they both had a determination to do what was right, be amicably settled." On the legislative side of the question he told the same Deputation that:

Any exceptional legislation in favour of the Employer is certainly contrary to the spirit of the present age, and such as should be put an end to. Of course that means, practically, that the Criminal Law Amendment Act as it stands is not satisfactory, and such is my opinion.

On the question of Compensation for Injuries to Workmen, not at that time one of practical legislation, he admitted, on the same occasion, it was a difficult thing to legislate about, because, as every one who has to do with large Works knows, accidents with machinery are frequently the result of negligence on the part of those who work the machines. But at the same time he could not see why an Employer should not be responsible if he, by neglect, caused injury to those in his employ, and in later years, as already stated, he was glad to help forward legislation on the subject.

His views on the Eight Hours Question were given in a speech in 1892, in reference to a Bill before the House dealing with miners, which he felt compelled, though reluctantly, to vote against. He admitted there was much to be said as to the hardships and danger of the miner's work, and that:

If the miners—as a body—or members of other dangerous trades, come forward anything like unanimously with a request of this kind for legislative protection the House of Commons may be bound to grant it.

But the miners were by no means unanimous, and when Mr. Burt (of whom my Father said no man had stood

before the Country with a more unblemished reputation as a typical miners' Representative), Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Broadhurst opposed the Bill as injurious to the interests of the miners, he felt his best course was to follow their advice. In the same speech he continued:

As to the general question of hours of labour, an eight hours hard and fast rule is a thing that must come gradually, if it comes at all, and I must say that from knowledge that comes to me in the way of business, as to foreign competition, and from the reports from the Colonies, I am not disposed to think that it would be for the best interests of the English people for a law to be passed to this effect. I have no objection to a gradual reduction of the hours of labour. I believe it will come, but I do not think it will come by an Act of Parliament, such as for the miners' trades was presented the other week to the House of Commons. I mentioned the hours on the Continent. No doubt they will gradually lessen, and I for one hope quickly. But there they are, and the commerce of England is too important for any hasty measures.

My Father's decision not to stand again for Norwich remained unaltered, although strongly pressed to do so. When the close came to his Parliamentary life in 1895, he meant it, he said, "to be a real, and not merely a nominal retirement." He expressed his thanks to his Constituents in a Valedictory Address, dated June 27th, 1895.

To the Electors of the City of Norwich.

Gentlemen,

The Dissolution of Parliament, which has been announced to take place immediately, seems a suitable time for me to address you.

On six different occasions, during a period which covers nearly twenty-five years, you have done me the honour of returning me as one of your Members. Though it has been known for some time that I should not again seek your suffrages, it is fitting that I should thus formally bid farewell to you as your Representative in Parliament. Though other duties, which I could not neglect, have claimed my time, and attention, I have nevertheless endeavoured to serve you to the best of my ability.

I thank my political friends and opponents alike for the personal

kindness with which I have always been treated, and in going into more private life I shall always endeavour to promote the interests of the City of which you have made me an Honorary Freeman.

With renewed sentiments of gratitude and respect,

I remain Yours faithfully,

J. J. Colman

To my Father, broken down as he was by my Mother's illness and death, the close of his Parliamentary life had been a welcome relief. There were those who felt he would sorely miss the life connected with the House of Commons but the relief was too great to leave room for regret.

There is scarcely a day, [he wrote two years later,] that I do not feel or express this satisfaction.

For life in the House of Commons is not free from anxiety. Deciding how to vote was not always easy, especially when it could only take the form of a direct affirmative or negative, and a year was quite long enough to learn how to say:

There are a number of questions on which we must say "Yes" or "No." I have thus given many a vote which I think under the circumstances was the right one, but which was not what I should like to have given.

Attendance at the House often involved a heavy mental strain. It needed only fifteen months of it for my Mother to write to her husband, after being disappointed yet again as to the date of his return:

What a comfort it will be to have a little quiet home life without this incessant pendulum-like travelling between London, Carrow or Corton!

And again:

Certainly an M.P. had need have the patience of the Saint. No sooner are you off than a telegram comes to say (as I remember) that your presence in the House is not wanted!



My Father was not one of those who often made his voice heard in the House of Commons. He thought:

One of the great virtues of a member of that assembly is to be able to hold his tongue, and I am sure that giving a good and right vote is quite as useful as quoting poetry to the House of Commons.

Of the long speeches his opinion was that:

Many of these are not wanted, as they tax both those who deliver them and those to whom they are addressed.

With an uninterrupted experience of twenty-four years of Parliamentary life it may be of some interest to note his views on the House of Commons, its election, its hanging methods, and the work it accomplished.

He believed in making it representative of all shades of opinion, so the widening of the franchise had, as already shown, enlisted his sympathy from early days. He carried out his views by supporting Mr. Joseph Arch when he was chosen as Candidate for the North-west Division of Norfolk in 1885; and, on the suggestion of Mr. Samuel Morley, for whom my Father had a high regard, became, with him, one of the Trustees of the Fund for the Election expenses. He did so because he thought it was "important for the Liberal Party, and for the Agricultural Labourers, that a representative of their class should have a seat in the House"; and that even if Mr. Arch did "say things not agreeable to landowners or farmers," there was "no place in the world for the ventilation of his views like the House of Commons."

My Father's views on the Payment of Members, though he voted in the House in favour of introducing the system to some extent, were those expressed in a letter in 1893:

I admit that the present system has a prejudicial effect on the representation of the Working Classes, and any well-considered scheme for remedying this grievance I would support. But the subject is not quite so simple as it might appear at first. It is very hard to draw the line between Members of Parliament and Members



of Town and County Councils, School Boards, etc., and I think we are at all prepared for the abolition of all voluntary work.

The difficulty of getting good Candidates, he admitted, was a serious one. Once, after having been asked to interview prospective ones, he wrote, roused by his success:

I may parody the old saying, "what is true is not new, and what is new is not true," by "men who are fit won't come, and men who would come are not fit."

On the question of the Registration of Voters my friend expressed the opinion in 1889 that "the anomalies of the registration laws are quite beyond the power of common sense Englishmen to understand," and that it was unjust that a man who happened to change his residence for a few months should lose the right to be represented in the House of Commons."

He suggested an attempt should be made to get Parliamentary Elections on the same day, as in France and America.

That, [he said,] would probably settle nine-tenths of the question of dual voting. The question of One Man One Vote would, I doubt, be obstructed by many Conservatives, many of whom, however, do not desire the lengthened turmoil of our Parliamentary contests.

He noted certain changes which had crept into the House of Commons during his time there. One was the abolition of Petitions.

When I first went into the House, [he said in a speech in 1889] every Member had to rise in his place to present a Petition. A good many years past there has been a little carpet bag at the Speaker's chair, and at any hour of the sitting a Member may go and push a Petition in. Petitions are not of the use they were formerly, and Mr. Gladstone, in an article he has written

month, has referred to that fact, remarking that the agitation against slavery was mainly carried on and won by means of Petitions.

He believed the alteration in the rules of Procedure, including the God-sent gift of shortened night sittings, would tend to better legislation. One of the "quiet reforms" he approved of, instigated by Mr. Gladstone, was that of relieving the House of Commons by passing over some of its work to Grand or Standing Committees, where the Members "discuss questions without a party bias." He was appointed a member of the Standing Committee on Trade.

One thing which, to quote my Father's opinion, tended to delay useful legislation, was that:

There has been an effort for a series of years, almost as long, perhaps quite as long, as I recollect the House of Commons, to drive too much work and too many Bills through Parliament at the same time.

"Familiarity" is said to "breed contempt," and doubtless this is so even in the House of Commons. Writing to a correspondent in 1890 my Father admitted:

I don't at all deny that your description of the Bill may be a correct one, only perhaps M.P.'s get rather callous as to the prophecies of the effects of legislation.

Where the results to be accomplished are invariably painted in the brightest or darkest colours, according to the views of the speaker, this is perhaps inevitable. He felt it was a mistake to think that Parliament could do everything, for after all, he said, "much depends on our own self-reliance." Still, in spite of all its defects, and the work and worry it often entailed, he was proud of the House of Commons, and of belonging to it. Though he admitted the hardest things against it were often said by those inside it, yet he maintained:

The House of Commons is a great and noble assembly to which

it is an honour to belong. I do not envy the feelings of those, if there are any such, who would degrade it because it does not do exactly the work at the time they may wish. It is a great instrument for doing good work.

He liked to feel that there one could rub shoulders with "the best men of the day, whom it is an honour and a privilege to know," and there meet opponents in friendly intercourse, and feel, though differing widely from them, that they were "honest straightforward Citizens, . . . desirous of doing their best for the good of the Country."

In reviewing the Legislative work of the nineteenth century he spoke of that period as "the greatest of all the centuries."

It was, [he continued,] ushered in with gloom—the gloom of a great war—and when that gloom disappeared not much could be done in the way of legislation, as the Tories were for a considerable time in power. But during the second quarter of the century there came a great change—the Reform Bill was passed, a great stride was made in the cause of civil and religious liberty by the abolition of all religious disabilities, and the Corn Laws were removed. The third quarter of the century witnessed further steps in the cause of Reform by the carrying of another Reform Bill, by giving to the voter the protection of the Ballot, and by passing measures to promote education, even amongst the humblest of the people.

He used to recall the occasion when, during an exciting Debate in the House of Commons, after several speakers had appealed to past history, one Member rose and said: "Mr. Speaker, we are making history to-night." My Father liked to feel he had some share, however small, in the history connected with those great movements. In the early days of his Parliamentary life he gave his hearers the old Liberal watchwords—"Civil and Religious Liberty, Peace, Retrenchment and Reform." These, coupled with "less disposition to interfere in foreign affairs," he felt had been the work of the Liberal rather than of the Conservative Party. In a speech in 1885 he said:

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It is one of the essential differences between Tories and Liberals that the latter trust, and the former distrust, the people.

He did not like to paint his opponents black as ink, but he was clear enough which party to support.

I should not like to say, [he said in reference to the years between 1874 and 1878,] because I like to be fair in political as well as in other matters, that some small, useful measures were not passed by members of that Conservative Administration. But what I want you to infer is this, that on all great political questions you get more work from a Liberal Government than you do from a Conservative Government.

In 1890 he said further :

The longer I live the more firmly I am convinced that the best policy for those who are dissatisfied with the course of events is not to abstain, but to support the Liberal Candidates, and keep the Liberal Party in power.

He remained true to the end to the old Liberal watch-words, though towards the close of his life he was not altogether in sympathy with the more aggressive form of Radicalism which showed itself, and he felt that the word Liberty was too often obliterated from its vocabulary. Thus in writing to his friend Mr. S. N. Delf in 1894, he said :

I cannot pretend that my sympathies with present day Liberal politics, promises, pledges, etc., are very keen.

Describing himself he once said : " Nature did not make me a man desirous of very violent changes." So he believed :

It is no use expecting political reforms to be carried with a rush, and steady progress is the proper method of making Liberalism tell thoroughly and efficiently upon the legislation of the Country.

Thus rashness, either in act or speech, of which he

thought there was a great deal too much about that time, repelled him.

There seem to be some people in the Country, [he complained in 1892,] who think it their duty to say the rashest things if they can get a little applause at the moment.

Four years later he put his views of the Liberalism of the day in a letter :

I cannot say that I endorse the last paragraph in your letter, in which you express the wish that I were back in the House of Commons at the present time. I take, myself, a very despairing view of political prospects; and according to my judgment a great many of the Liberal Party have simply brought about the disastrous position in which we find ourselves. If my Liberalism and Nonconformity had not been ingrained in me years ago, I should be disposed to despair even more than I do now.

This chapter may not unfitly be closed with my Father's own words in his speech at St. Andrew's Hall in 1892, when returning thanks for the Presentation he received after twenty-one years of service in Parliament :

There is a saying of an old Divine, "In doing what we ought to do we deserve no praise, because we are simply doing our duty." That has been my feeling during the years which I have represented this City in Parliament. I have tried to do my duty; and I have felt it was my duty to do what I could to represent the Liberal Party of this City.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### VIEWS ON SOME SOCIAL QUESTIONS

**N**O one could be in my Father's position, as a large Employer of Labour and a Representative in the House of Commons of long standing, without coming into close touch with, and forming opinions on, many of the social problems which beset our modern civilisation.

The following rough notes, written for a speech in connection with the West London Mission, which at that time had the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes at its head, will show that he believed in a very practical side of religion to cope with these difficulties. He did not believe in Christian people's turning all their attention to "the penitent form," and forgetting how "the broken window" in the home could be mended. After describing the work of the Mission as "A Mission of Social Kindness as well as a Christian Mission," his notes continued :

Report suggests many thoughts on social, economic, and perhaps I should add political questions.

A man goes to your penitent form and becomes converted, but his windows remain broken and his home unpainted.

Better Housing.

More practical Education, and other things.

All centering round the *religious work* and services here.

In combining all these agencies you have done much to increase the usefulness of each of them. You will help towards the solution of grave problems which beset modern life and large populations. . . .

It need hardly be said that those people who spend much time at Religious Services and Prayer Meetings, but leave politics "to the world," held views very different from my

Father's. He used to quote one of his early electioneering experiences, when, looking over a canvassing book, he noted the comments against the names of two Voters:

No. 1,001. Thinks it wicked to vote—Leaves politics to the world.

No. 1,099. Same as 1,001, but not quite such a fool: had better be seen again.

He was very practical. If he theorized about things he liked to put his theories into shape; and to talk platitudes about religion and use no common sense in endeavouring to put things right, in a world so far removed from perfection as this, was a position with which he had no sympathy.

Therefore movements which had for their object the bettering of the condition of the Working Classes had a friend in him, more especially those based on the stable foundation of enabling people to help themselves, instead of trusting to precarious charity, with all the deterioration of self respect and character which that may involve.

Among such movements he reckoned Friendly Societies, and others which helped to make thrift easy. He was a Trustee of the Norwich Savings Bank. He looked upon "this question of national thrift as one of national importance." He thought the management of these Societies was an admirable training, and he welcomed the spirit of independence which they fostered in their members. My Father came to feel more and more the importance of each Society's being "in a condition of strict solvency," and latterly was specially particular that no Society should make use of his name, or receive a contribution from him, unless he was convinced that its financial condition was sound. He welcomed the attempts made to extend the benefits of these Societies to Women, "always provided," he added, "that the condition of strict financial soundness be observed, and that the basis be broad enough to include *all* women, irrespective of their religion or political creed."



The Poor Law my Father thought far from satisfactory. He said in 1892 he had long felt that it was "one of the difficulties ahead of us," and in 1893 he was quite prepared to support a Motion in the House of Commons for a Royal Commission to inquire into its administration. The previous year he referred in a speech to the question, and to the proposals in reference to Old Age Pensions from the State—which proposals he noticed "have been generally made not by careless but by thoughtful people." After mentioning a recent article in which the writer proposed that everyone on reaching the age of 65 should be entitled to 5s. a week, my Father added, "I am not going to say off-hand that I should vote for that proposal to-morrow, but I think that the question of Old Age Pensions is one which demands our earnest consideration," though he admitted "of course it is a costly system."

Depend upon it, [he went on,] our Poor Law System requires a great change. I am not prepared to commit myself to the precise details of what the change should be. But when I see a large number of people who are compelled as it were to go into the Workhouse on reaching a certain age, and when I see in country districts, in one in particular, a troop of little children in Workhouse garb walking in a sort of solemn drill, I strongly feel that it is a matter requiring very earnest attention. I know that this has been called Communistic, Socialistic, and that sort of thing, but I say deliberately that it is one of the problems which will have to be looked at and faced, in order that it may be seen whether any better system could be devised. The present system is far from satisfactory. Some system needs to be devised by which thrift would be encouraged, and I believe that upon it some scheme of State Pensions might be grafted in order to make this country happier and better.

One practical scheme for helping the Working Classes in which my Father had great faith was that of enabling them to have Allotments. As far back as 1857 he had endeavoured to do something in the direction of encouraging gardening, and in later years he or his Firm tried to do



more to develop the system of allotments, "for," he was, to quote his own words, "fully convinced of their value, and the need of a wider extension of the benefit they bring." Bee-keeping too he thought ought to be encouraged amongst Cottagers.

In a speech delivered in 1892, while he said he did "not wish to be harsh, or say anything hard of owners of land in Norfolk," who he knew "have had their difficulties in past years," yet he thought "a large number of them have lamentably failed in their duty, in not voluntarily providing allotments, and cafés or reading rooms for people living in the country to resort to. I am quite sure there are individuals amongst them, and even combinations of individuals, who, if they had risen to their duty, could have provided some places in which the men could meet after a day's work, other than the public-houses which are scattered all about the country."

He had much more faith in bettering the condition of the Working Classes by sympathetic efforts of this kind, than by legislative enactments which merely forbade this, that, or the other.

The Laws relating to Land he felt needed considerable alteration, so that some scheme should be devised by which land, a limited commodity as it is, "instead of being accumulated into enormous estates," should be "spread by means of easy conveyances amongst a larger number of people." In his Election Address in 1885 my Father said:

On the question of the land, I think some measures are desirable beyond the promotion of Cheap Transfer and Abolition of the Laws of Primogeniture and Entail. I agree with the principles of the Bills for the Extension of Allotments and for the Enfranchisement of Copyholds and Leaseholds, and while I am not in favour of any revolutionary enactments, I think that in the directions indicated by these Bills, legislation may do much to facilitate the acquisition of Real Estate by a much larger proportion of the population than now enjoy it.

When the Social Science Congress met in Norwich in 1873 he was asked to read a Paper, which he did. The subject, Taxation, was one in which he was considerably interested at that time. In 1871 when it had been proposed to raise the Income Tax to cope with the increased army expenditure, my Father, in a letter drawn up to Mr. Gladstone, embodied the following suggestion, designed to meet the case of those who had small incomes, to whom this might come as a special hardship.

As a new Member of the House of Commons I do not wish to intrude a speech on such an important night as Monday will be, but will you allow me to make a suggestion to you which may meet to some extent the difficulty of the case?

Two points will probably be urged against the proposed addition to the Income Tax, first, that it will give a larger surplus than is really needed, and second, its severe pressure on holders of small fixed incomes.

I suggest whether these objections could not be met by an advance of 1*d.* on incomes of a small amount, and 2*d.* on the larger ones. I have not at hand any table showing the amount raised on the respective rates of Income, so as to know what would best suit the sum you require, but if Incomes under £300 or £400 per annum could be subject to 1*d.* increase, and all above to 2*d.* it would meet many cases of hardship.

That he believed in lessening the burden of taxation for those with smaller means may also be judged from his not being in favour of abolishing the carriage tax altogether, "because it seems to me to insure to some extent the payment of the cost of keeping up the roads by those who can afford to pay, and who use them."

When the request came to read a paper at the Social Science Meeting he did not like to refuse.

I have resolved to say "yes," [he wrote in a letter to a friend, dated August 29th, 1873,] but I shall make my paper short, and shall be very glad of any hints or stuff you can get together for me, but there is no time to lose, as I want to get all into shape a

few days *before* 1st October. I shall go in more for "local" than the theory of local government.

The paper was read on October 3rd. Writing on October 27th he said of it:

I was compelled to prepare it hastily, and in the midst of a great deal of interruption, and am conscious it is open to a good deal of criticism.

And in 1884 he said further:

Probably some of the views would be modified now, but at the time they expressed the views generally entertained here at that time.

If my Father's conclusions on the subject did not tally with those of some of his friends, it was not that he did not see the difficulty of the question, nor the force of the opposing arguments. He readily admitted that "the difficulties attending not only the settlement of a question of this magnitude and intricacy, but even the right apprehension of its principal bearings, are exceedingly great." His paper, which was illustrated by carefully drawn statistics, dealt mainly with town populations. Admitting that much of the wealth centred there, his position was as follows:

But when the question comes, How do you get at this for local taxes?, the reply must be that every test of ability is ignored except the single one of rental, and it is my object to show that this is a fallacious one.

. . . it is an unquestioned fact that the income from personal property, entirely untouched for local purposes, is greatly in excess of that from real property. . . .

The struggling tradesman, to whom large business premises are a necessity, has to pay heavily; while a professional capitalist, whose offices or business occupation may be comparatively small, pays a proportionately small amount, although he has a larger income; and a man who has realised a fortune, and has invested in personal estate, escapes with a fractional payment.

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cause his requirements are limited to a private residence. This, surely, cannot be just.

In another place he laid down the two principles dealt with in the paper, round which the details centred.

One is that it is unjust to raise for the benefit of all on the property of a few, and the other that local self-government must not be over-ridden by central authority, or that if central authority does interfere it must bear some portion of the burden for national purpose.

Norwich was smarting at that time over a heavy expenditure in connection with the Asylum. Many thought this unreasonable, or maintained, at any rate, that if the expenditure was forced on the City by a central authority, it was only fair some of the help should come from a central source to assist the local rates. My Father, touching on the question in a speech in 1873, said:

I am not for losing self government; I want to retain it. But in Norwich we are required to give up self government, and to find the money for an Asylum. The right principle is, that where there is Government interference there should be also Government assistance. I am not prepared to say that some amount of Government interference is not a good thing. It keeps towns up to the mark.

In a letter written many years later to his son-in-law, James Stuart, he recounted the feelings which prompted him to take the views expressed in his Paper.

January 17th, 1894.

Dear James,

My political work has not been much of a literary sort, and I daresay you have been quite ignorant of the fact that I ever read and printed a Paper bearing on political questions. But the Radical address to Sir Wm. Harcourt, and the discussion which I saw yesterday in the London County Council on the taxation of Land Values has brought the subject to my mind, and I send you a copy of a Paper I read at the Social Science Congress when their Meeting was held here just over twenty years ago.

I want you just to look through it, and to remember that there may be another side to the taxation question besides that which some of the London Radicals have taken up.

Bear in mind that this paper was written a long time since, and circumstances have, I know, altered somewhat between now and then. But the contention then was that Real Property, *i.e.*, land and houses, was bearing an undue share of the local taxation of the Country. I was indoctrinated in this view by Tillett and others in Norwich, who were amongst the stoutest members of the Liberal Party, and I am bound to say that I still think that this contention, as expressed at that time, was just.

Tillett used to put the thing in conversation in this way.—When taxation for various local purposes originally began, there was practically nothing on which taxes could be levied except real property. Since then personal property has grown enormously in the form of Stocks and Shares, and it escapes *Local Taxation*, and the view Tillett pressed very strongly was that in some form or another personal property should be brought in to bear its fair share of taxation.

Against this view a good many staunch Liberals used to say, on the other hand, that although Real Estate had to bear local burdens, it was exempt from some other charges—and notably Probate Duty.

During the last twenty years the situation may have altered somewhat, and I mean to have a thorough look into this point, to see how far taxation on our estates here has increased or decreased. Grants in aid have been made from the Consolidated Fund towards Police, etc., expenses, and the same Fund has contributed to Education expenses—which of course means that Personal Property has, in so far, contributed some share to local taxation—but on the other hand I think it should be remembered as to the Education contribution from the Fund, it has rather gone to assist the parents and perhaps the cause of Education than to the money relief of the local taxpayer.

The Radical Manifesto assumes that this relief to local rates is an improper one. I am not prepared to admit this. Whether it is a very economical one is another question, but I don't believe it to be unjust that the owner of real property should have some relief, by getting some assistance from the taxation of the personalty holder, and at present the Grants in Aid seem to be the only way in which this can be done.

I am just sending you this as a sort of preliminary canter. One

of these days I may very likely have some figures showing in more detail how the matter really works out. For the present I only want you to feel that there is something to be said on the other side.

By the way, one further point as to the Death Duties. The M.P.s who address Sir W. Harcourt want the Government to take heavier dues when properties change hands, and to increase the rate of duty according to the amount of the Estate. I don't discuss this main position at the moment; I quite admit there is a good deal to be said for it, but there is one point I think should not be lost sight of. Suppose a man dies leaving an estate of £100,000 in Personal Property, *i.e.*, Stocks, Shares, Pictures or other valuables, the State requires a certain percentage of the property, and the man who succeeds to it can of course easily realise a sufficient portion of it to pay the duty. But supposing the Estate in question to be Realty instead of Personalty, should the successor to it be called upon to pay cash down for the Duty, or should the Death Duty be spread over a certain number of years as Succession Duty is at present? It seems to me that the latter is the fairer plan, as otherwise the Successor would have either to sell off a portion, or mortgage the Estate, and I don't think this would be likely to be for the advantage of the State or the individual. The present method of levying the Succession Duty seems to me fairer for Real property than the suggestion that a lump sum should be payable, as on Personalty, when an Estate changes hands at death.

Since dictating the above, I have had a chat with two of my constituents. One of them points out this—that if he is a shareholder in a Railway Company he does contribute to local rates, and therefore to that extent what I have said as to the income from shares getting off scot free from these burdens must be modified. At the same time if his money were in the Funds or in Foreign Government Bonds, I pointed out to him, that he is then receiving his income clear of all local charges, and making me as an owner of house property pay for educating the population—which I do not consider an equitable arrangement.

The other constituent says he often used to talk to Mr. Tillett on the subject. Tillett would say: Why should a shopkeeper in Norwich Market Place have to pay heavily for local rates—say often £100 per annum,—whilst a man living just outside the city, and receiving an equal income from Consols pays practically nothing? The reply to Mr. Tillett used to be, "The shopkeeper does not pay the rates, ultimately, he gets them out of his customer." But

on the principle that rates have a tendency to stick where they first levied, I am inclined to think, with Mr. Tillett, that the s  
keeper is unfairly burdened.

Yours faithfully

J. J. COLMAN

My Father at least had the courage of his conviction and spoke in the House of Commons and voted against the Government in support of a Motion by Sir MacLopes in 1872:

That it is expedient to remedy the injustice of imposing taxes for national objects on one description of property only, and therefore that no legislation with reference to local taxation will be satisfactory which does not provide, either in whole or in part, for relief of occupiers and owners in counties and boroughs from charges imposed on ratepayers for the administration of justice, police, lunatics, the expenditure for such purposes being almost entirely independent of local control.

He voted with the Conservatives, as did other Liberals, not "because I liked the company I was in," but "a matter of duty," and this mainly for the sake of people in towns, feeling that "the grievances of . . . the land proprietors were nothing like so great as those of the habitants of towns." In a letter on the subject the same year he wrote:

Speaking for myself and those liberal politicians with whom I may say I shall be glad to see the Government take action which will fairly distinguish between the fat land owners, whose property ever tends to *increase* in value, and the owner and occupier of house and cottage property which tends to *decrease* in value, I feel some concession must be made when, as Mr. Gladstone would say, "the growing wants of our modern civilization" tend to increase our taxes so heavily.

His feeling that the increase in town rates was serious and not properly adjusted, he expressed in notes for a speech.

Population is centering more and more in our large towns



this necessarily causes heavier charges of a permanent kind for aged Poor, Lunatics, Police or Education. You may get a very large population together without a corresponding increase in real property . . . and who is to pay for all this? Simply the rates levied on the rental of their homes, the factories in which they work, or the shops at which they deal, whilst the wealth they are producing from their labour goes elsewhere to the funds, or some other investment, and contributes little or nothing in return. . . . I am not here to ask this question to be decided on *expediency* but *justice*, and I say it is not just any longer to continue to levy the increasing amount of local rates on the rental of real property alone.

The year 1893 was made memorable by the Coal Strike in England, a strike of large dimensions, affecting in its ramifications a very wide area. My Father, though his sympathies went to a considerable extent with the Colliers, quite enough to give them financial help, yet did so with the feeling that perhaps, after all, the strike was a mistake, and that taking the working-class population as a whole the money help only prolonged for them a situation of widespread distress. The contempt, too, which it was fashionable in some quarters to pour on certain Laws of Political Economy, he thought was a mistake, feeling that they could not with safety be ignored. To his son-in-law, James Stuart, he wrote on October 3rd, 1893:

Is the Strike so popular among the working classes generally . . . ? I rather doubt it, and have been suggesting this question: when the working classes see that if it is to succeed, it will entail a rise of a few shillings per ton in the price of coal for consumption in their cottages this winter as compared with last winter, will there not be a reaction? Further, there is this point: Are there not a large number of working men suffering already through the indirect effect of the strike? Is it not probable that they quietly deprecate it? I refer to instances in which factories have had to shut down, engine drivers and railway employees to go on short time, etc., during these last few weeks. The Railway Shareholders too will suffer, but of course that does not affect to any extent the working classes.

After referring to having given some help to the strikers "in a quiet way," he mentions a letter from the acquaint-



ance who had disbursed the money, asking if he might have further help to assist, not colliers, but the employees of a Factory closed on account of the Colliers' strike. On this my Father commented:

I very much doubt whether these employees sympathize with the strikers, and of course for every case of this kind one hears of, there must be many others one does not hear of.

He also embodied his opinions in letters to a friend, a month later, quoted at considerable length here for those who are interested in following his views on the subject. Under the date of November 3rd, 1893, he wrote:

The Coal Strike has been bad enough in its misery all round, and I am not concerned to defend the Masters in all that they have done, or to blame the Men and their leaders for all they have done. There have been faults on both sides. But I want to look at the matter from an outsider's point of view. We are told by certain philanthropic writers and speakers that political economy is not to be a rule in matters of this kind, and that whatever the faults on either side may be, our duty is to render help to those who are suffering—specially the women and children—just as the Red Cross Society renders help to the wounded in time of war. . . .

Now let me just say as a preliminary I am rather illogical, for I have sent help in various quarters, though I must confess with an underlying doubt as to whether it would be useful in the long run, and anonymously, as I did not wish to seem to take sides. Therefore don't think I am writing this simply from dry logic or political economy. . . .

The philanthropists are trying that coal shall be dearer than it has been—that is, dearer than the natural law of supply and demand. Well, what is the effect of this? To make every householder pay something more for his coal, to make every manufacturer be at an extra charge for what he manufactures. It is not to be the question whether the manufacturer can afford the profit as against foreign manufacturers, but the coal is to be as dear as possible. And why is it to be raised in this artificial way? Because there are now 140,000 men more employed in the coal trade than there were six years ago, who must get their living wages out of it.<sup>1</sup> . . .

<sup>1</sup> The number of men employed in or about coal mines in the British Islands was 522,094 in 1887, as against 678,283 in 1893.

There is one other point which I have not seen alluded to in the controversy, but which has a very practical bearing on the matter. That is the economy which there is now in the use of coal compared with a few years ago. I daresay you may have seen the term "triple expansion engine." What that means is just this, that by means of improvement in the steam engine the same work can be done with a much smaller consumption of fuel, and as a matter of fact, is done. It is in consequence of this improvement that the price of wheat has been so much reduced of late years. The cost of transport under the old sailing vessels and steamships as they were 10 or 15 years ago was vastly more than now. This same principle applies to engines on our railways and for manufacturing purposes, and as to this we have had a very striking instance in our own factory. Within the past 3 or 4 years we turned out some old steam engines and put in new ones at a cost of £3,000 or £4,000 in order to economise fuel, and are using less to do the same amount of work than we were a few years ago. A philanthropist may say at the first blush, "Then you should pay so much more for your coal." A little reflection will show that there is a fallacy in this. To illustrate my meaning I will say that a Firm of Engineers came to us some years ago and said, "If you will let us alter your engines we can save fuel. True it will cost you several thousand pounds, but you will be repaid this in the long run." If we had not been going to reap the advantage in the saving of fuel we should not have given the order to the Engineer. He sets his brains to work to invent, he employs men to build, and having paid him we are repaying ourselves by saving in fuel. It is hard no doubt on the coal miner who had been getting our coals, but it is for the good of the State and the Country in the long run that fuel should be economised. This is going on in every direction. Very possibly you yourself may have had a slow combustion stove put in. The fact is fuel is being economised. In other words, less is required to do the same amount of work, and in the face of this fact a larger number of men have crowded to the coal-fields than full work can be found for.

To my mind all resolves itself into a question ultimately of Free Trade or Protection. If you are to protect or regulate the Miner's wage, what about the Agriculturist? If Free Trade is wrong let us say so, but if Free Trade is for the good of the vast mass of the people it must be adhered to, even if a certain number of individuals suffer.

Then comes the further question, what about giving relief? To take up the question of the injured in battle. They are helped because of their misery, and through no fault of theirs they are wounded and suffering. A similar remark applies no doubt to many of the sufferers by the Coal Strike, but is there not this difference? In helping the wounded in time of war you are not helping to continue the war. I believe it is a sort of understood canon of civilized war that those who are taken prisoners, if released, do not enter upon that particular war again. Similarly the wounded practically never take part again. But in this question of help in the mining crisis I believe the money given does help to continue a pitiable struggle. As I said before I can't profess to be logical and I have given help myself, but when I see the nature of the appeals which are made in some quarters, it makes me feel that the heart has got the better of the head, and, in matters like this terrible coal strike, depend upon it, the head has something to do as well as the heart. . . .

I am thankful never to have had any serious difficulty with my own Workmen, and hope always to avoid it. But if I do this and keep my business so that it may be the means of giving continued employment to a considerable quantity of men and not become a loss to myself and Partners, I am quite sure I shall have to remember there are laws governing trade and rules of political economy which cannot be ignored.

In reply to two more letters from the same friend, who had hastened to assure my Father that their views were not so far apart as he seemed to think, the latter wrote another long letter on November 18th, in continuation of the same subject, though he hoped soon they might meet personally, and have a friendly talk on the subject.

. . . I think I might ask that the term "living wage" *should* be clearly defined. If you are to use terms about which one man means one thing and another man means another, where are we when we come to discussion? In other words, is not a definition of what is meant an essential and necessary feature? Let me take the quotation which you give—"the husbandman that laboureth must be the first to partake of the fruits." I am not going to dispute whether that be right or wrong as you seem to understand it,

but let me put the following cases which are within my own personal knowledge.

He proceeded to give details of these. The first was of a Farmer, well known to him, who through no fault of his own, but "through the fall of prices and adverse seasons," was quite unable "to pay his own way and the same amount of wages which he could when seasons were better and prices were higher." The second was a similar case, that of a Tenant Farmer. Both must have had their affairs wound up had it not been for the assistance of friends. Were they to employ the same number of men at a lower wage, or must they say to some of them, "I have no work for you, because I must pay to those who do work for me the same wages as before?" The third case was that of a farm belonging to certain Charities of which my Father was a Trustee. The price of produce became so low that the farmer was unable to carry it on, and the Trustees could get no rent at all, but rather than let the land get thoroughly out of order, they were carrying it on themselves till times improved.

Are we, [my Father asked, and this was his special point,] as Trustees representing the Poor who are to benefit by this property, to hand it over to a certain number of labourers, and guarantee them what they may wish to call "a living wage"?

Now all these 3 cases are within my own knowledge, and the reason of all those difficulties is the low price of agricultural produce, which, as I said in my former letter, is the result of buying in the cheapest market, and I am not disputing that that is for the good of the State. . . .

I should really like to know how such cases can be met and dealt with. . . .

*Nov. 19:* I had written so far last night, and now have received your letter this morning and I just add a few lines. As to whether your definition of a "living wage" be sufficiently explicit I won't now discuss, but let me put the following points.

If you are going to say every Collier must have a "living wage," what about the Shoemaker, and still more the Agricultural

Labourer? Is it possible that the latter will be content that the Collier is patted on the back and he left out? Then how are you to help him if the plan is still adopted of buying food in the cheapest market? . . .

I told you something about the consumption of coal in our Works. For us as Manufacturers an extra price is not of much importance. Coal bears a small percentage of our outlay. But I made enquiry as to the effect of a coal strike on bakers, and I am told that the advance which they have had to pay recently affects a man who bakes about 20 sacks a week to the extent of £1 a week. Now that man has had so much less money to pay to the butcher, the grocer, and the draper. I have also heard in another trade of a factory, the proprietor of which is connected with iron work proprietors, and he told a friend of mine that he has not at the present time one bit of English iron in his factory—in other words he has had to go abroad and purchase it there. The more I think it over the more it seems to me to resolve itself into either Free Trade with low prices or Protection with high prices. To me as a Manufacturer I am not sure that Protection would not be the most profitable, but the Consumer and Working Classes generally have undoubtedly benefited by Free Trade. . . .

There are economic laws which are as inexorable as natural laws. A good many men in time past have tried to alter them or fight against them. They have failed and have had to retire baffled and to a certain extent discredited. You know the old phrase about sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind, which in other words means that if you start a wrong principle even in a small scale you may on a large scale have disastrous results, and this is what I fear you may be doing. A coal owner told me only this week that the strike has been affecting about one third of the production—in other words speaking roughly, 400,000 coal Workmen have been doing well, 200,000 or a little over are on strike or locked out, whichever term you choose to employ. Bad enough I know in all seriousness. But think of the vastly larger number of working men who in their own homes, or in the factories where they are employed as Workmen, must be affected. Are you to sanction a doubtful principle for 200,000 Colliers as against the millions in the United Kingdom?

I won't add any more to bother you, but if you do think of turning up on Tuesday wire me sometime to-morrow, or write.

When my Father was once asked his opinion as to a Trades

Union among Clerks, he replied that, though he thought there were "special difficulties in the way of a Union among them because of the immense diversity of occupations and circumstances covered by the word 'Clerk,'" yet he considered that "Clerks have, of course, a perfect right to seek by combination to better their condition." As far as his own Works were concerned, with reference to Union or Non-Union Men, it was, he wrote in 1891, his "desire and intention that they should both be treated impartially." But he felt that the character of the work done, and the personal character of a Workman, were important factors, which a Trades Union, legislating for a large number of members *en masse*, was not always quite ready to acknowledge.

My Father, as already stated, had most faith in a conciliatory spirit as a preventive of labour troubles, a spirit which, it is needless to say, if it is to be of use, must be exhibited by Employers as well as Employed.

There are some social questions which specially affect Women. Prominent amongst them is that of Women's Suffrage. My Father's first instinct, when the question came before him in the House of Commons in 1871, was to abstain from voting, through not knowing which side to champion. Later he recorded votes against it, but there is no doubt time reconciled him considerably to the proposed reform, even if it did not quite convert him. Those who knew his cautious disposition will understand it is very easy to read more than he intended into his remark written in 1892 to the Hon. Secretary of the Women's Liberal Association in Norwich:

If I say that as time goes on I feel less objection to it than I did, you must not take this to mean more than it says.

Anyhow he was distinctly in favour of women's taking their part in public life. He thought they "ought to know something about politics as well as men," and thoroughly



approved of their being on such bodies as Boards of Guardians and School Boards. He gave them their full measure of praise for the work accomplished by them on the public platform. He told a meeting of a Women's Liberal Association that he thought women's speeches often had less claptrap about them than many of the men's. He added:

I am afraid that this is really literally true, and I am not talking of small political meetings, but of great political gatherings. The speeches which have been delivered by women at their different meetings have, in my judgment, reached a higher average than a good many of the men's speeches.

When only a youth of 18, he seems to have held quite advanced opinions, for the time, on the "sagacity" of women. In his Journal, alluding to the account of the creation of Eve (Gen. ii, 21-5), he stated:

This passage I consider gives us a full license to consider that both sexes are equal in the sight of God; there is no difference in sagacity or instinct between the sexes in beasts, and why should there be in the human species?

Of movements specially affecting women which came before the House of Commons, it may be mentioned that my Father was, as he wrote in 1880, entirely in favour of the removal of the Property Disabilities of Women; and the movement on behalf of Moral Reform, associated with the names of Mrs. Josephine Butler and Sir James Stansfeld, and with which his son-in-law, James Stuart, was closely connected, found a firm and consistent supporter in him.

He also approved of the appointment of women as Inspectors under the Factory Act, believing that where women and girls were employed it was obviously sound and right to have a woman to safeguard their interests.

Whatever divergence of opinion there might be on social and political questions, my Father believed in giving people ample opportunity for ventilating their views. As far back

as 1866 he gave some support to a Labour newspaper, not that he wished to be considered as "approving everything the promoters of the paper wish to attain," but "because I think working men should have some help and sympathy in their efforts to make their feelings well and widely known," and because, "as Mr. Mill said the other night, we all hold some erroneous opinions," and he hoped by means of this newspaper Employers and Employed might the better understand each other and correct erroneous ideas.

He took a good deal of interest in Journalism, and circumstances brought him into close touch with it. One of those papers in which he was specially interested was a local one, the "Norfolk News," started in 1845. In a letter to my Father, written soon after Mr. Tillett's death in 1892, Mr. Jonathan D. Copeman referred to having been present "when Tillett first suggested the idea of a new Liberal paper for Norfolk," and said that until a few weeks earlier he, his brother (Mr. John Copeman) and Mr. Tillett had been the "sole survivors of those who were afterwards called into council." My Father became one of the Directors of the paper, and was largely instrumental in getting the "Eastern Daily Press" started, a daily paper issued by the same Company in 1870. He felt that newspapers played an important part in modern life, and that "the public is very much indebted to journalists, whether they occupy the Editorial Chair, or whether they are engaged in reporting public proceedings, for the way in which our public life goes on."

It interested him to compare the present days with the past, and to look back at some of the oldest Norfolk newspapers, and learn in them the changed conditions of life since early in the eighteenth century. When the Institute of Journalists met in the Eastern Counties in 1894 he alluded in his speech to a paper in those far-back days which apologized for having in one issue more than half its contents



composed of the speech of a certain Reverend gentleman, the explanation being that there was no manner of foreign news that week, as the winds prevented the arrival of mails; and my Father amused the Members by quoting one strangely candid Journalist who wrote:

The Dissolution is suddenly expected, but I shall forbear fixing the very day, having been already once or twice deceived.

He admitted he was "a little bit old-fashioned in his journalistic views," and that he thought there was "rather too much go-aheadism in relation to newspaper work," and he feared there was "a disposition, fostered perhaps by readers as well as writers, to get a little ahead of information." He felt "there are questions about which public men require time before they can make up their minds," and he sometimes thought he could do this better "if it were not for the long leading articles setting forth very positively what was to be done." He gave as his opinion, in another speech before the same Conference, that he had "seen something of the struggles of journalism," but he had "never believed in papers which require to be permanently subsidized by political parties," but held that "independence on the part of journals and journalists is the only sound basis to go upon."

## CHAPTER XXIV

### PUBLIC EVENTS IN NORWICH

1873—1893: AGED 43—63

**I**T was only natural in an age of Conferences that it not infrequently fell to my Father's lot, in common with many other Norwich Citizens, to do something on these occasions to keep up the reputation for hospitality which Norwich is said to possess.

The Social Science Congress held its Meeting in the City in the autumn of 1873. Among my Father's guests at Carrow House on that occasion were two native gentlemen from India, Mr. C. Meenaeshaya and Mr. C. Sabapathiah, introduced to him by Miss Mary Carpenter. My Father said of them eighteen years later :

They deeply impressed upon my mind at the time that it was a great anomaly for men of their stamp, ability, and integrity to have no voice in their country's affairs.

In 1883 he entertained Mr. Lalmohun Ghose when he came to speak at a Meeting in support of Lord Ripon's policy of giving greater freedom to our Indian fellow subjects. In a speech on that occasion he said :

I know that some of our friends—some very staunch and hearty friends to Liberal principles in general—differ very much on Lord Ripon's policy in this particular matter. A very good friend of the Liberal Party in Norwich told me only the other day that England had gained India by the sword, and must hold India by the sword. It may be quite true that we did gain India by the sword, but if I am not mistaken it was by the sword that our forefathers in the last century attempted to hold America. That policy did not succeed. I think it would be better, very much, that we should hold

India—that great possession of England’s—through affection, and at all events by a regard of the Indians for us, rather than through fear of the sword. England’s tenure in India would then be much more real and lasting and satisfactory than anything that might be expected to result from the fear of the sword.

Thus, though as my Father told Sir W. Wedderburn in 1891, he could not “promise to join the ranks of those members of Parliament who undertake to initiate Indian Questions and Debates,” yet he was glad to give as much consideration as he could to “Indian Parliamentary business, with the view of obtaining for it just and sympathetic treatment in the House of Commons.” He sympathized with the efforts made for the suppression of the Opium Traffic, believing that “our national policy in this matter needs to be radically changed.”

His interest in India was of long standing. In 1858 he was on a Committee, and helped to collect funds, for establishing scholarships “for Christian Young Men intended for the Indian Civil Service, or as Missionaries,” in memory of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B. In a speech delivered at that time, just after India had passed through the crisis of the Mutiny, he quoted the saying of a Bishop that what India wanted was “more Bishops,” to which “Punch” replied, in allusion “to the brave and noble Havelock,” that what it wanted was “not more Bishops, but more Baptists.” My Father went on to say that for his part he thought they wanted “more of all denominations, but especially of such men as William Carey, “who—opposed by all the powers that could stand in his way—carried the Gospel of Christ to the heathen, and was, by the blessing of God, the instrument of great and lasting good.” One connection he had with India was his friendship with the Rev. James Smith, of the Baptist Missionary Society, who spent many years in that country, and finally returned there to die, because he could not be happy away from the land where his missionary work had been done.

He used to keep my Father posted up in Indian affairs from time to time, and visited him when in England. His enthusiasm for gardening, and his gifts of shrubs from the East, made the link between him and my Father and Mother still closer.

The Social Science Congress was quickly followed by the Meeting of the British Medical Association in 1874. Other gatherings in Norwich included the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society in 1881, the Royal Agricultural Society, and the Congregational Union of England and Wales, both in 1886, the British Dairy Farmers' Association in 1888, the Incorporated Law Society and the Primitive Methodist Connexion Conference in 1892, the Trades Union Congress in 1894, and the celebration of the eight hundredth anniversary of the Founding of the Cathedral in Norwich in 1896. This last coincided with the visit of some American Congregationalists, some of them direct descendants of those who had crossed the Atlantic in the "Mayflower," who wished to visit the places in England from which their forefathers had gone forth.

Each of these gatherings, with their divergent aims and objects, gave my Father the opportunity of receiving some or all of the Members at Carrow.

The Festivities in connection with the Agricultural Show, which was held the same year as the Colonial Exhibition in London, included the reception of some of the Indian and Colonial Commissioners connected with it, who came down to Norwich to visit the Show. The members of the London Police Force, too, who were on night duty in the showyard, were not forgotten by my Father, who arranged for them to have an outing to Corton, while the rest of the Police were entertained by him at the Drill Hall. The Show was held at Crown Point, on land belonging to the Firm of J. & J. Colman. At a preliminary Meeting to make arrangements, my Father said that his Firm was "very much interested, both in Norfolk and elsewhere, in

Agriculture," and that he might say "it would be a scandal if my Firm selfishly shut up its grounds on such an important occasion as the visit of the Royal Agricultural Society."

The Prince of Wales, as he then was, being President of the Show, wished to inspect the grounds privately before coming in his official capacity. This necessitated a private visit to Carrow House for luncheon, where my Father had also received him on a previous occasion at the opening of the annual Fat Cattle Show in 1880.

My Father always took a keen interest in Agriculture. This was partly, no doubt, because his business brought him into close touch with it, as so much of the raw materials used by him consisted of products of the field, and he learnt how to sympathize with the farmers in their difficulties. He was naturally observant, and never took a drive in the country without closely noticing the kind of land and the crops which he passed. With the view mainly of improving the local breeds of cattle, he went in for this branch of Agriculture, and his herd of Red Polls, together with his flock of Southdown sheep, became well known in the agricultural world. Champion Honours both at Smithfield and the various local Shows came his way, yet he was ready to confess that to him "one fat beast was very much like another," and the practical management was left in other hands.

When the Trades Union Congress settled to come to Norwich, my Father wrote to one of its officials:

No doubt some of your members will go much further and faster than I can in the direction of social politics, but that should not prevent our meeting in friendly fashion.

The friendship that can brook no difference of opinion was not his. In one of his speeches he expressed the strong hope that "if we fight about politics we shall still maintain our private friendships." Yet he held his opinions strongly.

was, when he was asked to be a Vice-President of the Archæological Congress when it met in Norwich in 1895, he declined on the ground that :

Whilst there may be much in which I should agree, I feel there must be many things said, and resolutions passed, from which I must dissent, and I feel therefore that I ought not to occupy such a position.

But he added in his letter he would be very glad to show interest in the Congress in other ways, and offer hospitality to some of the guests.

Occasionally Societies were entertained at Corton. Thus in 1879 Members of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, and in the same year some Members of the British Archæological Association (which was holding Meetings at Bournemouth) were received there by my Father and Mother. And in 1891, when the East Anglian Branch of the British Medical Association met at Lowestoft, they welcomed its members to Corton, and had the pleasure of entertaining house guests Sir James and Lady Paget, Sir George and Lady Humphry, and Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson.

The Naturalists went to Corton specially to inspect the Freshwater Bed, which after a scouring tide is sometimes visible on the beach, and to see some fossils which had been discovered in it. My Father kept these in another house in the same garden, Clyffe Cottage, which became a little museum. Two of the most interesting finds were the discovery of four very fine and formidable looking elephant's teeth, alluded to in one of the following letters, and later the hyæna's teeth, found for the first time in the forest of Corton, thus upsetting some theories based on the supposed non-existence of that quadruped at the period when the Freshwater bed was formed. My Mother gave an account of a visit of the Naturalists in a letter to her mother :

At first they walked to the Museum, with the contents of which the geologists were much pleased, as they consist mainly of fossils,

etc. found in the immediate neighbourhood. Jewell had a bit of the fossil and intended to send it to me, but the paper which Mr. Jewell was to send was in the packet "On the Corn Crib" was sent in the meantime instead as the rain came on. . . . The paper was sent and seemed to be remembered to come and Jewell knew the title of the history of our globe.

A fortnight later my Mother wrote in another letter:

"I want to say that Dr. Lill Adams, a Professor of Geology, has been here. He came to see the elephant's teeth which were dug out of the forest here. . . . He says he believes these specimens to be genuine, and that they have not such fine ones in the British Museum. . . . He has no doubt they are the four teeth of one and the same elephant, making the upper and lower jaw perfect.

Many of the fossils, after my Father's death, were given by my Brother to the Castle Museum in Norwich, where they are more accessible to those who wish to study them. My Father had written in 1895:

I have long had a real interest in the Norwich Museum and the Free Library.

In 1876 he had been elected one of the Trustees of the former, and in 1894, when, after an existence of about seventy years, it was finally transferred to the Castle Buildings, and came under the management of the Town Council, he was one of the old Trustees elected to serve under the new Scheme. The idea of converting the old Castle, which had been used as a prison, into a home for the Museum met with my Father's warmest approval, for the old building in St. Andrew's was wholly inadequate, and exposed to the danger of fire from its close proximity to other buildings. He felt that the benefits of the Museum would be spread far more widely if the exhibits could be shown to better advantage, and the Castle, from its central position and archaeological interest, part of it dating back to Norman times, formed an ideal place. When the chance came of acquiring it for this purpose, the scheme was happily in-



augurated in 1886 by the generosity of the late Mr. John Gurney, Mayor of Norwich that year, who offered £5,000 to restore the interior of the Norman Keep and convert it into a place for the Collection. When it was decided the following year to enlarge the whole scheme, build additional galleries, and raise the extra money required as a Memorial of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, my Father thoroughly approved. The work was carried out under Mr. Edward Boardman, as architect, and in the autumn of 1894 the Duke and Duchess of York came for the Opening Ceremony.

In January of that year, at the last annual meeting of subscribers to the old Museum, my Father alluded to the Lectures that had been given in connection with it some fifty years earlier, and expressed the hope that a similar scheme might be inaugurated in the new building.

The Lecturers I remember, [he said,] were Professor Sedgwick, Captain Stanley, Mr. Bath Power, and others who gave Discourses of great interest.

From the time the new scheme was started he was anxious that a Picture Gallery should be included in it. This has happily been carried out. Writing on December 20th, 1888, to Mr. Henry G. Barwell, who was interesting himself in the same subject, he said:

I am glad to think that any words of mine have had the effect, as you think, of assuring that an attempt will be made to provide our old City with an Art Gallery. Certainly, in view of its history, it ought to have one.

The words here alluded to were in a speech at a meeting held when additional funds were required, and the scheme was still more or less under discussion.

My Father was very loyal to his own City, and felt it only right that Norwich should possess specimens of the works of those Artists who have helped to make it famous. He gave a picture by Joseph Stannard of a Thorpe Water



Frolic, representing a regatta on the River Yare near Norwich, which has an additional local interest as some of the spectators introduced are portraits of Norwich worthies in bygone days. And in his Will he directed his Trustees, after consultation with the Curator and one other gentleman, to give to the Museum some of his Pictures by Norwich Artists, to the value of £5,000, the value of each for this purpose being reckoned as the amount for which it was insured against fire at the time of his death. Thus the City acquired an interesting and representative number of works by the Painters of the Norwich School, and additional buildings have already been added to keep pace with the collection.

The advisability of opening Museums on Sundays my Father felt was a Working Man's question. Believing from certain statements that were made, that the majority of them did not desire the change, he voted against a Motion to accomplish this when it came before the House of Commons in 1882. But he wished it to be distinctly understood that he would not oppose it again if he saw evidence that the feeling among them was growing in favor of the change. When the Committee decided to open the Norwich Museum on Sundays he was not present to vote. But if one's general impressions may be trusted he would have supported the innovation then, more particularly as it was one his younger son was specially desirous of seeing carried into effect.

As my Father delighted to feel that the Norwich Castle was to be used for the interest and enjoyment of its Citizens, so he was glad when other ancient buildings reverted, or came, to their possession.

Blackfriars' Hall, the Chancel of the Church of which St. Andrew's Hall formed the Nave, and which belonged to the City, had been leased for Religious Services in 1713, for a period of 200 years, to the descendants of the Dutch Refugees who had earlier fled to Norfolk. When a movement

was inaugurated in 1886 to purchase the remainder of the lease for the City, and repair the building, it fell to his lot, as one of the subscribers, formally to ask the Corporation to accept the gift. In his speech on that occasion he said:

Though I do not profess to be an antiquary or archaeologist, yet I yield to none of those who make those matters their study in the conclusion that it is a right and proper thing to restore this building to the City. That opinion I have held for a long time. When I was Mayor I felt that it would have been a good thing if it had then belonged to the City. . . .

I will take this opportunity of saying that I hope this and all other old buildings, including walls and towers, will be preserved intact by the City. . . . When travelling abroad we take an interest in old Castles, and I think that strangers who visit Norwich appreciate our ancient monuments and antiquities. They are more interesting to them than a monotonous row of buildings which could very well be taken a little further into the country.

Those who are old enough to remember pieces of the ancient wall, which used to surround Norwich, being ruthlessly pulled down for houses of this description, may well feel there was cause then, if not now, for the admonition.

My Father liked to feel that efforts were being made to retain, or add to, the beauties of Norwich. In 1874 he wrote that his Firm had "great pleasure in supplying the Trees to the Market Committee" from Crown Point, trees which, planted round the Cattle Market, are now proving a boon both to man and beast; and he sympathized with the work carried on in the City by the Open Spaces Society.

In 1893 my Father was made an Honorary Freeman of the City of Norwich. The resolution passed by the Corporation described him as one "whose eminent public services to the City, unostentatious generosity, and estimable private life, have endeared him to his Fellow Citizens, in token of which they desire to bestow upon him the highest honour at their disposal by admitting him to be an Honorary Freeman of the Ancient City." The parchment script conveying the Freedom was presented in a silver

pints of soup this afternoon for the pumpers and also coffee. The men work 6 hours, and then another staff come on for the next 6 hours. Each gang is divided into two, so that they change continually when "time" is called, as pumping is very hard work. . . . It seems so unlike a Sunday!

Her report the next day, when happily the water showed signs of abating, was that her husband looked "very worn. He has had three very short nights and constant anxiety of course in superintending the men at the Works. . . . The Carrow Kitchen was of service almost all through the night."

Three years later, on the night of June 29th, 1881, a large fire occurred at Carrow Works. The loftiest building, used for packing mustard, was completely gutted, the long drought having made everything burn like touchwood. The light in the sky was said to have been seen as far as Ely. As the floors gave way, and the heavy machinery crashed down to the bottom, a tremendous strain was thrown on the outer walls. Fortunately, when these were built, my Father, with his usual caution, insisted on having them made of extra thickness. After the fire he wrote that "the universal testimony given me was that the strength of the building saved a much more serious affair." My Father, who was not very well at the time, was at Corton. When a messenger arrived in the early morning to break the news he took it very quietly. Happily there was no loss of life, but the difficulty of arranging for the work to be carried on during the rebuilding of the mill, and of providing work for those who would otherwise have been suddenly thrown out of employment through no fault of their own, meant a heavy additional strain. As late as November my Mother said in a letter to her brother Herbert:

Jeremiah seldom has a minute's leisure from breakfast till 7.30 p.m., to say nothing of evening work at accounts, etc. . . . This summer's catastrophe in the fire line has greatly increased his

## PERSONAL AND FAMILY EVENTS 385

pressure, as you can well understand, and things have not got straight yet.

Still, the friendly sympathy received from so many at the time of the disaster was some compensation. Kind words in a letter from the Bishop of Norwich (the Right Rev. the Hon. John T. Pelham, D.D.) brought from my Father the reply:

Even with the best arrangements there will be loss and inconvenience in a Fire, but no serious harm has resulted either to my Firm or any in our employ, and when the whole thing is over and in a measure forgotten I shall not forget the kindness and sympathy I have received.

The fire had one practical result. The importance of bringing the Fire Brigade and Appliances thoroughly up to date was quickly appreciated by my Father and the other members of the Firm, and the efficiency of the Carrow Works' Brigade under its present organization forms an excellent safeguard for the protection, not only of the Works, but of those employed in them.

In 1885 the burden of business was increased for my Father by the death of one of his Partners, his uncle, Jeremiah Colman of Carshalton Park. He was the last survivor of the three brothers of that generation who were members of the Firm, James having died, as recorded, in 1854, and Edward in 1874. He died in his 79th year. Those who knew him can never forget his characteristic personality, which impressed itself on every one with whom he came in contact. His keen business faculty, and devotion to the interests of the Firm—with him it was said to have been "all day and every day"—continued throughout his life. "Charged with energy" is the description given of him as he used to arrive at the London Office. Bold policies did not daunt him, but he had an element of caution too.

You are quite correct, [he wrote in a letter to my Father in

c c

1855,] in supposing that we should have done better by acting with more promptitude at Wisbech. We managed the Dutch purchases better, therefore we must be satisfied. It is far more pleasant to feel that we lose money by acting with caution than by reckless speculation.

The reference is to Wisbech, where the mustard seed is largely bought, and where the farmers every autumn bring their samples in little bags of varying kinds from plain holland to bright chintz, for inspection by representatives of J. & J. Colman. My Father and other members of the Firm, including his uncle Jeremiah, attended these markets, and a lively recollection is still retained of the characteristic way in which the latter carried on the business. The buyers stand behind the counter in a shop belonging to Messrs. Dawbarn, while the sellers—sometimes quite a surging mass—come in, and empty their samples into the little wooden bowls provided for the purpose, so that the seed may be examined. My Great-Uncle was full of fun, and the debateable points as to whether a given sample came up to “top price,” whether it had been damaged by the wet, whether the seeds were ill-shapen, and so forth, afforded plenty of scope for friendly chaff and merriment before coming to terms. One of the old Stoke employees remembers my Uncle’s coming into the yard one dinner hour, and joining him in a game of morris, from which the former drew the inference that “he was not very proud, but nice and homely.”

Jeremiah Colman’s work was mainly at the London branch, but he paid occasional visits to Carrow. He liked the fun of a surprise visit, and sometimes walked into Carrow House quite unexpectedly. The story is related that he once walked through the entrance gate at Carrow Works, breaking the rule that no smoking is allowed on the premises. The man in charge of the gate, not knowing him, promptly told him to throw away his cigar. The quick “I shan’t,” led to the equally quick rejoinder, “Then you

shan't go any further." Though amused at being kept out of his own Works, my Great-Uncle thought a coin had been earned by the prompt decision with which the man had carried out his instructions.

With the purchase of Carrow Abbey, in 1878, the Firm acquired a house of historic interest, within a stone's throw of Carrow House. It had been bought by Dr. P. M. Martineau in 1811. At the time of the purchase by the Firm it was hired by Mr. J. H. Tillett, whose son, Mr. E. A. Tillett, took an interest in collecting any details about its history that came to his hand.

In 1879 the Abbey, or Priory as it should be called, was visited by some members of the British Archaeological Association, who expressed the opinion that excavations in the adjoining meadow would reveal much that would be of interest. This suggestion, coupled with the accidental discovery of a Norman column by some workmen when digging, induced my Father to begin excavating in earnest. The work was carried on under the superintendence of Mr. A. S. King of the Building Department at Carrow Works, and in two or three years a great deal was unearthed, including the ruins of the Church connected with the Abbey, and the adjoining dwelling part of the Nuns.

The Abbey was an old foundation. King Stephen in 1146 made a grant of land by charter to two Nuns, Seyna and Lescelina, for the purpose of erecting the Priory, but the foundation of the religious house may have dated back to still earlier times. The Church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary and St. John the Evangelist, was a large one, the architecture being mainly Norman and Early English—the chancel, tower, and transepts being older than the nave and aisles, which were thirteenth century work. It had two side Chapels, the one on the north, of which little or no trace remains, being dedicated to St. Catherine, and the one on the south to St. John the Baptist. Adjoining the south transept was the chapter house, and the accommodation





Canaan - Wey  
showing some of the ruins of the Church



for the Nuns, a few remaining steps showing the a staircase which probably led to their dormitory and day-room. The entire buildings, including the Priory house, cover a considerable period of time, some work being as early as the twelfth century, and some as the sixteenth.

The Priory was governed by a Prioress, and there were nine (afterwards twelve) Benedictine Nuns. How far is truth in the story, mentioned by Blomefield, that the Nuns carried on a school for the education of the daughters of the gentry, may be doubted. But there seems impossible in the assumption that at one time at least they may have carried on one of the "Shee-Schools," so often described by Thomas Fuller in his Church History, which he adds the reflection:

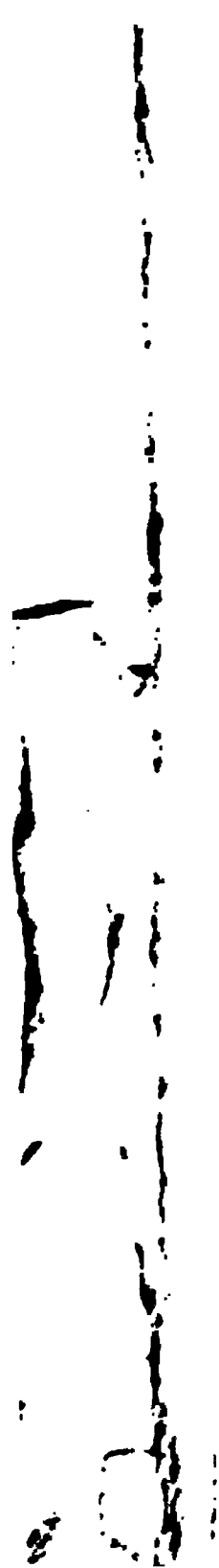
I say, if such Feminine Foundations were extant now perhaps some Virgins of highest Birth would be glad of such a place, and I am sure their Fathers and Elder Brothers would not for the same.

The Nunnery was so popular, apparently, that in the thirteenth century the Prioress of the day had to seek protection from Pope Gregory X, and he issued an Inhibition enjoining her not to admit more Nuns than the house would maintain. The rights of the Foundation were increased in 1199, when the Lady Maude le Strange, Prioress, by King John, who granted them the privilege of holding an annual fair of 4 days' duration, where the Prioress could demand toll for all goods brought into the City. The privilege, however, was not without its drawbacks. Subsequent disputes arose with the citizens of Norwich, proving so serious that a compromise was made by which the Priory had to forego some of its rights in regard to the Fair.

The Priory no doubt held a position of considerable importance in the City. The right of sanctuary was



*Carver - 1869  
showing some of the ruins of the Church*



by it, and the Lady Edith de Wilton, Prioress at the close of the fourteenth century, refused to hand over to the civil authorities a murderer, William Koc, who had fled there for protection. A lawsuit followed, but the Prioress seems to have successfully upheld the right she claimed, and gained the day.

An anchoress of some note, the Lady Juliana, whose mystical book, the "Sixteen Revelations of Divine Love," recorded visions vouchsafed to her, and who lived the life of an anchorite in a cell in the Churchyard of St. Julian's, at Norwich, is believed to have been one of the Nuns at Carrow Priory. She is supposed to have lived during the latter part of the fourteenth and the first part of the fifteenth centuries. A manuscript copy, now very rare, of her book is in the British Museum.

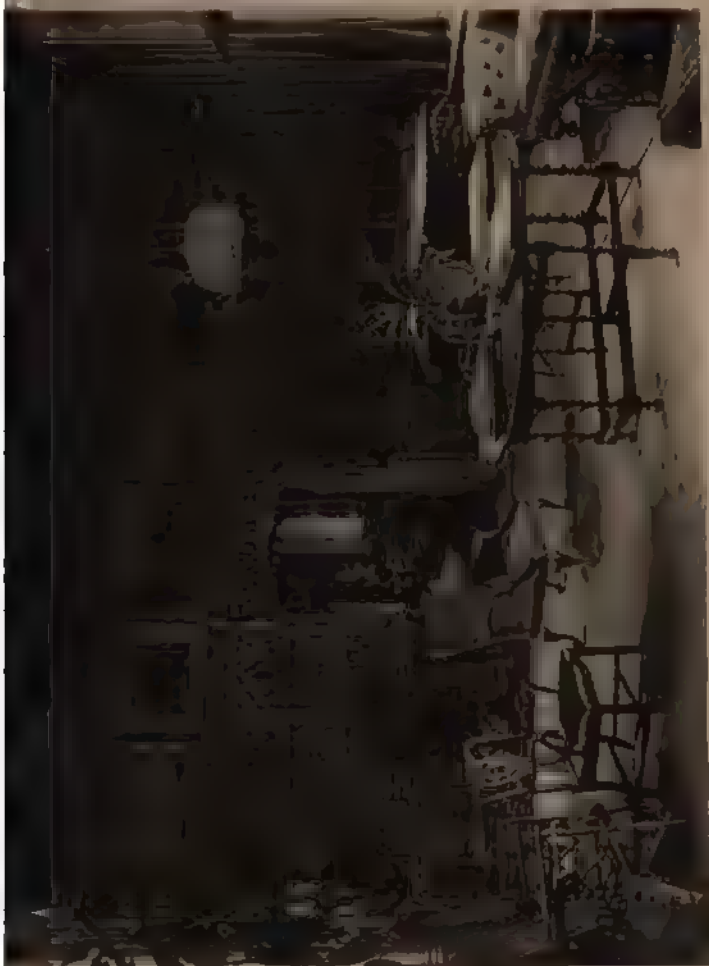
The Priory is not without other literary interest, for in a poem called "The Litle Boke of Phylp Sparowe," included in "The pithy, pleasant and profitable works of Master Skelton," Poet Laureate to King Henry VIII, and Rector of Diss, there is a reference to Carrow, and the poem is thought by some authorities to be the origin of the well-known Nursery Rhyme beginning:

Who killed Cock Robin?  
I said the Sparrow,  
With my little arrow,  
I killed Cock Robin.

Skelton's poem is an Elegy on the death of a sparrow belonging to one of the Nuns, Jane Scrope, which had been killed by Gib, the convent cat, and the poem consequently anathematizes all cats in general, and this one in particular:

That vengeance I aske and cry  
By way of exclamacion  
On al the whole nacion  
Of Cattes wilde and tame  
God send them sorrow and shame;





Guest Chamber at Carron Abbey

That Cat specially  
That slew so cruelly  
My litle prety sparrow  
That I brought vp at Carrow.

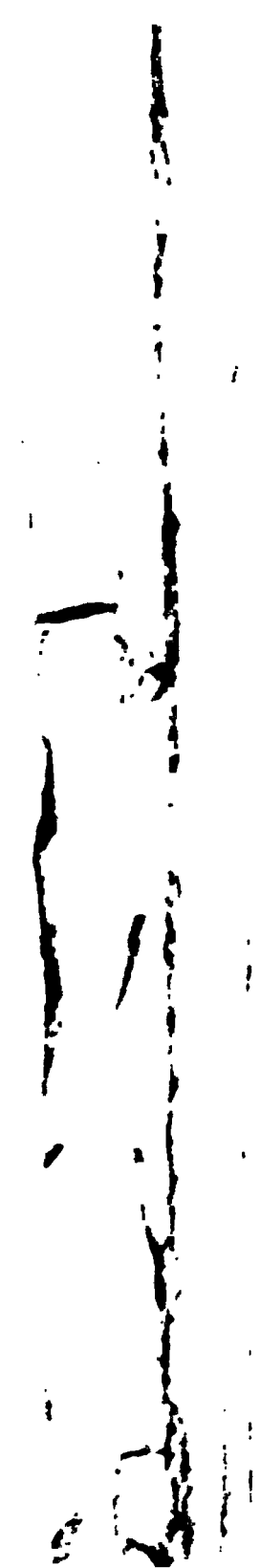
Among the articles found in the ruins were a Crucifix in bronze, a decade ring, a knife, coins, pieces of pottery, a Roman bone pin, a pair of scissors, a thimble, and several amber beads, several of them pointing to the feminine of the history of the Priory. The presence of the plant *Aristolochia Clematitis*, or birthwort, which grows abundantly in the Priory garden, seems to suggest that the Nuns may have been learned in the art of medicine and herbs.

The last but one of the Prioresses, Isabella Wygun, erected a new dwelling-house for herself, at a little distance from the Nuns' quarters, consisting of three chief rooms, a Guest Chamber, a Parlour and a Bedroom. Her room had a Y and a Gun, is still found on doors and mantelpieces of the building, which now forms a home for my elder sister and her husband.

The suppression of the Monasteries by Henry VIII led to the destruction of the Church and the older part of the Priory, much of the saleable materials doubtless being disposed of, while some of the stone was carried off for buildings in the neighbourhood, so that only a few feet of walls were left *in situ*. But the newly erected Prior's house escaped, and was granted by the King, in 1534, to Sir John Shelton—possibly as a salve for having sent his wife's niece, Anne Boleyn, to the block three years earlier. This house, with its hall and parlour that Blomefield has described as "grand rooms," was used as a dwelling-house by Shelton. But subsequent years saw the addition of partitioning walls, French windows, whitewash coverings to oak ceilings, and sundry other barbarisms. So when the surrounding ruins had been excavated, my Father turned his attention to Isabella Wygun's house, and determined







restore it, as far as possible, to its original state. The work was carried out under the supervision of Mr. Edward Boardman as Architect, and was finished in 1886.

The house was already known to my Father as a dwelling-place, for in 1860-1861, when Carrow House was being enlarged, he and my Mother took refuge at the Abbey, which he then spoke of in a letter to his sister as "this quaint but comfortable old place—as snug a home as one could wish during the bustle of builders, etc. I don't know what you will say to it, but it impresses me very favourably indeed." He carried out the restoration partly for the sake of the historic interest of the place, partly to provide a useful adjunct to his own house, and partly as a home for the Norfolk Library he was collecting. The problem of housing this at Carrow House, in addition to his general library of books which was ever increasing, was becoming a serious question, and when the Librarian in despair suggested that the household jam cupboard might be utilised for some of the books, even my Mother had jibbed.

This Norfolk Library was a great interest to my Father. My Mother was one day reading to him a paragraph in a newspaper—written by one of those writers who have to appear to know so much, and often know so little—to the effect that his one desire was to be included amongst the Titled Gentry. My Mother repeated afterwards how emphatically he brought down his fist on the table with the retort, "No, indeed! most assuredly my ambition doesn't lie in *that* direction." But when she pursued the subject and asked in what direction it did lie, he said, after a pause, "Well, I should like, for one thing, to possess a good Library,"—a wish he was able in time to gratify by forming one unique in its way.

The nucleus of it was a library dealing almost exclusively with Norwich, collected by Mr. William Enfield, which my Father purchased in 1878. This was rapidly added to, and in the choice of books and their arrangement

he had the invaluable and ungrudging help of Mr. J. Reeve, Curator of the Norwich Museum, and Mr. Quinton, Librarian of the Norfolk and Norwich Lib. My Father soon realized that it was desirable to include Norfolk in its scope. So works relating to the County written by those connected with it, found here a place, though it must be confessed the question of where to draw the line was not always an easy one. The collection was to include not only books and pamphlets, but also squibs, newspaper cuttings, portraits, engravings, etchings and maps. He felt that a vast number of printed things of slight interest as isolated specimens, acquire a new value when forming part of a series, and that a library of this kind, retaining much of the history of the County which would otherwise perish, would be of inestimable value to the historian of the future—that problematical person to whom we look to clear up so many of the mysteries of to-day. Though he could not, he said, expect his “at present” time to be absolutely complete,” yet “having formed the nucleus of a local library,” so he told a meeting of the Huguenot Society, he deemed it a duty to complete it as far as possible, “that it may be of use to my neighbours and to such societies as this.” He had a Catalogue of the books printed, for private circulation, under the title “*Bibliotheca Norfolciensis*.” His hope was that attention on similar lines might be made for other counties. My Father’s chief regret about the Library was that he had not more time for studying the books, but Saturday or Sunday afternoons often found him dipping into them.

Passing reference only can be made to his travels during these years, necessary breathing spaces in a life full of engagements. In 1873, when on the eve of starting a long trip with the Rev. G. S. Barrett as his companion, he wrote from London :

This morning I walked home by sunlight [from the House of Commons] reaching Belgrave Mansions at 4.20 . . . Going :

seems to mean letter writing to clear up, and then I hope I have done with business for some weeks, but this is my twentieth letter to-day—a pretty good afternoon's work, particularly after getting to bed at 4.30 . . . I hope the trip may do me good. Happily I don't feel so tired at the end of this Session as at the end of last one, but at the same time I think the freedom from politics and business for a time will be of good service, and get me in good order for the winter's work.

They went by the Rhine Valley to Nuremberg, which my Father described as "a fine old town," adding however:

But I don't like towns on Sundays. So far as outward observance is concerned there is nothing to complain of, but the rattle of carriages on the stones, and the people going to and fro, are not as pleasant as the Pine Woods would be . . . We are having a quiet resting day. No English service as "the Clergyman is gone to the Vienna Exhibition and it was uncertain when he would return," so we fall back on our thoughts and books. I take Maclaren, and Mr. B. falls back on Matthew Arnold.

They went on to Passau and Linz, and thence to Vienna to see the Exhibition. They were not at all averse, my Father recorded after a short stay there, to "bid adieu to the eternal rumble of Vienna," going by way of Innsbruck to Pontresina, where they had "a glorious day on the glacier and weather magnificent," and where they made an ascent, "the proper thing to do, viz., Piz Languard, from which is a very magnificent view." The Maloja Pass brought them to Chiavenna. From thence they drove over the Splügen to Andermatt, as "instead of staying last night at Dissentis we pushed on here, so as to have an easier day to-day and a better Hotel." This very long drive, only possible by changes of horses, was one my Father often mentioned.

In the early part of 1878 an attack of gout, followed by a severe cold which kept him a prisoner for some days at Belgrave Mansions, where he lived when in London, pointed to the necessity of getting away from the cold

March winds of England. He therefore went to Riviera, starting straight from London, so as to "save some worry," he said, "as if I go back to which I shall have twenty people each wanting a dozen things at least." He was accompanied by my Mother and her sister Kathleen, and his two elder daughters being joined in the south by his elder son and his daughter from Lausanne. Later in the year he paid a visit to Paris for the Exhibition, at which his Firm had a special Case.

The spring of 1879 was saddened for my Father and Mother by the death of her sister Cecilia, the wife of James E. Willans of Huddersfield. Dividing distant and increasing family cares had rather augmented than lessened the deep and abiding affection between the sisters, and it had been one of my Mother's greatest lights to welcome her sister with her children when she could re-visit Norfolk.

A year later my Father and Mother passed through an anxious time owing to the illness of their youngest son Alan. Scarlet fever unhappily broke out at his school, he came home in consequence, but developed the disease a few days after, and the attack was sufficiently severe to cause considerable anxiety. When he was convalescent my Mother was anxious her husband should get away for a needed change. Rome was fixed on as the destination, and he was within two days of starting when all his plans were frustrated by the sudden Dissolution of Parliament. Instead of being in the Eternal City he found himself in the thick of an Election Contest. A few weeks later, however, when this was a thing of the past, he was finally on his start, though it was considered too late then to go so far south as Rome. Accompanied by his eldest daughter and myself, he was joined at Lausanne by his son Russell and his tutor, from Carlsruhe. My Father's interest in politics led him out the sights to the one of the party who had the d

If stepping on foreign soil for the first time is keenly remembered. The route took us over the Simplon Pass, on April 14th, an exciting drive owing to bad weather and much snow on the road, of which my Father wrote :

I am glad we came, but I should not care to go over it again so early in the season. Nerves were wanted in one or two places, but here we are safe and sound.

The subsequent route included the Italian Lakes, Milan, Venice, Verona, Munich, Stuttgart, Heidelberg, and thence home.

At last, in 1883, my Father was able to gratify his wish to see Rome. He took his two elder daughters and his sister-in-law Agnes as his companions, breaking the journey on the Riviera. The weather was not altogether favourable. From Naples he wrote that "the Bay looks—not a blue—but a dull leaden sea," and Vesuvius was "enveloped in mist and cloud, with the sides nothing but snow." The close of the trip, too, was spoilt by the illness of the younger daughter, who had only just reached London when she was found to be suffering from typhoid fever caught in Naples. But the Eternal City had thrown its fascination over him. Fourteen years later, in a letter to Mrs. Richard Davies, then soon expecting to reach Rome, he recalled some of the impressions of his visit :

One day is specially written on my memory. In the morning we saw the Palace of the Caesars—after lunch the Catacombs—later in the afternoon St. Peter's Service on the day before Good Friday, when there is some special celebration. That contrast in a few hours between

Pagan	} Rome
Christian	
Catholic	

was never to be forgotten. . . . That special Service on the afternoon before Good Friday, and on Good Friday too, is a thing which once heard is never to be forgotten.

In a subsequent letter he wrote of this Service :

I think it worth going all the journey to Rome just to hear the Music there on that day.

He often talked of another visit to the City, but his best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley, and the suggestion remained one of the might-have-been of life.

In 1884 he and my Mother paid a visit to Devon, partly on account of the health of one of their daughters; the following year they sought a milder climate during the prevalent east winds by a visit early in the year to Margate and Bournemouth.

During the summer of 1885 he and his son Alan visited two of his daughters in Switzerland, one of whom had been ordered abroad for her health. He came first to Muri, from which place he ascended the Schilthorn. "Alan went the whole way," he wrote home, "but H. and I had a climb for two hours, then a stiff climb of an hour or more, and a rough walk back of three hours." His comment on the excursion was, "worth seeing but not a thing to do for a day—at least for the people who weigh fourteen stone." He returned by Giessbach, over the Brünig Pass to Lucerne, and from there home.

In the spring of 1886 my Father went to Torquay with his wife and some of his family; and in the autumn he went to Edinburgh, with his son Alan, to see the Exhibition.

Eastbourne was visited in February, 1887, and in August he and my Mother and their youngest daughter went to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Davies at Treborth, after which they went to Manchester, where other members of their family met them. The Exhibition in celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and the Meeting of the British Association, combined to make the few days spent there a time of unusual interest.

The following year my Father tried to escape the



winds in February by going with my Mother and some of his family to Cornwall. St. Ives, Penzance, and Falmouth were included in the trip. In November of that year he went to Birmingham in order to attend the great meeting in Bingley Hall, addressed by Mr. Gladstone, the enthusiasm of the audience on that occasion being something never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Meanwhile family events had come to remind my Father and Mother how quickly time was flying. In 1881 they celebrated their Silver Wedding. The following year their eldest son came of age. They wished the Workpeople to share in their rejoicings, and a dinner was arranged for them, marred only by inclement weather. The kindness of the Employees in giving my Brother a silver loving cup and an inkstand in honour of the occasion was much appreciated by my Father and Mother.

In 1886 there came another gap in my Mother's family circle. Her sister-in-law, Maria, the wife of Herbert H. Cozens-Hardy, died on March 9th. Her death, under peculiarly sad circumstances, occurring after a short illness while she was nursing her daughter through scarlet fever, was deeply felt by my Mother. She sorrowed not only on her own account, but on behalf of the brother to whom she was so devoted.

In the autumn of the same year my Brother Russell became engaged to Edith Margaret, the fifth child of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Davies, of Treborth, near Bangor. My Father's interest in Wales, increased by this event, even led him to invest in some Welsh books and a dictionary, though one fears it always remained to him an unopened language. No daughter-in-law could have received a warmer welcome. My Father never found it easy to express all he felt in words, but his letter to her, written shortly before the wedding day, in reply to one of birthday greetings, will serve to show how deep his feelings were :



Carrow House,  
Norwich.

June 17, 1888.

My dear Edith,

I am sorry I had not time before to acknowledge your good wishes sent me a few days since.

Even now I find it difficult to say much and certainly not all I would wish to say, but it is sometimes easier to write than to speak and if next Wednesday words fail, you will still know you have a warm a welcome as is possible for any Bride coming to a new home.

You and Russell start with bright prospects and much love. May the former (so far as God may see fit) grow brighter still till the end of life, and the latter strengthen too. I have been charmed and touched by your letter to Mr. Harvard, and I am sure the West people will be the same. Nothing can be a greater pleasure and help to all at "Carrow House" than to feel that those at "Bromfordale" are at one with us in the desire to do whatever can be done to help the folk about us by good and useful work. In this you will find some discouragement and occasionally difficulty, but I am sure this will not deter you from going steadily on. So with not merely your new relations, but all connected with Carrow Works, bless the day on which you made Norwich your home.

With much love

Ever yours

J. J. COLMAN.

The reference is to presents from the Carrow Works Employees, which took the form of silver baskets for my Brother, and a pearl necklace and tea kettle for his bride. The gifts that were greatly appreciated, not only for their intrinsic worth, but for the kindly feelings they expressed.

The Wedding took place at the English Presbyterian Chapel at Menai Bridge on June 20th, 1888. My Father arranged for the Workpeople at Carrow to have a day's trip to the seaside in celebration of the event. Among the wedding presents was a beautiful bronze vase, of Japanese workmanship, presented by the Mayor (Mr. F. W. Harmer) and other Citizens of Norwich. This was given by the

Donors, so it was stated, not only to convey their good wishes to my Brother, but as a mark of respect for my Father and Mother, and it touched them deeply, especially as the gift was wholly unexpected.

An attack of gout in the spring of 1890 laid my Father aside for several weeks. "Gout is slow and rather weary work," he wrote. It was the most trying attack he ever had. The year before, when suffering a good deal with his throat, he had acted on medical advice and gone for a course of baths at Ems, my Mother and other members of his family accompanying him. This year Aix-les-Bains was recommended, so he decided to go there "to try and wash the gout right away," accompanied by his daughter Ethel, a niece (Miss Edith Cozens-Hardy, now Mrs. T. M. Burton), and myself. He derived considerable benefit from the treatment, and went again in 1894 for another course of baths. My Mother did not accompany him on the first visit, remaining behind to see after house furnishing and sundry other preparations for the marriage of their eldest daughter Laura. Her engagement the previous autumn to James Stuart, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor of Mechanics at that University, the eldest son of Joseph Gordon Stuart of Balgonie, Fifeshire, was a source of unmixed pleasure to my Father and Mother. It brought into their family circle one who shared their inmost feelings and interests, and to whom they could always turn in any time of perplexity for ready guidance and sympathy.

The Wedding took place at Prince's St. Congregational Chapel on July 16th, 1890. The Carrow Workpeople were not forgotten by my Father in the festivities. Their sympathetic interest in any special event in the family again found expression in a tangible form in the gift of a diamond bracelet to my Sister.

My Brother-in-law's recollections of his first visit to Corton, written down lately, which throw a sidelight on my

Father's and Mother's characters, may find a place although referring to some three years earlier:

The thing that impressed me most at Corton, next to Mother's gracious presence, were the grass walks. I came down on a Saturday Sitting—a Debate about Education—in the House of Commons, on one of the last days of the Session of 1887—a bright hot mid-August day. Your Father and I, and Mr. William W. arrived about 6 in the evening, and walked along from the top of the cliff, to a grassy clearing where your Mother was sitting. She was picking lavender, shredding the flowers, and putting the stalks into a basket by her; and beside her were her children Herbert and Hugh Price Hughes. George Chamberlin was there, and her various daughters—to me then more or less indistinguishable group. Then tea was brought out. The scene struck me, after the dull of our Cambridge silver, as extraordinarily bright. Add to this the beautiful autumn evening, the cool sea breeze after our hot day, the vivacious argument of Hugh Price Hughes, and the suggestive criticisms made by your Mother, (all to the point, and generally conveying more than they seemed first to say), your Father's hearty welcome, and this among the most trimly cut and beautifully shaven grass, stretching for miles in view of the sea, all-pervaded by the incessant sound of the sea, and amongst evergreens and flowers—all this created an impression upon my mind never to be forgotten of a mixture of the parts of Nature and Art, cultivated conversation, and far-reaching sympathies, which seemed to belong to the very essence of the place as well as of the people.

Your Father was then, like your Mother, in the full vigour of life—an active and striking figure, active both mentally and physically. I remember as we came down in the railway he pointed out to me, as we passed them, the series of market gardens, bright with autumnal flowers, a somewhat striking sight, which, more than once afterwards, I have seen he liked to watch as we passed.

On the Sunday evening there was a Religious Service in the open air, when Hugh Price Hughes preached, and I read the Gospel. I remember it was the 55th chapter of Isaiah, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." The Service was largely attended. It was magnificent weather, as indeed it was during all that summer, and set off to perfection one of the striking peculiarities of Corton, namely, the mixture of natural wildness and careful cultivation.







*The Cliffe Curzon*



On the Monday your Father took Mr. Woodall and me up to Norwich, where after a hurried lunch in the schoolroom of Carrow House, we went off to Whitlingham, where Woodall and I addressed a meeting of some Liberal Association in a tent. We then got into a boat, and rowed across the river to Whitlingham Station, where I was for the first time introduced to your Father's tin box, for which he inquired immediately on his arrival, and which had been brought from Carrow to meet him. I afterwards became very familiar with it, as your Father scarcely ever moved from one place to another without it. It contained books of statistics of the Carrow business, and papers of the moment which he might be required to deal with.

Next morning Woodall and Hugh Price Hughes were to go away by the early train for London, and I, meaning to join them, had written a note to your Mother to leave for her, but when I came downstairs she was, to my surprise, already preparing our breakfast—so very characteristic indeed this was of her. I don't think I ever left your Mother's house, however early, without her seeing me off, and I think that that was common to all her guests. The last time indeed I saw her alive and conscious, she had got up and put on a dressing gown, and called to me over the stairs. I said to her, "You are looking ever so much better," and she said, "Do you really think so?" as much as to say, "I fear you do not."

Of course I had met your Father and Mother frequently before this visit I have just described, but I am quite sure that I never fully appreciated the breadth of character of either till I had seen them at Corton.

On April 16th, 1890, Mr. Gladstone came to speak in Norwich. It was 53 years since his first visit to the City, when, as a guest of Mr. Fellowes at Shottesham, with whom his brother was related by marriage, he had walked over to see the Cathedral. The meetings of the National Liberal Federation were made to coincide with his visit. On his arrival he went to Carrow House, and my Father asked some of the delegates to meet him at dinner at Carrow Abbey. After the great meeting, held at the Agricultural Hall, Mr. Gladstone went to Stoke to spend the night at Mr. Henry Birkbeck's house, but the following day, a Saturday, he and Mrs. Gladstone, accompanied by Mr.



and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Gladstone, went to Corton to stay with my Father and Mother until the Tuesday. My Mother, whose admiration for Mr. Gladstone was unbounded, wrote that it had "long been a dream and a hope" that they might have the "great honour" of entertaining him.

Partly as a family record, but especially for the sake of her mother, who, though too aged to take part personally in welcoming Mr. Gladstone to East Anglia, would nevertheless know, be keenly interested in his doings, my Mother has written on paper her recollections of this visit. From these it may be permissible to make the following extracts, partly to set on count of the incidental light which they throw on her tastes and characteristics:

I must add a word or two as to the impression made upon me by Mr. Gladstone. He is altogether the most delightful guest any hostess can ever entertain. He is so courteous and considerate and so grateful for the least kindness shown, that it can but be a pleasure to do anything for him.

The first thing which impressed me is his *absolute absorption* in the subject he is discussing and the *vigour* and *earnestness* of his manner in speaking. He does nothing by halves. . . . (I think his sense of the beautiful in Nature is not quite so strong as his desire to master the meaning of everything he sees. His inner life is stronger than his outer. When Mr. Buxton<sup>1</sup> spoke of the days when the present site of Yarmouth was an estuary and without its port, nothing would do but Mr. Gladstone must be shown on a map exactly how the land lay, and he was too much absorbed in this study to leave the tea table when we ladies walked to show Mrs. Gladstone the garden, and walk through the woods to the edge of the Lake. Soon Mr. G. joined us, and then Mr. Buxton rallied him upon sitting indoors studying maps which he could do at home, instead of coming out sooner to see the lovely view. He declared it was most interesting to him to learn all he could about any country through which he is passing, and that I am sure is true.)

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Henry E. Buxton, of Fritton, whom Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone had driven over from Corton to see.

The second thing which impressed me is the *immense variety* of subjects which he talks upon, and in order to prove it I will jot down some that I can recall to memory though they can only be taken as a small sample, and it must be borne in mind that he took about 2 hours on Monday morning for work in his own room, and that of course I do not know what other subjects he discussed after we ladies left the dining-room on Saturday or Monday. Here then is an imperfect list:

The Nebular Theory.

The Age of Man on the Earth.

The Prohibition of Pork to the Jews.

John Bright.

Disraeli.

Bi-metallism.

Decimal System.

Duodecimal System.

The Currency.

Bank Notes, whether £5 ought to be the minimum.

Mitchelstown.

Sir Fowell Buxton, and his encounter with the mad dog.

Dean Stanley: Witty remark of Dizzy's when he heard the Dean arguing against dogmatic theology, "Ah, but you'll find it'll be 'No Dogma, no Dean.'"

H. M. Stanley.

Agnosticism.

Races of Men in England.

Payment of Literary Men before Milton: Doubts whether Milton's £10 for "Paradise Lost" was such bad payment in those days. Shakespeare got *nothing* but looked to be paid by the *selling* of his plays.

Lowestoft China.

Forestry: Never knew a man inclined to cut down and clear round trees in a proper way whose wife was not a conservative in that matter and *vice versa*. I asked him if he were fond of trees as well as of cutting them down. "Of course I am. It is only those who use their judgment as to which are to be saved and which taken down who are fond of them!"

Norfolk Clergy.

Registration of all people as "Church of England" who make no profession of religion. Mr. S. N. Delf told him this fact, and it was a surprise to him, and he did not think it was so in all districts.

Tithes in Wales.

Disestablishment in Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

Tax off Tea: "Not likely to come off while people are so frightened and will keep up such great military expenditure."

His own power of banishing public matters from his mind so sleeping well. Bright an instance to the contrary.

Lord F. Cavendish: "His death the worst blow Ireland ever but *his* death not primarily intended."

Penny Post: Not an unmixed blessing to him, so he took Rowland Hill.

Erastianism: Would not allow it was a religion at all: recognize Mahometanism, etc., but not Erastianism, which he believed what the civil power ordered.

Adam: Was he a man or an imaginary being? Think of the former on account of the genealogy.

Round Towers of Churches: New to him. Supposes the reason for them being the absence of large stone for the corners.

Sir Robert Peel: A very shy man.

Shrimps.

Belgian Fishing.

Paston Letters.

Chloroform and Ether.

Execution of Charles I: His position; was he lying down kneeling at a block? From his knowledge of the *axe* thing the latter would be the best position!

Recent discoveries of galvanized Iron.

Phrenology.

Macaulay.

Crome: Norwich School of Painting.

Duelling.

Boxing: He had used as an illustration a technical term, "knocked out of time," and said to me, "Perhaps you don't know what it means." So he explained that if after the interval of a round allowed after a "round," the man can't come up for another round is "knocked out of time"; and added, "Perhaps you are surprised at my knowing about this," but I said, "No, I am surprised at nothing!"

Fair Complexion: Declared that my husband was the only man in the House of Commons with a complexion, and he had looked at it! . . . Now it would not be wisely to omit that compliment to my husband's looks, would it?

Lux Mundi: New book with that title and on deep theological subjects.

A Work on the Pentateuch: Just out: was also discussed with great energy.

The First Chapter in Genesis.

Unionist: "Don't approve of the word; *we* are unionists as much as more than they. I prefer the term Dissident Liberals."

Mr. Davies of Treborth: I happened to mention that Edith, [her daughter-in-law,] was the daughter of Mr. Davies whom he had appointed Lord Lieutenant of Anglesey, and he said "Yes, he is a very good man—one whom we are sorry to lose." [He was not a Home Ruler.]

I think I have said enough to prove that the "zigzag of conversation" was very marked in the case of Mr. Gladstone.

Once again my Father and Mother had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and members of their family, when in June, 1891, he came to the East Coast, on Sir Andrew Clark's advice, for sea air and quiet after a severe attack of influenza. The Right Hon. John Morley, of whom my Mother had written after a visit of his to Carrow House, that "like most great men he is very unassuming," was a guest on the same occasion. The visit was unhappily broken into by the death of their eldest son, Mr. William H. Gladstone. Mrs. Gladstone had returned to London to be there during her son's operation. Unfavourable news of his condition was received at Corton one evening, and hurried preparations were made for Mr. Gladstone's departure the next morning. But after an interval Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone returned to Corton to finish the visit so sadly broken into, as the sea air and quiet had been doing him so much good. Later in the year my Father spent a night at Hawarden Castle, on his return from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Davies, and he went there again in 1896 in company with his daughter Ethel.

He and Mr. Gladstone used sometimes to exchange books, mainly of a theological type. Thus in one of Mr. Gladstone's letters, replying to a letter from my Father

about the highly Ritualistic proceedings of a Clergyman of the Church of England, he added a postscript:

I take the liberty of sending you two small and recent works bearing upon the Old Testament, which I think may have an interest for you.

To this my Father replied:

I am much obliged for the volumes you have been kind enough to send. I shall read them with interest, feeling the subject of them is vastly more important than the denominational differences which have led to this correspondence.

Mr. Gladstone's opinions, as embodied in the following letter, of two of the most illustrious Nonconformist Preachers of his own time, may be of interest:

Hawarden,  
Nov. 26, 1891.

Dear Mr. Colman,

I thank you very much for the Sermons of Dr. Dale. And I can assure you that those of Dr. Maclaren were not so thrown away upon me as you might have supposed from my not having begun to read them when you were here. I have read many since and find they exhibit much rare power. I once heard Dr. Dale and found a lofty spirit as well as great force in his Sermon. . . .

While I write the Dorset Election is going on. That means another little fever is running through the country, as we await the result. May God grant it be propitious.

Please to remember us kindly to Mrs. Colman and your family and believe me

Most faithfully yours  
W. E. GLADSTONE.

In referring later to these visits, and the intercourse he had with Mr. Gladstone, my Father said he was never likely to forget "the inspiration it occasioned." Such an example of "high principle and devotion to duty" deeply impressed him, he said, and his comment was:

If the opportunity I have had of intercourse with him has taught



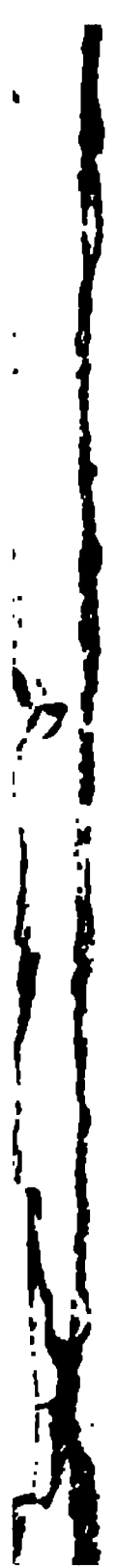
*Mrs. U. H. Cozens Hardy  
nee Sarah Theobald*





*Mrs W. M. Cozens Hardy  
ne Sarah Theobald*





one thing more than another, it is that industry and enthusiasm are the characteristics which have made him what he is.

On September 12th, 1891, there came one of the great sorrows of my Mother's life—the death of her mother at the age of eighty-two. Although physical strength had been failing for some time, her mental power was remarkable to the last, and she never lost her keen interest in all that went on around her. My Mother was at Letheringsett when the end came, and she used to say that it was remarkable that at her time of life she had never before witnessed the passing from the Seen to the Unseen, but in her mother's case the perfect peace of it all—Death coming like a gentle sleep—impressed her the most. My Father summed up the influence of my Grandmother's life in a letter to his wife:

Your Mother has left a bright memory and bright example which is better still, and will always live in the loving memory of all her relations and friends.

Among the letters of sympathy to my Mother was one from Mrs. Gladstone, which specially touched her, written as it was so soon after her own bereavement when staying at Corton.

Hawarden Castle,  
Sep. 19, 1891.

Dear Mrs. Colman,

You do us only justice in believing we should have been very sorry had you not told me of your dear Mother's release. On all accounts I should *not* have liked to see it in the newspapers, and *now* when we can think of the sweet sleep—that falling asleep in merciful arms, no more pain or trial, it is very lovely, and will help you not to be selfish though tears must flow. Yes how wonderful the “everlasting arms”—and thus whilst we sympathize with *you* how much have you to bring comfort and even joy!—death has been brought so near to us I feel as if I could share your feelings, and although everything *nearly* feels to be all *shadowed*, there is light midst the darkness.

Last evening we had so glorious a sunset, as the Heavens seemed

to speak to one in its unclouded blaze of living light! You will like to know how well my Husband is! We go to Scotland upon the 24th, Newcastle the 30th.

With kindest regards to your family party,

Believe me

Yours sincerely

CATH. GLADSTONE.

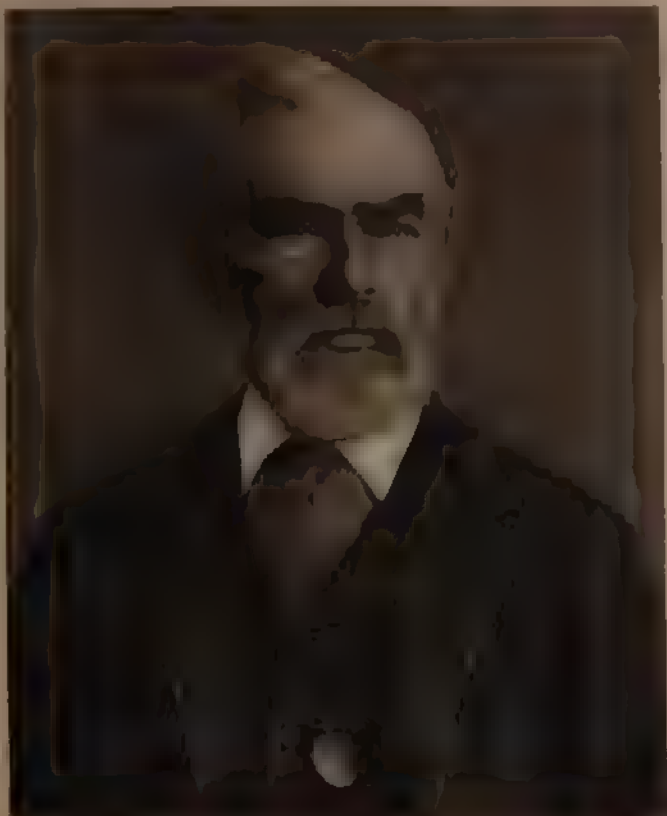
In 1880, at the close of fifty years of married life, my Grandfather and Grandmother had celebrated their Golden Wedding by a family gathering. Almost all their descendants were present, giving them a silver-gilt épergne to mark the event. Ten years later they kept their Diamond Wedding, receiving from their children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, an etching of the picture by B. W. Leader, R.A., "At Evening Time it shall be Light," and an illuminated address. Yet one more anniversary they spent together before the break came.

After my Grandmother's death my Mother wrote a short sketch of her life for private circulation.

It has been a delight to me, [she wrote in reference to it,] to do anything I could to keep our precious mother's memory a living thing.







*William Hardy Cozens-Hardy*



## CHAPTER XXVI

### DEATH OF HIS WIFE AND HIS SON

1895—1897: AGED 64—66

**I**N the early part of 1895 my Mother's health began to give cause for anxiety. Coinciding with the beginning of her illness, came the news of the death of Mr. Henry Birkbeck. To my Father, troubled and anxious as he was about his wife, this brought special sadness. Mr. Birkbeck was one for whom he had the highest regard, and with whom he had been very closely associated through the storm and stress of Norwich politics. My Father, who once described him as "a pattern to be followed in business, in public, or private life, not least in times of trial," wrote at the time of his death:

It is some 50 years since as a boy I received my first kindness from Mr. Birkbeck at Stoke, and since then I have so often had others from him which will remain deeply engraven on my memory, and will be so to the end of life. He has had the respect and regard given to few, but not more than he deserved.

The anxiety about my Mother increased, but in March there came a rally, and she was able to go to Corton, where she could still enjoy the beauty and restfulness of the place which was so dear to her.

The following month there came the shock of her father's death. He passed away on April 29th, 1895, aged 88. They had last met at Corton during the previous Christmas-time. It was no small part of her sorrow that she was not able to be with him and tend him during his last illness. The im-



provement in her own health unhappily did not last long and those who watched her felt that in spite of all that could be done the close was gradually drawing near. It came on the evening of Friday, July 5th, at the age of 60. Five days later, on a lovely summer day, she was laid to rest at the Rosary in Norwich.

The widespread sympathy, coming from every side, and hushing into silence all conflicting differences of opinion touched my Father deeply in his sorrow. What that sorrow meant for him must be gathered from a few of his letters. Writing to his daughter-in-law from Corton, September 1st, after returning from Scotland, where it had been thought a change of scene might help, he said:

Since writing the foregoing we have had a Service at the Church with a melancholy interest, viz., the Communion Service. Last time we were *all* together—the thought that since then *one* has gone “within the veil” brought thoughts too deep for utterance and made the time one of subdued feelings.

On September 4th he wrote to his eldest son:

I suspect to-morrow will be the first Birthday for many years when you will miss your Mother's note in which she sent you her best wishes for the future. It is these anniversaries which bring our loss so painfully back, and I have without her to send the greetings to you alone.

I sometimes wonder if those who are gone still know what goes on here. If so I am sure she will to-morrow be thinking of you—but if not we all have the recollection of her life to inspire us. May the best of blessings and long life with your dear Wife and Children be yours.

The same month brought the anniversary of my Father's wedding day. On one of these anniversaries, in 1887, my Mother had written to her youngest daughter:

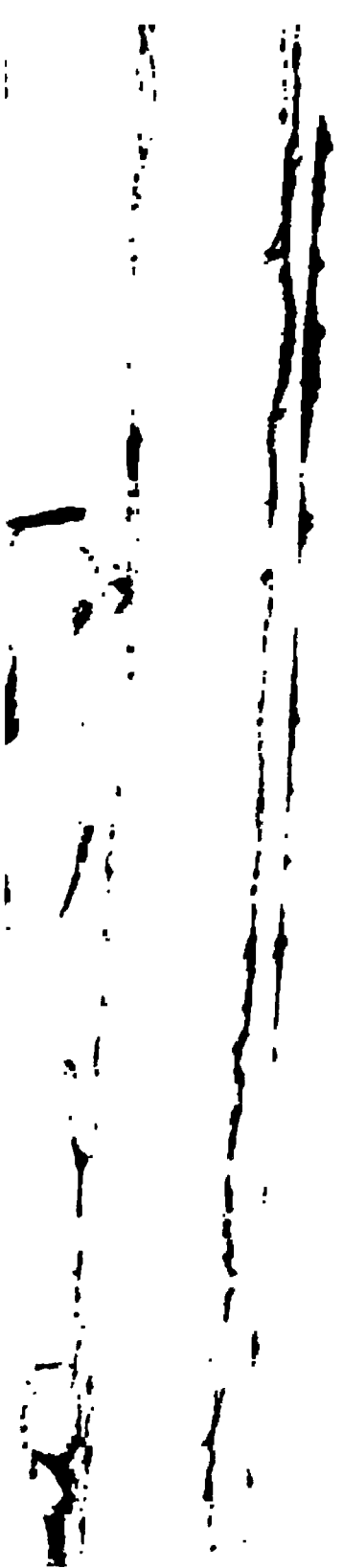
To-day is, as you know, a memorable anniversary in our family history. Thirty-one years make a long stretch of time to look back upon. I am sure your Father and I can say, “Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life.”







*Mrs. Jeremiah James Goldman*



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And now that the 25th of September had come round again, for the first time since the parting, my Father wrote to his daughter-in-law:

Thanks for your very kind and sympathetic letter. You are right in your idea that to-day has been full of many memories, but I try to let the pleasant one of past joys prevail over present blank and dreary ones, for I am quite sure that such would be the wish of our lost one.

In the midst of all the sorrow and desolation there is much to be thankful for, and amongst them the "children's children" growing up.

Christmas-time brought the same resolution. In another letter to his daughter-in-law, written from Corton, he recorded:

We are having a subdued Xmas and of course we can't attach the usual term "merry" to it, but I am in thought and recollection thinking of former happy days rather than the parting which has come since last year.

At first I shrank from the idea of spending Xmas here, but then again I thought that *if* departed Spirits visit this earth again I am sure my dear Wife would sooner find us here than anywhere else, so here we are with not a few tears, yet quiet and peaceful. Your Boy certainly is helping us with his sunny face, and to-day has been downstairs a good deal, but bright and good all the time.

His wife's death meant the loss of one to whom he had ever been able to turn for guidance in difficulties, whether of a private, business, or public nature. Her power of looking at a question from all sides, her "judicial mind" (to quote the phrase of one closely allied to her) made her one on whose judgment others frequently relied, and this often on matters far removed from her immediate interests.

The Rev. J. G. Rogers, D.D., who knew her well, wrote of my Mother:

She was one of the ablest women I ever met and withal one of the gentlest and most amiable.

And the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D., Principal

of Mansfield College, Oxford, in thanking my Father for an account of her life written by my eldest sister, wrote:

It is a fitting memorial of the strong and noble woman through so many years gave grace and dignity to your home. I could not meet her without feeling the touch of a character so potent and gracious, built out of clear convictions and radiant hope.

I well remember being guided by her through Norwich, being struck not only with her knowledge of all in it that was venerable and historical, but still more with her admiration for men who had served the City, helped to win its freedom, and made it illustrious. She has ever since stood out in my mind as the English Mother, full of the Christian graces, and rich in the virtues that make our homes great.

Dr. Fairbairn's insight, as shown in the last paragraph, reveals a very characteristic side of my Mother's nature. Her love of freedom was inbred in her, and those who suffered for it were certain of their meed of reverence. One friend to whom she was always glad to welcome as a delightful guest, on one occasion began to decry her native County for want of heroism. This quickly roused her. "He said," she wrote in a letter to her brother Herbert, "there had been no 'heroism' in Norfolk—and yet he lived for years within a few yards of the Lollards' Pit!" The spot where Thomas Bilney was burnt at the stake, in 1531, to me is only one of many who suffered there for their faith, and sacred in her eyes.

The religious side of my Mother's nature was strong, and many of her convictions, formed in early life, remained unaltered to the end. Her belief in the "Larger Hope" formed certainly by 1865, only grew more strong with time.

The reason I cannot believe in the doctrine of the *Eternal* of Punishment, [she wrote in that year,] is because it seems to be opposed to the *character* of God as a loving Father, and I cannot credit that He would have created beings at all if He saw an *Eternity* of woe for the majority of them.

The Rev. J. Stoughton, D.D. on one occasion preached

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sermon from the text, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The following morning he called on my Mother, when they had a "long chat."

I asked him, [wrote my Mother to her husband,] how he could explain that promise unless it meant that "all" would at last be saved. He thinks it must be qualified by other texts which speak of the eternal death of some. I would rather qualify away the word eternal, and preserve the glorious assurance that the Atonement will be effectual to the salvation of the whole world.

### Life was never trivial to my Mother.

We are apt to look upon *death* as solemn, coming at the close of life, [she wrote to her brother Herbert in 1859,] but it seems to me that life itself is quite as solemn.

### A year or so earlier she had written to him:

I know there is pardon for the very guiltiest, but I never like to hear people remark without qualification that "the greatest sinners generally become the greatest saints." No doubt it is so sometimes, but even then there must be in such cases a *never-ending* feeling of deep remorse at the thought of having led others into sin, who may never afterwards return from their evil ways.

Her views on Prayer were embodied in a letter to the same brother in 1857, referring to a "short discussion" she had had with a Minister on the subject.

He mentioned that a woman in Wales who had suffered from epileptic fits for years sent for a Methodist who had gained the reputation of being a man "mighty in prayer," and he came and prayed with her, and the next day she was so miraculously convalescent that she walked 3 miles to hear him preach. Mr. T. sees nothing incredible in this cure as he thinks the *limit* to success in prayer is simply the extent of the person's faith, because Christ told his disciples they could have cast out the devil if they had had faith. It seems to me that people who argue in this way forget that tho' God is omnipotent it does not follow that He will always exert His power in the way which mortals wish, and that He has given us no warrant for believing that He will interfere with the



laws of the physical universe now. I do not see why, if a man could get *miraculously* cured without the aid of any means, should be any moral reason why young R. should not get a new cure if he had but faith enough, and yet what warrant does the Bible give us for believing this? But if you hint to believers in the extraordinary tales that you cannot credit them, they directly tell you with the assertion that "all things are possible to God" a fact which you believe as devoutly as they do! I do think that such accounts lead to superstition in those who credit them, and there is great danger of them causing scepticism as to religious truth in general in the minds of those who *cannot* credit them. Tell me your opinion on this matter as freely as I have told mine.

My Mother felt it was very possible to exaggerate the importance of Doctrines. Writing to her brother Henry in 1860 she expressed the view:

Would it not be far better if instead of disputing about the necessity of good works or the reverse, Christians would be content to *practise* them, but unhappily it is far more easy to theorize than to act!

One of my Mother's works was to compile a *Lectio* for use at Family Prayers, afterwards printed for private circulation.

But it must not be inferred that she was always talking or writing of religious matters. She was the last to object to a subject so sacred when it did not harmonize with the occasion, and might arouse the slightest sense of jar.

Her delight in Nature, and her keen interest in all that happened in the world around her, testified to a universal sympathy—revealed in many ways to those who needed it. To her youngest daughter, whose studies at her boarding-school were interrupted by a slight illness, she once wrote:

You may learn a lesson of gratitude in the sick-room, to be afterwards practically applied in trying to relieve the discomforts of those who are suffering from illness and have no comforts to alleviate it, and *this* lesson may be more deeply important than

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in the School curriculum! So you see the time even now need not be wasted. So ends my sermonette!

Just before the first anniversary of my Mother's death the sudden illness of my younger brother, Alan, revealed the delicacy of the lungs. As soon as he was well enough he was taken to Corton for sea air and quiet, but the improvement, which enabled him to do a little work after his return to Carrow, did not continue, and at the end of October he had a relapse.

Just at the same time there came grave news of the condition of Mr. Richard Davies of Treborth, who had been in failing health for some time. He passed away on October 27th. This was a keen grief to my Father, and meant the loss of one he greatly revered. Writing to the eldest daughter, Miss Mary Davies, a few days later, he said of him:

The renewal within the past few days of anxiety about Alan makes me very thoughtful about the future, but whatever comes I am sure I feel the better for having known your Father—the memory of him will always be inspiring.

Amongst words of sympathy to Mrs. Davies at the same time, my Father wrote:

We know so little about what the future means and involves, but we may all find some comfort in the hope of reunion at some other time and where death and parting will be unknown.

On November 20th my Brother left England for Egypt, on board the P. and O. steamship "Simla," going round by the Bay of Biscay. My eldest sister and her husband, Mr. F. S. Worthington (his medical attendant), and I, who went with him, reached Egypt a few weeks before my Father and his two other daughters, who joined us at the Mena House Hotel, close to the Pyramids. A day or so after our start my Father wrote from Carrow House to his brother-in-law, Herbert Cozens-Hardy, who had gone to the Docks to see my Brother start:

I was much touched by your going down to see Alan and I am sure it would please and cheer him. I felt I could not do more than say the goodbye here, for though hopeful I cannot but be very anxious.

My Brother left with many expressions of good wishes that the journey might lead to renewed health. One who specially touched him came from those in the Department of the Works at Carrow to which he had given his attention:

We the undersigned Employees in the Blue Department, beg of your journey to a foreign land, desire at this time to wish you a safe voyage, a speedy restoration to health and strength, and quick return to your usual place amongst us.

Soon after his start my Father wrote to him:

Carrow House  
Norwich  
Nov. 26, 1881

Dear Alan,

I am not going to burden you with a long letter, for I say you don't get sufficiently strong for much reading at present. But I want to tell you how deeply I sympathize with you in your present disablement, and how I ardently trust and pray that the means used, and the journey you have undertaken, may in due season restore you to complete health and strength.

I have had very many kind enquiries for you, and what is perhaps best of all, had mention of cases where complete recovery has followed such a trip as you are taking. . . .

And now, my dear Alan, goodbye. I can only pray—may God have you in His keeping. Don't be over anxious about your recovery but just quietly drink in the good air by which I hope you are surrounded.

Love to all your party,

Your affectionate Father,

J. J. COLMAN

The months of anxiety had been a heavy strain on my Father. In addition to ordinary business cares there had been the extra work involved in converting the Firm

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L. & J. Colman into a Private Limited Liability Company. The change involved no alteration in the personnel of the management or proprietary, the same Partners becoming Directors, but it had entailed additional work during those clouded months.

The visit of the Duke of York to Norwich, involving his reception at Carrow for Luncheon, meant some amount of social festivities for which my Father felt little in the mood, with his thought so much with the son just started on his voyage eastward.

In the middle of January it was decided to leave Mena House, and start on the Dahabeah "Hathor" up the Nile, thus gratifying my Brother's strong wish to see something of that wonderful river. There were days when he was well enough to be carried up on deck, but those who watched him could not shut their eyes to the fact that the little store of strength was being gradually exhausted. Writing to his daughter-in-law the day after reaching Luxor, my Father foreshadowed the end :

Dahabeah "Hathor."

Feb. 3rd, 1897.

My dear Edith,

You have written to me and to all of us so often and so fully that I must let my letter this time be to you, and I wish it could be at a more hopeful moment. But in truth this is the worst day we have had yet. I had a long talk with Worthington last evening, and he said he could only say that our dear Patient was weaker than when he came out, and this is unfortunately too obvious to all. . . .

I was very glad to learn of the success of the Jenny Lind Meeting, and that Russell's efforts have so far been rewarded. I cannot think any real hitch will now occur. I agree in all you say about Lord Leicester—he is a true and courteous English gentleman. Indeed if I were to pick out "men whom I have known" of the highest type of Courtesy, I should put down on my list Lord

Making the new Building Fund for the Jenny Lind Infirmary the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Memorial for Norfolk and Norwich.

R E

Leicester, the late Lord Stafford, Mr. Gladstone, and your Father. . . .

I cannot say that the Nile is to my mind a specially beautiful river. I don't mean that it is not interesting, but as regards beauty that is not the term to apply to it. With respect to its sphere it is altogether another matter. That is bright, beautiful and health giving, and I shall always feel, and be thankful for it. Alan was taken to the place where he had the best chance of recovery. Our only bad day was yesterday when a very strong wind was blowing and the air full of the dust from the Desert. Then it was not really cold, but so hazy one could only see a short distance ahead of the boat. Egypt has, however, one of its perpetual plagues, viz., the Flies—they are everywhere pressing on us, about us and on us. What they must be as the months grow hotter I know not, but here they are now. The natives here don't seem to mind them, for the flies swarm on their faces and they seem quite unconcerned.

I have just been to Alan's Berth. He is lying perfectly still and peaceful and in no pain, but oh! so weak and stricken. One can see too obviously what last night's pain has done for him and you will not wonder that I write in utter despair.

With much love to yourself and all your household, not forgetting your two youngsters,

Ever yours very affectionately,  
J. J. COLMAN

On the morning of Sunday, February 7th—a clear, bright morning, following a sunset of radiant beauty, and a day of utter peacefulness—the close came to my Brother on earth. My Father's thoughts, in the first desolation of sorrow, turned back to the one remaining son in Egypt.

Dahabeah "Hathor," off Luxor  
Feb. 7th, 1897.

My dear Russell,

At last the long impending blow has fallen, and our dear Father has left us for another world, and has left us, too, a bright example of how to spend a life which seems to us who survive all too short.

Anxious as I have been all along since I saw Egypt with its doing him any real good, I have yet half clung to the possibility that he might yet be spared to get home again, but even that







*Alan Cozens Hardy Gelman  
aged 27*





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was vain. . . . The end came this morning at about a quarter past seven, with the sun shining brightly, and the morning as perfect as can be imagined.

It is all too fresh to realize that one so able and so true, and whom I hoped would be a help to me in my remaining years, and a companion for life to you, is taken away from us. What it all means we know not yet, but at least this lesson may be pressed on us both—whilst engaged in the duties of this life, and the claims of business, to remember that the time will come when we shall have to leave them all, and to live so that we may be prepared for the other world which must come sooner or later to us all. . . .

Ever yours affectionately,

J. J. COLMAN.

The loss of dear Alan is too recent for me to realize it yet, [he wrote in another letter to his son,] but we must both of us try to make up to one another, and to those about us, not only what he was, but what as the years went on he bade fair to become.

The loss of the son whose ability and keen interest in his work would have done so much, it seemed, to ease the burden of business on my Father, was an irreparable one for him.

I remember, [he wrote to his brother-in-law, Herbert Cozens-Hardy,] Mr. Gladstone said to me of his son whom he lost that he had never been the cause of a moment's anxiety to his Parents and Family. Such is just what we can say of Alan. He has left a bright example and fragrant memory.

He died at the age of thirty. It had been a real pleasure to my Father to watch him taking a part in public affairs, as well as devoting so much attention to the Firm with which he was connected. In 1894 he had stood for the Norwich Town Council as a Liberal. My Brother's very decided opinions, the result of much reading and thought on sociological subjects, his denunciation of much of the legislation of the day, and his strongly expressed belief that "the last two things politicians think about are (1) What will be the effect of their measures on character? and (2)

What will be their effect on future generations?" and his outspoken utterances in defence of an individualistic standpoint, doubtless frightened some who might otherwise have been counted among his supporters, and the contest ended in a defeat.

Thanks for what you say about Alan, [my Father wrote to a friend at the time.] I have no doubt he is more respected, and will stand better in the long run for having let people know just what his opinions are; and if the Liberal Party choose to kick because of them—so much the worse for the Liberal Party. It is worth noting, however, that, after all, in the defeats of that day here, the majority against him was the smallest of any, which does not look as if his views met with disfavour everywhere.

Though defeated on this occasion he had later been chosen a Parish Councillor for Trowse, and in 1895 he was elected, without a contest, for the Henstead Division as a member of the Norfolk County Council. The work in connection with that had interested him greatly.

On the 10th of February came the last sight of Luxor, as we turned our faces homewards. In a letter to his son my Father wrote :

We are making our way slowly down the river towards Cairo. . . . Even apart from the sad associations of our trip, Egypt is not a place which fascinates me. The utter squalor, misery and dirt of the great part of the population is to me most depressing.

It was little wonder that he dreaded the return home. To Mrs. Davies he wrote from Florence :

How I shall get through the time when we do first get home I know not, but must rely on the promise that strength shall be given for the day. One thing at all events I must try to do, and that is to help Russell as long as life shall be spared me for the increased duties which will come to him.

A month later, when the return was over, and the earthly remains of the tenderly loved son had been laid to rest in

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the Rosary at Norwich, my Father wrote to the same friend:

There is nothing fresh to say about our doings. We are settling down, or trying to do so, to the reality of the present—thinking rather than talking of those who are gone, but this you know all about. The spring is fortunately coming on, and this gives us brighter and more hopeful views.

Amongst the letters of sympathy my Father received was the following one from his mother:

Feb. 26th, 1897.

Dearest Jh.

I do not know *how* to write or *what* now I have taken my pen. It is only time that will enable those who knew and loved dear Alan to acquiesce, but the great and good "Father" who has removed the treasure from us can enable us to say "*Thy will be done,*" and He will (I trust) draw each heart in humble submission to feel thankful for the gift of such a son and relative, to appropriate what dear Alan was in remembrance, and example in patient quiet suffering.

The sorrow seems universal, "high and low," "rich and poor," and *all* are feeling *so much* for you, but "He who tempers the rough wind to the shorn lamb" will not forsake you, in this extremity, and we must not repine at losing him, much as we desired to retain him.

I remember in my bitter bereavement when you and dear Cary were so tender to me, and my heart almost failed in the prospect. It is "day by day," "moment by moment." I know you will excuse these personal references.

I will end by saying take courage with David's words, "I shall go to him," and when we all meet around the Throne (if permitted to do so) we shall see the "Why and wherefore" so difficult to understand now. . . .

With love to each,

Believe me y<sup>r</sup> sympathizing Mother,

M. C.

One effect on my Father of the illness of his wife and his son was this—a deepening sympathy with the poor, who have oft-times to watch those near and dear to them

suffer and die, while their poverty keeps them from supplying the things which might save life. Thus he wrote to his daughter-in-law, when her little son was not well, a fortnight after the death of my Mother :

I trust all the precautions you are going to take will have the desired effect. You can't have children with all the satisfaction they bring without corresponding anxiety, but the care for them brings out all the best feelings of human nature. . . .

Whatever effect the drift of Politics during the past few years has had on me to lessen my Radicalism, I think the illness of my dear Wife, and now the need of care for your Boy, has made me almost Socialist as to Medical Help to the Poor. It must be trying in the extreme for them to see those they love suffer and often die, for want of the many comforts and aids to recovery which the richer class can get without difficulty or any serious cost to themselves.

Although all unavailing in the case of his wife and son, it was yet a comfort to him to feel that everything that medical skill could suggest had been tried to save life. His thoughts took a practical form, and by his Will he bequeathed the sum of £1,000 annually, for a period of twenty years, the money to be used by the Trustees, or persons appointed by them, for such of the Employees, Ex-employees, or their Widows, of the Firm or Company of J. & J. Colman, "as by reason of ill-health sickness age or infirmity," should, in their opinion, stand most in need of the same.

When in 1895 and 1897 my Father wished to perpetuate the memory of his Wife and his Son, his thoughts turned to the Children's Hospital in Norwich, the Jenny Lind Infirmary. Badly in need as it was of a new building for In-Patients, he gave a new site for this purpose, on the outskirts of the City, in memory of his Wife, and bought the old site from the Charity, thus benefiting its funds, and converted it into a Children's Playground in memory of his Son. And so when the time came for his children

to commemorate their Father's memory, they felt it would have been most in accord with his own feelings to attach their gift to the same Institution, one which had done so much in the past to alleviate the sufferings of children, and which would, to repeat his own words, provide "the many comforts and aids to recovery which the richer class can get without difficulty."

The little Chapel at Corton contains two stained glass windows placed there by my Father in memory of his Wife, and one in memory of his Son ; while another has since been added by his children in memory of their Father.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### CHARACTERISTICS AND TASTES

**T**HE Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, D.D., whose long friendship with my Father gives him a title to speak, has put on record some of his impressions about him. A political meeting at Yarmouth in 1868, with the latter in the Chair, brought them once more together after a slight acquaintanceship. The return of Dr. Rogers with him to Carrow House, where, in the absence of other members of the family, they saw much of each other during the few hours spent together, cemented a friendship that was to last throughout life, and of which Dr. Rogers has testified "the closer my intimacy, the higher was my estimate of the man." Dr. Rogers, continuing, has written:

In some respects, Mr. Colman was a very pronounced Puritan. It was in matters of ritual especially that this appeared. . . . He himself loved the most perfect and absolute simplicity. In all matters of worship his motto was, "When unadorned, adorned the most." This spirit was carried throughout all his domestic arrangements. The visitor might feel himself perfectly at home, and the days I spent at Corton were among the red-letter days of my life. . . .

After a reference to the gatherings at The Clyffe, Corton, where Dr. Rogers was for many years an annual visitor, and where my Father and Mother gathered together friends of differing views, "the subjects of our discussions being various—political, historical or theological," Dr. Rogers returns again to my Father:

Let me speak more of Mr. Colman himself. Of his commercial capacity and energy, the great business which he developed in so









*Jeremiah James Coleman*

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remarkable a degree is sufficient evidence: Everyone who knew anything of English commerce knew him as one of its distinguished representatives. But his real intellectual power was only understood by those who mingled with him in familiar intercourse. It would not have been easy to find a man of higher principle. His views were carefully formed after considerable inquiry in reading and conversation. When he had taken a position it would not have been easy to turn him from it.

Unassuming himself, he was not likely to regard with any favour the ambitious pretensions of others. He was generous in his appreciation of real worth, but exceedingly keen in his criticism of anything that had an aspect of self-seeking. In politics he retained a good deal of the old Whig temper, by which I mean he had no love for the social nostrums of modern days, nor could he ever be called a Radical. Sanity was the great characteristic of his political creed. He believed in steady progress rather than revolutionary change.

Nothing seemed to offend him more than language which tended to encourage in the minds of people hopes that could never be realized. To him the gospel of ransom was peculiarly offensive, and his confidence in the prominent statesman who preached it was never restored.

He was a typical Nonconformist politician of his generation, and one on whose judgment I could always rely. He was considerate of the rights of others, and as an employer he always cared, and cared intelligently, for the well-being of his workmen.

He was a strength to the Church, of which he was a consistent and active member; an ornament to the City, which gave him all the honour it had to bestow; and in the House of Commons was one of those men whose unbending consistency does so much to maintain the reputation of that great assembly. He was, in fact, one of the men who are known to be superior to any spirit of faction, and to the dictates of an unworthy ambition.

Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P., who saw a good deal of my Father, has also given his impressions of him:

One of his remarkable characteristics was his constancy in friendship. With him, a friendship once formed, it would be an act of great folly, or the commitment of a great wrong, that would lead to its forfeiture. I had the real pleasure and great privilege of what

I believe to have been a mutual friendship of trust and confidence with Mr. Colman extending over twenty years. . . .

No one who did not know him well could at all realise how great, grand and noble was his large heart, generous and sympathetic in small things as he was in great, and it is these traits which mean so much to the poor.

Never in too great haste to promise, but when a promise was made, no man was ever more faithful to perform, and the result of it invariably ran over.

Quiet, reticent he was; but kindly and observant. In my opinion of a man who came to see him in prospect of becoming a Liberal Candidate for one of the Norfolk Divisions, he said to you know him well enough, tell him to use less Latin, and more words easily understood by ordinary men."

No observant person could know Mr. Colman without being benefited and improved in thought by his personal acquaintance. His noble and impressive presence, his dignified yet simple manner, his few but effective words on many occasions on various subjects are still fresh in my memory.

I have now lived far into the 'sixties, many of my old friends have dropped out of the battle of life, but I can truly say that no case did I feel the parting from a long, long friendship more keenly than I did when I heard that Mr. Colman was no longer with us.

The writers of the above have touched on many characteristic points, to which something may be added, but I have no room for elucidation or addition, in an attempt, in closing, to gather together the various traits in my Father's character.

He was not a man of many words. He liked to be brief. A remark made by Mr. Stuart, his son-in-law's father-in-law,

I have often been sorry for speaking, but never for holding my tongue.

Above all he was reticent about his innermost and deepest beliefs and hopes. Cant phrases he abhorred. As early as 1855, when writing to his future brother-in-law, H. Cozens-Hardy, after some words in a serious strain on the desirability of thinking of the future life, he breaks out

. . . though I have no patience with the cant which

and only *talking* of heaven and doing nothing on earth. We all have some work to perform, and some position to fill, and in proportion as we do them will be our reward and happiness hereafter.

This necessity for action was weighing on his mind. The next month he wrote to the same correspondent:

There will be much to do in the next forty years, the time when those of us who are now young will have to play our part in the great drama of the world.

His views on the spirit in which such work should be undertaken were concentrated in some notes of his for a speech:

But the work we have to do in the Nation must not be spasmodic: Continuous effort:

Not discouraged by our failure: and *not sulky either*—a great deal too much of this nowadays.

He was quite prepared, in regard to his own work, to get some amount of abuse as well as applause. Thus he put it in 1874:

As a public man I must be con[tent] with all sorts of criticism, and I am not at all disturbed by it, even when I think it goes too far; for on the other hand I am pretty sure to get more praise than I deserve, and so the one may balance the other.

His rule was:

If our principles are right, fight for them, and don't be too much depressed by temporary defeat.

Adverse criticism did not quickly disturb or move him. "In my time I have been hooted at, but it has never made me less a Liberal," was his verdict in 1889.

In claiming the right himself to follow the dictates of his own conscience, he was anxious to respect the same right in others. He once said that he would have felt ashamed of himself if he had ever solicited one of his tenants for a vote.

But though he held his opinions firmly, he certainly was not one of those persons who are never happy unless they are attacking somebody else. On the contrary, he was glad when the differences, religious, political, or whatever they were, could be brushed aside, and reveal the underlying agreement. This feeling is shown in the following letter. The death of the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, in 1892, had brought back a talk my Father had the previous year, at Corton, with Mr. Gladstone, and it was fresh in his mind when writing a letter of sympathy to the Rev. James A. Spurgeon.

The notice in the "Daily News" last Monday, with a copy of the letters which passed last July between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Spurgeon, and your Brother's Postscript,<sup>1</sup> with his own initials, brought back vividly to my mind the talk I had with Mr. Gladstone at that time. He was staying with me at Corton, near Lowestoft, and I well remember the pleasure with which Mr. Gladstone received the letter, and the surprise—almost incredulity—with which I saw what was written, and which must have been a great effort in his prostrate condition.

The sad bereavement from which Mr. Gladstone was suffering [the death of his son], and the serious condition of your Brother, gave colour to all that passed. It would be difficult to find two men more diverse in many respects, but there was a link in their common faith and hope. The visit to the Tabernacle some years since was fresh in his memory, and he gave a full description of it.

Though a keen politician, my Father did not let politics obtrude themselves into every branch of life. Indeed, as early as 1858, he wrote:

I yield to no one in my determination to be un-influenced by "party" in public life.

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<sup>1</sup> This Postscript, written by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon at the end of a letter from Mrs. Spurgeon to Mr. Gladstone, in reply to one of sympathy, was as follows:

"Yours is a word of love such as those only write who have been into the King's country, and have seen much of His face. My heart's love to you."

He saw no reason why political differences should sever friendships, or prevent co-operation. He hated bigotry, and he never liked to make base insinuations against his political opponents.

Public speaking was never a delight to him, though in truth he had enough of it in his time. He had not that "fatal gift of words"—the despair of audiences—so when he spoke he was seldom long, said something definite, and paid his audience the compliment of careful preparation beforehand. He was never a rash speaker. Caution led him to take as one of his oft-quoted rules the advice contained in the "Biglow Papers": "Don't never prophesy—unless ye know."<sup>1</sup> He never attempted the higher flights of oratory, leaving these to those who had special gifts in that direction.

One thing he systematically declined to do, and that was to open Bazaars. He did so once, and then "vowed a vow" he would not do it again, the situation, he said, having made him "feel such a fool." The laying of Foundation Stones, too, he gave up, declaring he "could not with sufficient dignity declare the stone 'well and truly laid.'"

My Father's wise judgment, a gift he seems to have inherited from his father, stood him in good stead throughout life, and not least in his commercial dealings. In a large business, with all its ramifications, the faculty of seeing clearly beforehand where a particular line of action is likely to lead is all important. A decision in the Counting Room counts for so much. For it is with the business man as with the statesman, a plan of action once started has far-reaching results, which a reversal of policy may be useless to avert.

His family motto, "Quick enough if well enough," or, as it runs in Latin, "Sat cito si sat bene," might have been specially chosen by him, for he had a strong mixture of courage and caution in his character.

<sup>1</sup> J. R. Lowell: "The Biglow Papers," No. 2, "Mason and Shidell."





circumstances made it specially hard to decline, he wrote nevertheless:

I am sorry that I cannot see my way to accede to your request that I should become either a permanent or temporary Director of the Company that is to take over your firm's business. You are quite right in supposing that I receive a good many similar requests, and they are all uniformly declined. The fact is that my own business, added to my Parliamentary duties, is all that I can possibly attend to—and if I were to allow my name to appear, once, as Director of a Company in whose concerns I took no real part, the precedent would be very troublesome—even dangerous. I have, therefore, no alternative but to decline, though I am sorry to do so, and I would very gladly oblige a connection of my old friend.

He held certain maxims in regard to business. One was that: "If a living can't be got by making a good article, I am sure it can't by a bad one." Another was that it was fatal to be daunted by difficulties. When a troublesome piece of work had to be done he would say to the Workman:

We don't use the word "Can't" at Carrow.

He was happy in his relationship with those who worked for him. On his fiftieth birthday he received a letter of congratulation from the Clerks at Carrow Works. To this he sent the following reply through Mr. Alfred C. Culley:

June 16th, 1880.

Dear Alfred,

As you are the writer of the letter of congratulation I received this morning, I must ask you to accept and convey to all whom you represent my best and heartiest thanks. I can assure you it touched me very much, and in the midst of a busy day I have many times thought of it with pleasure, thankfulness, and satisfaction. In the occupation which takes me a good deal away from Norwich and very often gives me less time than I should desire for home affairs, it is pleasant to feel that I have so many around me who at their several posts will see that Carrow Works do not suffer.

Whatever may be before me and before us all in the future, I hope the good and kindly feeling you express will remain unimpaired and be continued to my sons.

I can but return your good wishes to you all, and remain,

Yours very truly,

J. J. COLMAN

And one Employee, a carpenter, who came into special close touch with my Father writes:

Throughout my 50 years' service at Stoke Mill, Carroway, Corton, I have always found that he very much appreciated a man who tried to do his duty to the best of his ability, and that of his Employees he was always most kind, thoughtful, and generous. And I cannot find words to express my gratitude to him for favours received, nor for the honour and esteem in which he always held his memory.

The power of delegating work to others, essential to the development of a large business, was one my Father possessed. His position in connection with it made him accustomed to issue the word of command. It was "this, and he doeth it," with none to question the authority. This, and the absolute necessity in his business of dealing quickly with a vast variety of details, made him chary of those to whom talking is as the breath of life. Little wonder that he should form the opinion that an ideal committee is a committee of two, with the other away."

Punctuality was one of his characteristics, shown in keeping appointments, and at meals. The mid-day meal was of necessity a movable feast, for he often found it impossible to return punctually from the Counting Room to those who lingered after the appointed time in the morning. Those who had little chance of being down in time for the Family Prayers, which always preceded breakfast.

As early as 1855 my Father, stirred by some rather unwise commercial transactions, wrote to condemn them in a paper entitled, "The Race for Riches." In that he was

Let the merchants and tradesmen of England remember that riches are not the true mark of nobility any more than title is. A man returning his few hundreds a year may be much better and wiser than one who returns many thousands.

The race for riches must not be the moving spring of action, for if it is it will surely bring unhappiness and misery in the end. Enterprise is wholesome enough but it must have a good foundation to rest on.

Thus it seems he was early on his guard against the special temptations of business life. There is no doubt he felt the responsibilities which a successful business laid upon him. Among his papers were some notes he had made of a sermon by the Rev. G. S. Barrett dealing with the Dangers of Prosperity. He felt "that property has its duties as well as its privileges." And on one occasion he wrote:

Money spent in the sacred cause of Charity . . . will bring no regrets.

But for all this he could resent being dictated to when it came down to details.

I hope, [he wrote in reply to one correspondent,] I recognise the fact that I am a "steward," but I must really be allowed to be myself the judge of what cases I should assist.

Indeed, the problem of how to spend money, as well as how to gain it, was one he felt must rest with the individual. In the case of his own children, as soon as boarding-school days were over, he gave them a definite annual allowance to meet their personal and charitable claims, throwing on them the responsibility of spending it, in the belief that the experience thus gained, and the keeping of accounts, which was encouraged by both parents, would be a useful training.

One favourite method my Father had of giving charitable help was by adding a percentage to the amount collected, or by starting a fund with the promise of a second contribution when a certain sum was raised.

A ready sympathy combined with a sound judgment, a

union of tenderness and strength which is surely the best foundation of character, was probably one reason why his sympathies and help were widely drawn upon. The sight of an ocean liner was enough to bring tears to his eyes, as the stately ship passed down the Solent, though not one of the number on board who had to face the unknown perils of the deep was personally known to him. This faculty of putting himself in the position of others was often shown. Thus when he put the electric light into his house at Corton he was most insistent that only a small and well-screened light should be fixed in the "conspicuous tower," as that part of the house is described on the sailors' charts, lest any mariner on that treacherous coast should mistake it for a light-house.

Perhaps, too, the golden faculty of keeping silence was another reason why stories of anxiety and distress were so often confided to him. It has been written of him :

There was no one to whom I would have gone for counsel, or for sympathy, or for help of any kind so confidently as to Mr. Colman.

He rejoiced in the opportunities of helping others, but he never cared for fulsome thanks in return. Indeed people have said it was difficult to express thanks to him. My Father used to get quite indignant at the list of Christmas Gifts acknowledged in the newspapers, and declared no one could give a pound of tea nowadays without being publicly thanked. And when it was objected that possibly the donors had nothing to do with the paragraphs, he used to reply, "They might have stopped them if they'd liked." Once a substantial gift of his was acknowledged by a grateful committee, in its draft report, by the term "munificent." "Such nonsense," was my Father's comment, bringing down his fist on the table with great emphasis at the sight of the offending word, which happily he was able to tone down before the report met the public eye.

When Mr. Gladstone was his guest at Corton, my Father attended a Church of England service with him. It was related several years afterwards that the one who was in charge of the collecting plate, which was handed first to my Father, had a pang of disappointment when he saw him, as he thought, put only a shilling into the plate, but a closer observation showed the silver had been carefully placed to hide the sovereign underneath.

He always had a great horror of fulsome words. Among replies calculated to damp the ardour of editors desirous of inserting a sketch of his life in their periodicals—one which has not made the task of the present writer any the easier—was this:

Yes, if done judiciously, and without too much of what many such notices contain.

Both giving and receiving flattery were opposed to his likings, and my Mother shared his dislike of what she termed “fuss and flattery.”

Like all men in a similar position, he was a prey to the inevitable begging letter. The stereotyped phrase asking “the favour of a few minutes’ conversation at your earliest convenience,” or the help “of a gift or loan,” occurred with monotonous repetition. *A propos* of loans, and the comparative rarity with which they were returned, my Father used to say he would be driven to follow the example of a friend of his, who, when asked for one, used to reply to the applicant: “I’ve got £10 which I always use for lending; it is out just now, but when it comes back you shall have the next turn”—an event likely to be so remote, that the applicant would go ruefully away.

Though it was often a pleasure to my Father to help, yet the strain on his time and thought was a heavy one, even when he had a secretary to relieve him, for he never liked to give help recklessly without making careful enquiries. The very divergence of the requests was bewilder-

ing. One wanted to know if he advised her to sell out her shares in a certain Company, another if he would buy an island on the other side of the Atlantic, and a third if he would "mount a play."

Some thought a grateful Sovereign had omitted their names by mistake from the list of Birthday Honours, and hoped my Father might take steps to point this out to the powers that be. This once brought the comment from him that:

This seeking after titles by men of such established reputation and conspicuous ability, [this one happened to be in the legal world,] is a curious phenomenon.

It was certainly a phenomenon he could not understand. When Mr. Gladstone, in 1893, asked leave to submit his name to the Queen for a Baronetcy, he begged to decline the honour, though expressing his thanks "heartily for the kind way" in which the proposal was conveyed.

Anything I can do, [he wrote,] to promote the principles I have always supported . . . I am glad to do, but I much prefer that it should be without the reward or rank a title is supposed to give—a sentiment to which my Mother most cordially assented.

My Father was not slow in seeing people's little foibles and follies, but his satirical comments, often seemingly unsuspected by those who caused them, were never bitter. Nor was he very severe in his judgments. It was an effort to him to part from any one who had served him for any length of time, even though his trust had been abused. An unmeasured censure on some individual, given with all the arrogance of youth, once brought forth the rebuke from him:

Perhaps when you get as old as I am you will find your judgments get less severe.

His sense of humour was very keen, though not of a boisterous kind, and at times—and this when the occasion most demanded solemnity—he found it almost impossible



to control his sense of merriment. "My unfortunate tendency to laugh when I should be grave," is alluded to in an early letter to my Mother, and she in return alludes to his "quizzing propensity." Perhaps only those who knew him intimately realised how keen his sense of humour was.

My Father loved a quiet home life. True he liked entertaining friends, but a restless round of entertainment would have been intolerable to him, and his busy whirl of outside duties often made him crave for a quiet fireside when at home. Once when the education of his children necessitated a new inmate in the house, he was asked if she should join them at the evening, as well as the mid-day, meal, but his reply was emphatic: "No; not if she were an angel from Heaven." When no guests were present requiring any ceremony, my Father, when the dessert course was reached, used to move from his end of the table, and take an easy chair by my Mother's side. There, with closed doors, and no outsider by, he had the opportunity of quiet discussion, often appealing to her for guidance, and he was chary indeed of giving this up.

The garden was another place where he sought quiet, and both at Carrow and Corton he liked to put up little summer-houses in different parts of the garden where he could combine shelter and rest. One of these, at Corton, facing the sea was a special favourite. His youngest daughter recalls, at the time of her engagement, that he troubled the newly engaged couple with no good advice, but had just this request to make: "Well, I have only one thing to say. I hope anyhow you will leave me the Sea View Cottage."

In his earlier days my Father used to ride a good deal. He used to say that when he was young he never minded how dark the country roads were when he was riding or driving, but in later life he preferred to have gas lamps to light the way.

He was accustomed to drive himself, a gig serving the



purpose in early life, and a mail phaeton in later years. During the last year or so of his life, when strength was failing, he made a point of drives in an open carriage, undaunted by the weather, and felt the benefit of them.

Cruelty to animals roused his indignation. On one occasion he was driving with one of his daughters in a hansom in London when the cabman began slashing his horse. My Father caught hold of the rebounding lash, with the result that when the driver jerked the handle back, preparatory to another stroke, the whip broke. Arrived at the destination, the cabman angrily demanded payment for damage, whereupon my Father handed his visiting card to the man, and expressed the hope that he would summon him, so that the full version might be told. Needless to say, the man thought discretion the better part of valour, and nothing more was heard of the incident.

As a boy my Father was fond of cricket. When he had ceased to play himself he liked to encourage it in others, believing it was a "harmless and healthful game," and free from objectionable features. When the Lakenham Cricket Ground, part of the property belonging to the Martineau Family, was bought by the Firm of which my Father was a member, a ground on which he remembered his "father, the eldest of eleven brothers, playing 35 years ago," he, with his Partners, set it aside for the enjoyment of cricket and other sports by the public. But one thing he set his face against—the betting associated with some of the games in this country.

Let sport, [he once said,] be manly, and straightforwardly conducted without this terrible curse.

Believing that "Norwich compared favourably with other parts of the country" in this matter, he was much disturbed to find at one time, in connection with some Athletic Sports and Football, that some amount of rowdyism took place on the Lakenham Ground which he believed had its origin

in betting. He at once communicated with the officials of the Societies, feeling sure of their support, and subsequently gave public notice that if the evil were not checked the permission to use the Ground would assuredly be withdrawn.

It was a bold man—an old sea salt—who once at a Regatta at Oulton, paddling his boat round a wherry from which my Father was watching the racing, asked him, "Will you lay anything on, guv'nor?" My Father's naïve incomprehension of the drift of the question, followed by his emphatic negative, appealed to the sense of fun in Dr. Berry (of Wolverhampton), one of the party on board, who never ceased to chaff him about his "betting friend."

I am told that, when young, my Father was fond of boating, the river at Stoke doubtless fostering the taste. In later life yachting was one of his relaxations. In 1864 he bought a cutter, the "Wanderer," of about 20 tons, but in 1881 he gave this up for the "Mars," a yawl of 42 tons. For the last two years of his life he had a steam yacht, first the "Ossian," which he hired for 1897, and then the "Wild Wave," which he bought. Perhaps he could hardly be described as an ardent yachtsman, loving the sea in all its varying moods; and occasional yachting trips to the South Coast of England were usually of short duration. He wrote of himself in 1897: "I am fond of the sea in a certain sense, but I am fonder still of the solid shore, especially at night time." But day trips on a yacht when at Corton, surrounded by the life-giving air of the North Sea, and away from the worry of letters and telegrams, were a real boon to him. Though far from being an inveterate smoker, my Father used to enjoy a cigar, and especially so when on the water. He used to say that *dolce far niente* was the only Italian he knew, and there was no place so good for carrying it out as on a yacht. He liked to feel both body and brain could there get a real rest, and a friend, the Rev. J. C. Harrison, who accompanied him one day prepared to study Canon Mozley's views on Original Sin, was the butt of

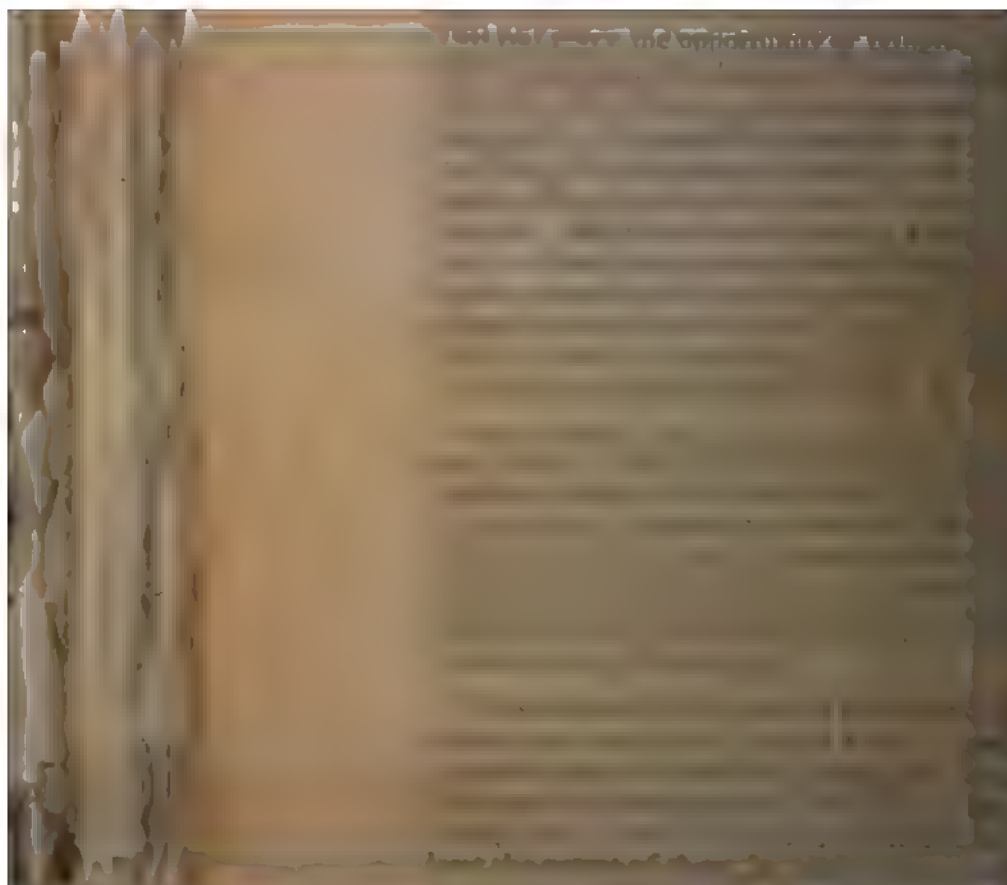
much friendly chaff when he was found at the end of the day with the book unopened.

Shooting was a sport in which my Father indulged. In the early days, before coming to Norwich, he hired some shooting at Hempnall and Stoke, followed by some at Ashwellthorpe, and Saxthorpe, and between 1865-7 he had some at Horstead. Later on he hired shooting round Easton and Morton, about eight miles from Norwich. This had given the opportunity of bringing him into touch with his landlord, Mr. Berney of Morton Hall, with whom, and with Mrs. Berney, his relations were always of the pleasantest. He specially enjoyed the day's shoot round the Hall, with its chance of enjoying the view from the terrace, which he considered one of the most beautiful in Norfolk. My Father used to enjoy a day's sport, largely from the luxury of spending several hours in the fresh air, but he looked upon it as a recreation only, and it was not allowed to usurp much time, or interfere with the duties of life. In a letter to my Mother in 1881, after being called to London on Parliamentary business, he announced:

I arrived after a quiet journey only varied by the company of one of the ——s, who seemed to have nothing to do but shoot and other occupations of a similar kind, and who devoted nearly all the journey to Brandon to cleaning the locks of his gun with such devotion that I came to the conclusion being too busy was almost better than being so idle. . . . Of course I wish things had not happened to bring me up, but after all when one sees how the leaders are sticking to their hateful task it would be perhaps selfish to have stayed for a day's sport.

He was assuredly no slave to games, and there were few indoor ones he played. At one time he used to enjoy an occasional game of chess, and during the latter part of his life sometimes backgammon. He never played cards, and though late in his life a friend undertook to teach him at least the names of them, he used to tell her that though he grasped the difference between diamonds and hearts, he







Portion of the Library at Carre's House



was never quite sure which were spades and which were clubs.

He preferred to take his relaxation in reading. A diligent reader of newspapers and magazines, he by no means confined himself to those of his own way of thinking. If surprise were expressed at his reading those of widely divergent views from his own, he used to smile and quote the reply of one friend that he "must see what the Devil was doing!"

Books attracted my Father by their covers as well as by their insides, and an *édition de luxe* was always a temptation to him. When they had to have their leaves cut he was very particular that this should be done with care. If it was only a magazine, bought on a railway journey, he always produced a paper knife from his travelling bag—his inseparable companion—for the purpose. He gathered together, apart from the books in his Norfolk Library, a very varied assortment, seen especially in the books with which he surrounded himself in his own study. It is difficult to single out favourite authors. But mention must be made of the writings of the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D.D., a personal acquaintance. My Father often read sermons on Sundays, by preachers of varying Denominations, and few attracted him more than those of the great Baptist preacher. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in another department of literature, specially charmed him by his mingled humour and pathos. One of his poems, "Sun and Shadow," he had illustrated for himself in pen and ink, and it used to hang just opposite his study door at Corton, where he could frequently be reminded of the moralisings of the poet as he watched the ships tacking, with their sails sometimes in sunshine and sometimes in shade, a sight which my Father could frequently see as he looked out from his own study window:

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves  
Where life and its ventures are laid,



The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves  
 May see us in sunshine or shade;  
 Yet true to our course, though the shadows grow dark  
 We'll trim our broad sail as before,  
 And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,  
 Nor ask how we look from the shore!

He read few novels, of modern ones hardly any, those by William Black, whose descriptions of yachts and scenes came to him with a breezy freshness. He was fond of Charles Dickens' works. "The Tale of Two Cities" was a special favourite, and the ever-fresh Christmas Stories.

"Though," as he wrote when he had attained the age of 60, "you know I am neither theologian nor philosopher, and you must not expect me to start on these lines. Sometimes he sometimes bemoaned he had not more time to study."

Unfortunately, [he wrote in 1893 in thanking for a book of stories,] people who are in business, and M.P.s as well, have little time for reading, but I am sure I shall find a pleasant change from Blue Books and Parliamentary papers.

His taste for collecting old things, already alluded to, was very marked, and developed early. Much of his collection was in wood carving, with which he liked to enrich his two houses. He collected before the fashion of the hour had turned in that direction. Amongst modern things which attracted him, precious stones deserve a mention, and he was not without some knowledge of them. If a present had to be accepted, necessitating a selection of articles on approval from a jeweller's, he was seldom caught tripping when he tried to arrange them according to their monetary value.

A few sentences in reference to my Father's character may fitly close this chapter. They are from the pen of a man related by ties of cousinship, who knew him intimately. Mr. S. C. Colman, to whom a question about him was put, made answer:

Do I remember anything special about him? Why to me he was a special man all his life—the only man for whom I felt any real reverence. I think what has most impressed me is the fact that from a social position of simply ordinary comfort he gradually and rapidly rose to one of great affluence without deterioration of character.

Consideration for others was one of his marked characteristics of life through. Then he had a way of doing a kindness which often multiplied its value to the receiver.

In addition to gaining the esteem and confidence of those associated with him he gained their warm affection. Amongst the thousands that gathered to witness his funeral how many there were whose prominent thought was, "We loved him so."

There were few to whom my Father spoke so unreservedly, at least about the more serious things of life, as to the writer of the above. Mr. S. C. Colman has further related of him, referring to about 1850 or 1851:

One evening he was at home alone and asked me in, when we had a free talk on the grounds of a sinner's hope for salvation, and kindred subjects, and from that time, without ever intruding them, there was perfect freedom between us about other-world topics. . . .

It has since that evening at Stoke been my happiness to know we had a common bond of union, and when later on I was brought into more constant intercourse with him, he always found time to enter into my joys, perplexities and sorrows, and if needed give most efficient help and genuine sympathy.

I will conclude by naming two more marked features in his character, one negative, the other positive—the absence of all love of display; and a strong aversion to all shams, especially religious shams.

One instance of his giving expression to the latter I may name. Whilst talking with him one day in his own room, some one was announced as wishing to see him. In rising to respond he remarked, "I don't want to see *him*," intimating too in some way he thought him a "sham." During the interview I suppose your Father had to hold himself in somewhat, for on returning to his room he exploded rather in denouncing religious shams, almost intimating that any one who talked about his religious views was a hypocrite. Some one present called in question some of his

remarks, and, naming two well-known friends of decided religious views, who, without intruding them were ready to avow them and desired to be known as holding them, asked if he considered them hypocrites. Without hesitation he replied, "O! no," admitting that he ought not to be too sweeping in his statement. This little episode showed both sides of the man.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### CLOSING DAYS

1898: AGED 68

FEW words are needed to tell of the closing months of my Father's life. A brave effort to take up again the burden of work from which he had hoped for relief from the son now gone, gradually failing strength, and for the rest—mostly silence about the sorrows that lay so near his heart. These seem to sum it up.

One has written about him:

I remember him as he was when Carrow and Corton were happy and unclouded homes, but it is as he was the last time I was there in his lifetime that I ever think of him now—dear Mrs. Colman gone, and Alan so ill, and your Father so *still*: so evidently broken-hearted, and yet never a word of murmuring nor an appeal for sympathy—a sort of still shadow of the Mr. Colman of days gone by. How our hearts ached for him—my Husband's and mine.

In February of 1898 he had a longing "to get to the land of blue sky and sun," but his detention for several days in Paris, from an attack of influenza, interfered with the good derived from the change of scene and climate on the Riviera.

His last visit but one to London was to attend the funeral of Mr. Gladstone on May 28th, 1898. Amongst cuttings from newspapers treasured by my Father was the cartoon by Tenniel, "Unarm—the long day's task is done!" and the accompanying poem which appeared in "Punch" in March, 1894, on the resignation of Mr. Gladstone as

Premier. My Father had felt much the closing of that long and great public career. And now the close of the life had come. The solemn lying-in-state in Westminster Hall, the passing of the crowds who came to do homage to his memory, the gathering together in Westminster Abbey the following day of men of all shades of opinion, the beautiful music, and the sense of all the storm and stress of his life hushed into silence—these all touched my Father deeply. In Westminster Hall he met for the last time many old friends, Members of Parliament and officials, whom he had not seen since his House of Commons days. He returned to Norwich on the evening of the day of the funeral. Failing strength, noticeable then, became more marked a few days later.

The closing three months of his life were spent at Corton, with the exception of five days in London, and a night at Carrow. During that time, Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., came to stay at The Clyffe to execute a bust of him. He much appreciated the artist's genial companionship, and thoughtfulness in making the sittings as easy as possible. Many years earlier my Father had had a bust of himself executed by George Halse. Frederick Sandys had also made a drawing of him in chalk, in early manhood, and Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A. painted his portrait in oils in 1890. After his death many of the citizens of Norwich wished a portrait of my Father to be placed in St. Andrew's Hall, and commissioned Professor Herkomer to paint the one which now hangs on those walls.

On July 26th, 1898, the death of Mr. Robert Haselwood, the Manager of the Company of J. & J. Colman, removed one whose long, faithful service had been much appreciated by my Father, with whom he had been on most cordial terms. The instalment in his place of Mr. Charles Fulcher Burlingham, who had previously been secretary to the Company, placed in the position one who had specially endeared himself to my Father, with whom he was connected

ties of relationship. The high hopes entertained at the time of this appointment were unhappily cut short by his death within three years, but the cherished memory he left behind him of his thirty years' work in connection with J. & J. Colman was one of most loyal and ungrudging service.

My Father was able, during those closing weeks at Corton, to enjoy drives, and an occasional day trip on his yacht, his last day on the sea being on the Tuesday before his death, and he was able to get out of doors as late as the Thursday. It was a delight to him to have his youngest little grandchild, Beryl, as an inmate of the house then, and to have the baby put on his bed in the mornings to be initiated, as the two other grandchildren, Violet and Geoffrey, had been, into the wonders of "Gran'pa's tick-tock"—the repeater watch that sounded the hours.

On September 9th, 1898, after an engagement of two years, his youngest daughter, Florence, was married to Edward Thomas Boardman, the eldest son of Mr. Edward Boardman of Norwich. In welcoming him into the family circle, my Father's thoughts had, of necessity, turned backwards.

I wish, [he had written to the Bridegroom's father at the time of the engagement,] her Mother had been here still to share in her Daughter's satisfaction and joy, and at a time like this I feel specially alone. I hope, however, for the two young people all will be joy and brightness.

The marriage took place at the Free Methodist Chapel at Corton. Amongst the well-wishers on the occasion were many connected with Carrow Works, who sent tangible expressions of their good wishes to the Bride. My Father at the last felt unequal to the strain of attending the wedding, but he was able to welcome some of the guests afterwards at the The Clyffe, before saying goodbye to the daughter who was so soon to be summoned home from her wedding trip to see him for the last time.

On September 15th his mother passed away, at Norwich, after only a day's illness, within a few weeks of attaining the age of ninety-three.

The same day there came a marked change in my Father's condition. Increasing weakness had baffled the skill of the physicians; he sank gradually into unconsciousness, and passed away at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, September 18th, 1898, at the age of sixty-eight.

Four days later, after a service at Prince's Street Congregational Church, he was laid to rest in the Rosary, at Norwich, the City he loved so well, while the crowds that gathered in the streets, and on the slopes of the Rosary grounds, witnessed to the love its Citizens bore to him.

When the even was come He saith, . . . Let us pass over unto the other side.—Mark, iv, 35.

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When the hour strikes [Death] comes—very gently, very tenderly, if we will but have it so—folds the tired hands together, takes the way-worn feet in his broad strong palm; and lifting us in his wonderful arms he bears us swiftly down the valley and across the waters of Remembrance.

Very pleasant art thou, O Brother Death, thy love is wonderful, passing the love of women.

From "The Roadmender," by Michael Fairless.



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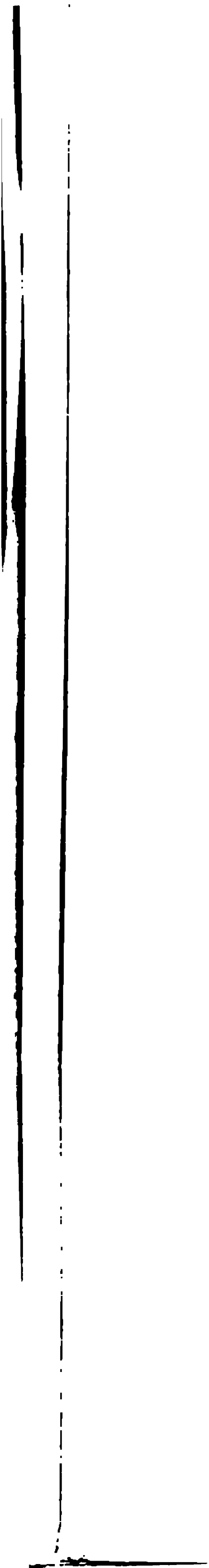
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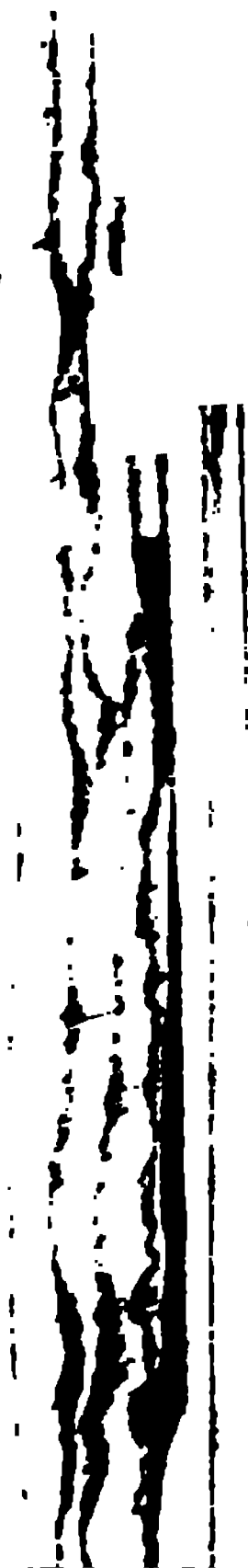
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